

BIGGER... BETTER... BUT STILL 10 CENTS

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11

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

NOVEMBER



THE BEST FEATURES
of
SCREEN STAR STORIES
(Formerly 25c)

NOW INCLUDED

In This

GREATER
MOVIE CLASSIC

THE
HEROINE
OF A
HUNDRED
ROMANCES

SYLVIA SIDNEY



"I feel fine, now . . .

"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

T H E R E A R E F I V E R E A S O N S W H Y

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer is dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other

discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.



Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

- Overwork or fatigue headache.*
- Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.*
- Headache due to lowered blood alkali.*
- Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.*
- Headache of the common cold.*
- Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.*
- Headache at trying time of month.*
- Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.*

BROMO-SELTZER



Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl... lovely manners... but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
 ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE'S as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough*. Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the



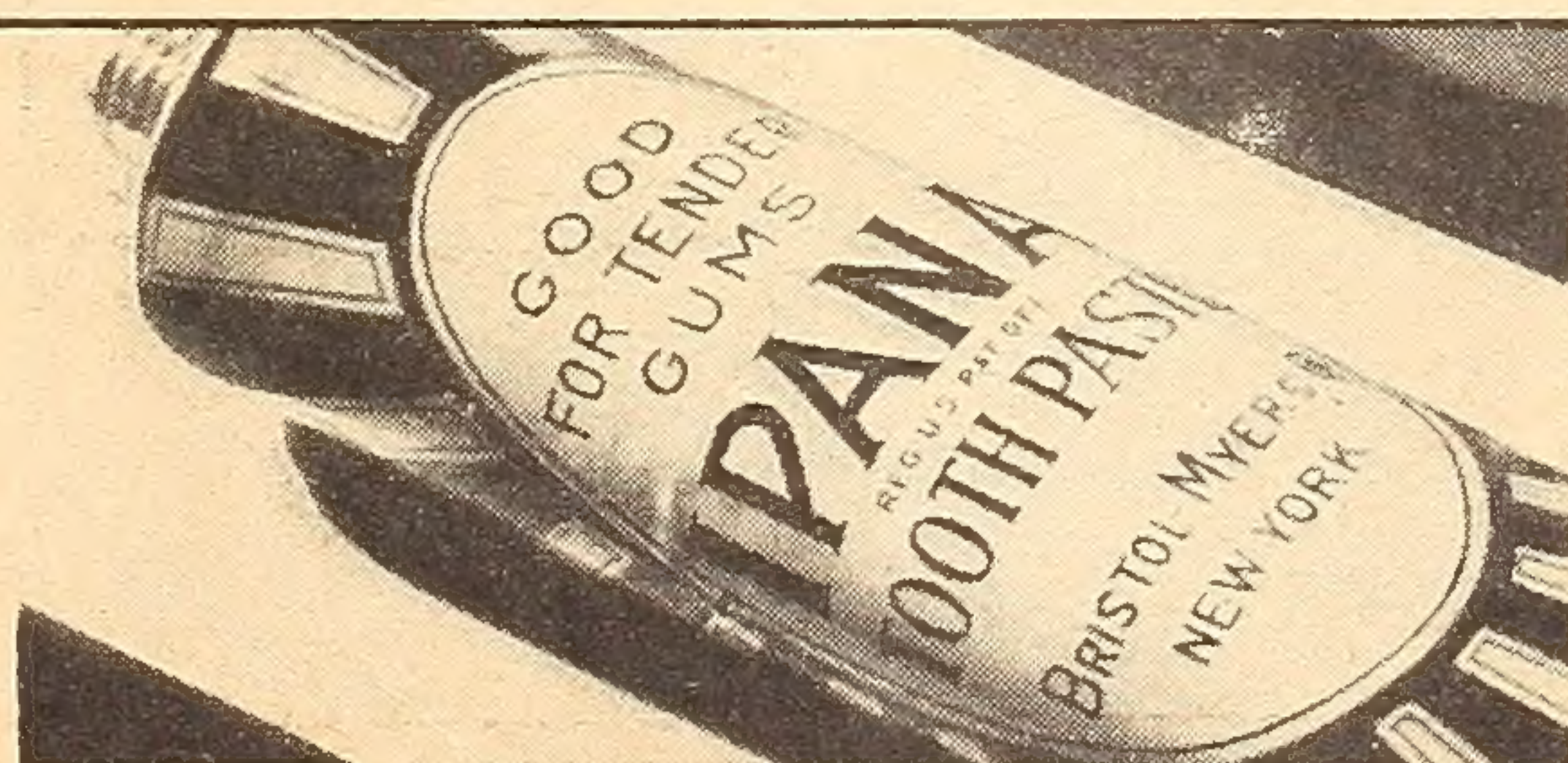
gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES.
 —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
 TOOTH PASTE



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 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.



Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE

Merry Widow

with

**EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER . . . MINNA GOMBELL**

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

EDITED IN
HOLLYWOOD
AND
NEW YORK

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

VOL. 7, No. 3
NOVEMBER, 1934



GRACE MOORE a Queen of Hearts Even Before Movies Glorified Her

Grace Moore is the woman of the hour. Her name is on every tongue. She is the woman that other women would like to be—the woman that men would like to meet. The reason? She personifies romance—romance that inspires.

And this is no overnight marvel, no feat of movie magic. Long before "One Night of Love" made the whole movie-going world Grace Moore-conscious, she was a romantic idol in the world capitals where she had sung. Men of fame, title and wealth wooed her.

But music always mattered more than marriage until—she saw Valentin Parera. Then, for the first time, she was in love—and in love at first sight. A few pages farther on, you will read the whole glamorous story!

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COVER DRAWING OF SYLVIA SIDNEY BY BLACKSMITH

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Bruno

GEORGE RAFT SUFFERS TORTURE IN ORIENTAL MAKE-UP FOR RÔLE

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT

JUST try it yourself. Put your two index fingers on the outside corners of your eyes and press upwards to slant them as an Oriental's eyes are slanted. Hold the position for a few minutes. You will find that your vision is becoming blurred, your eyes will water and your head will begin aching. Very few people can stand such pressure more than an hour. But George Raft endures it for hours at a time playing a half-caste Chinese in his new picture, "Limehouse Nights."

Every morning, he spends a full hour being made-up by Wally Westmore. The make-up includes two heavy straps of invisible adhesive tape over each temple, attached to a string that runs through his hair and ties in the back of his head to hold the tape in place . . . For the next eight hours, George is in torture. There can be no relief, as the process of having himself made-up is more painful than continuing to endure the eye-strain. He can't read and must study his lines by having someone else read them to him.

"My eyesight has always been excellent," George told me, his head thrown far back as though to relieve some of the pressure. "I pride myself upon being able to read newspaper print at a greater distance than any

Four of the girls take one last look at Malibu Beach for this year: left to right, Nydia Westman, Florine McKinney, Raquel Torres and Virginia Pine

guy I've ever met. I remember taking a test once when I hadn't had a chance to learn the part. They suggested writing the lines on a big blackboard where I might be able to read them off-screen. I told them that it



Joe (Radio Duck-Salesman) Penner gets movie-spotlighted in "College Rhythm"

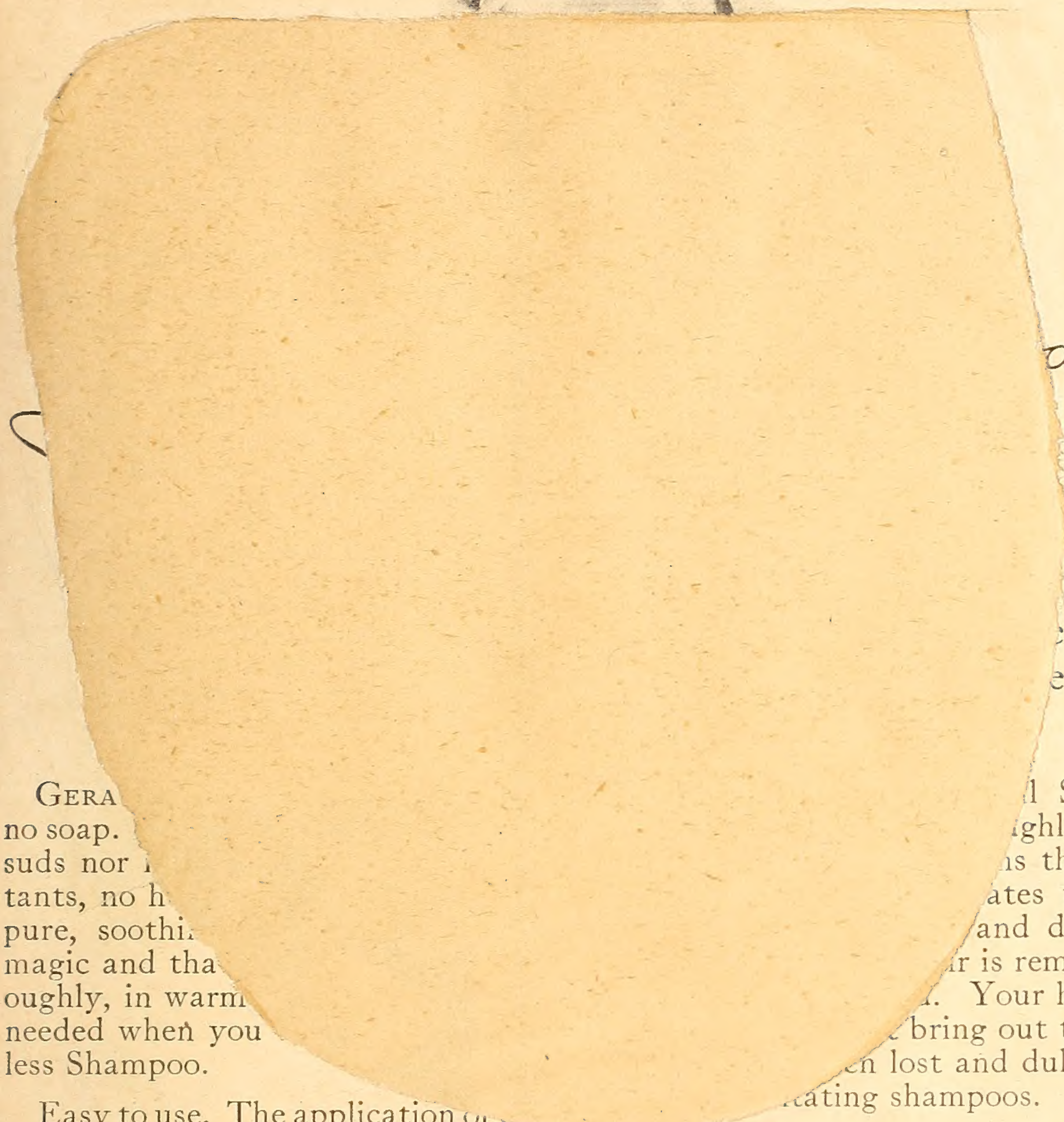
wasn't necessary. I could read the typewritten pages just as well if the script was held up where I could see it. Nobody believed this possible until I did it. Now I have to be read to.

"Don't tell me that other actors have played Orientals without squawking. I know they have, but I also know that several have had to wear glasses as a result. And not a man who has ever been strapped up as I am has called it a pleasant experience. But perhaps my case is a little different. My right eye was injured when I was a professional fighter. It has never bothered me much, although it doesn't match my left eye, isn't open as far. I have to remember this whenever I have 'still' pictures taken.

"If by taking the make-up off, I could return to normal vision, it wouldn't be so bad. But I can't sleep at night. I'm dizzy and I constantly see double . . . You may take my word for it that this is my first and last Oriental rôle."

The studio is exercising every possible precaution to help Raft through his torturous days. A physician is always in attendance on the "Limehouse Nights" set and several eye specialists call at intervals. The

(Continued on page 8)



and it feels!

it is clean

GERAL
no soap.
suds nor
tants, no h
pure, soothi
magic and tha
oughly, in warm
needed when you
less Shampoo.

Easy to use. The application of
Oil Soapless Shampoo is simple and quick.
Dampen the hair, apply the shampoo; a short
massage, a quick rinse in warm water and it
is done. The hair is at once left soft, lustrous
and wonderfully clean. The beneficial effect of
olive oil on the hair and scalp is well known.
Pure olive oil is the main ingredient of this
shampoo.

Oil Soapless Shampoo does
highly cleanse your hair; it
is the hair and the scalp as
ates the scalp, relieves it of
and dandruff. Excessive dry-
is remedied and excessive oili-
Your hair has a softness and a
bring out the lights and color that
lost and dulled by soaps and harsh,
ating shampoos.

Get GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo
from your druggist or department store, a
large, generous, eight ounce bottle for 75c.

*Do not delay. Make yourself the possessor, now,
of the refreshing joy, of the added beauty and
allure GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo will
bring to you.*



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If your dealer does not have GERAL Olive
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*I enclose 25c for which send me one Travel
Size bottle of GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Sham-
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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

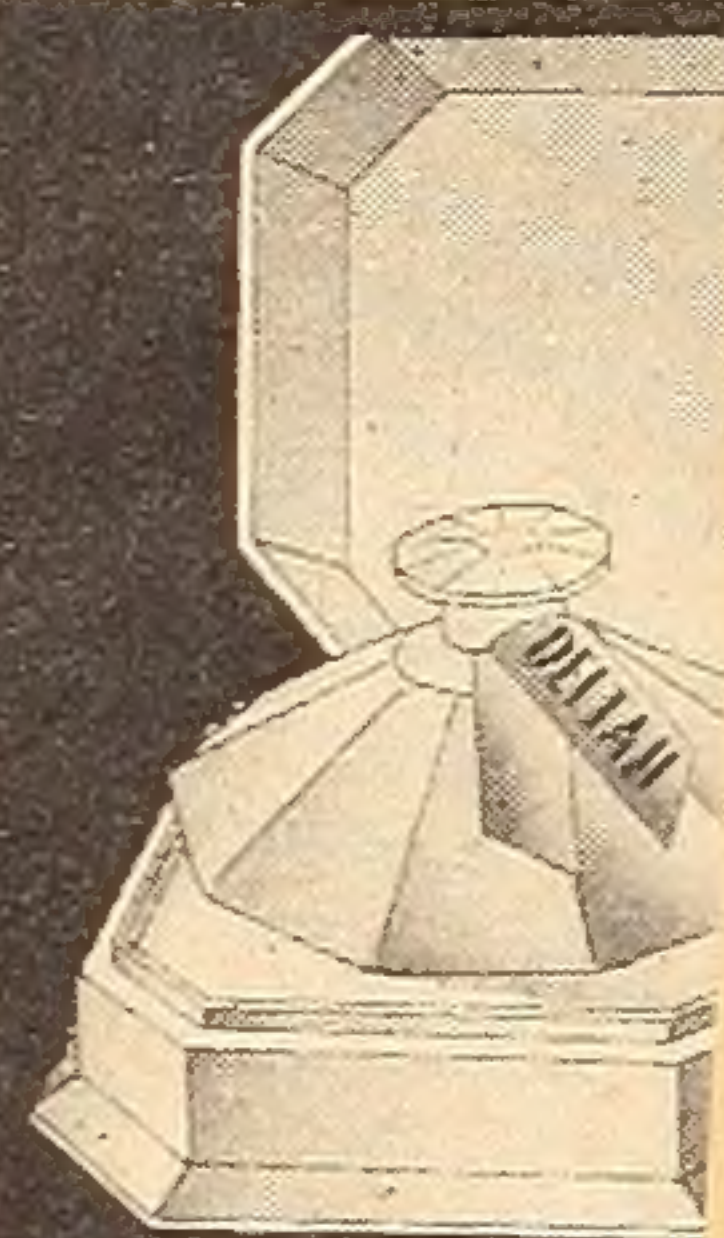
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Quality known and recognized the world over; packed in exquisite containers and priced for economical yet fine gift giving.

Parfum Deltah
L'Heure de Minuit
(Midnight Hour)

4 oz. SIZE **10.00**
2 oz. 7.50
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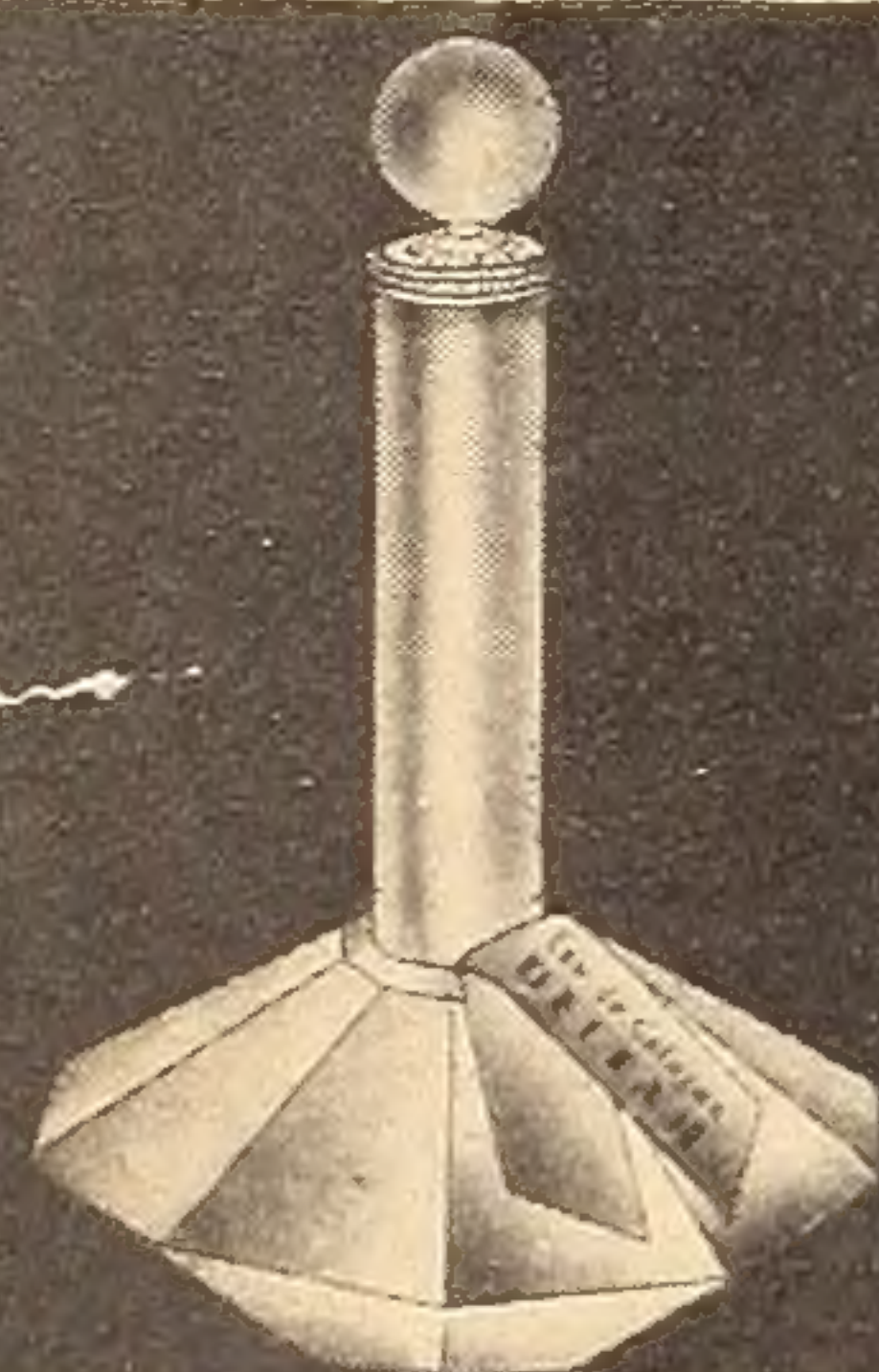
The Gift supreme for the woman of discrimination.



Eau de Cologne
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"crystal-polish"
flacon with
plated neck
stopper.



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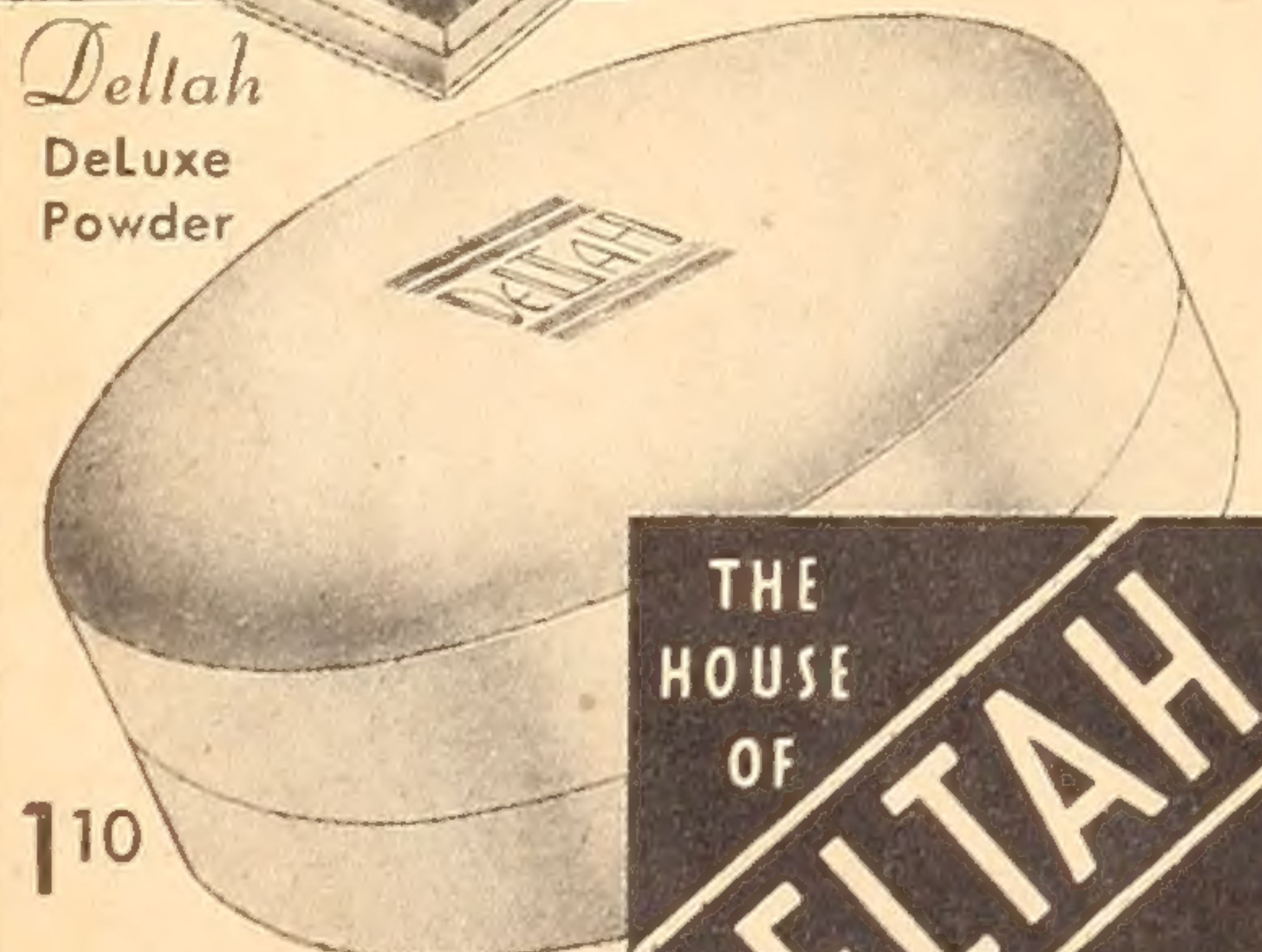
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DeLuxe Gift Set
Parfum Gardenia;
Golden container
of face powder;
matching golden
lipstick and com-
pact.

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● At Drug and
Department Stores

Deltah
DeLuxe
Powder



1.10

—the supreme silk sifted
face powder that women
are talking about—in
Golden finish metal box.

THE
HOUSE
OF
DELTAH
NEW YORK
PARIS

shooting sci-
to give Raft a tu-
week as well as on Sunday

The Truth About That Fight

WHILE talking to George, I learned his version of the now famous Brown Derby fight. Early scare-head headlines had Raft mauling an unidentified wisecracker for a remark about his operation to remodel a cauliflower ear. Women were supposed to have surrounded the combatants, mopping their blood from the pavement with dainty handkerchiefs as souvenirs—à la Dillinger.

Actually, what happened was this: Some chap did make a remark about Raft's companion, Mack Gray, known affectionately to Hollywood as "The Killer," whose nose had been made over by plastic surgery and was then still bandaged. "The Killer" invited the man outside, where George was able to stop the fight before a blow was struck. The only spectators were a couple of newsboys . . . Thus do unimportant incidents become magnified in the relentless glare of the publicity spotlight of Hollywood.

of making
Gab"

Exchange

BRISSEON has the best idea yet for putting to work the fan clubs organized in his honor. Instead of publishing a fan club bulletin, he has the members pay their dues direct



Acme

Marlene Dietrich (left) and Norma Shearer welcome Max Reinhardt, famous German producer of stage spectacles, to Hollywood. He may film "The Miracle"

to a London hospital, where he maintains a cancer ward . . . The fee for membership is a half-crown, which has caused no end of confusion among his hundreds and hundreds of American admirers. Several dozen letters a day are received and must be answered as to exactly how much a half-crown is in United States money.

The only possible answer is to refer the inquirers to the nearest bank for the current rate of exchange.

'Twas the Night Before Option

RICHARD ARLEN has finally "gone and done it." Dick has been with Paramount for eleven years, and for the last seven years has threatened to quit each time an option period came along. In fact, a standing joke on the lot has been, "It must be option time—Dick wants to quit again."

This year, they said just that, smiled and forgot it. Then Dick surprised everyone. He did obtain his release, effective immediately. The reason given was a desire to change the type of rôles with which he has been associated for so many years.



Wide World

Pola Negri, long absent from motion pictures, has come back to make a comeback—still unmarried

Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer both offered new contracts, but Arlen says he wants to free-lance for a while, at least. But maybe he will change his mind. And Richard certainly deserves a chance to change his mind after holding to one resolve for seven years.

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

fascinating, profitable PROFESSION



NOW open to MORE men and women

If you are looking for a **NEW** and **BETTER** way to make a living, take up Swedish Massage, for now you **Can Learn at Home**. This interesting, big pay profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a mere fraction of the former price and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert's pay.

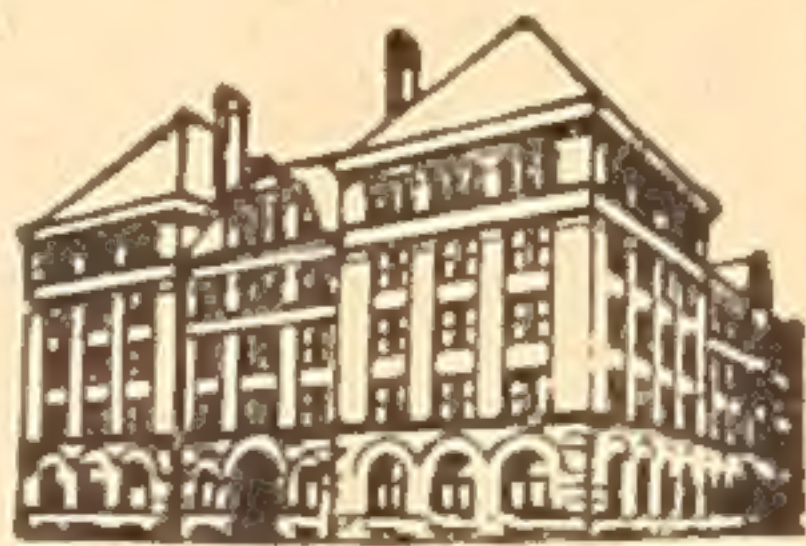
The demand for both men and women has shown a steady increase and few, if any, have ever lacked employment.

You CAN learn at home

Turn spare hours into money. Use spare time at home to master a profession which has made thousands of dollars for ambitious men and women.

Many graduates have completed this training in less than two months but you can take your own time, it need not interfere with other work or pleasure. All instruction has been prepared by the teachers in our famous resident school—the same material is used and the same diploma awarded upon graduation.

Swedish Massage Pays Big!



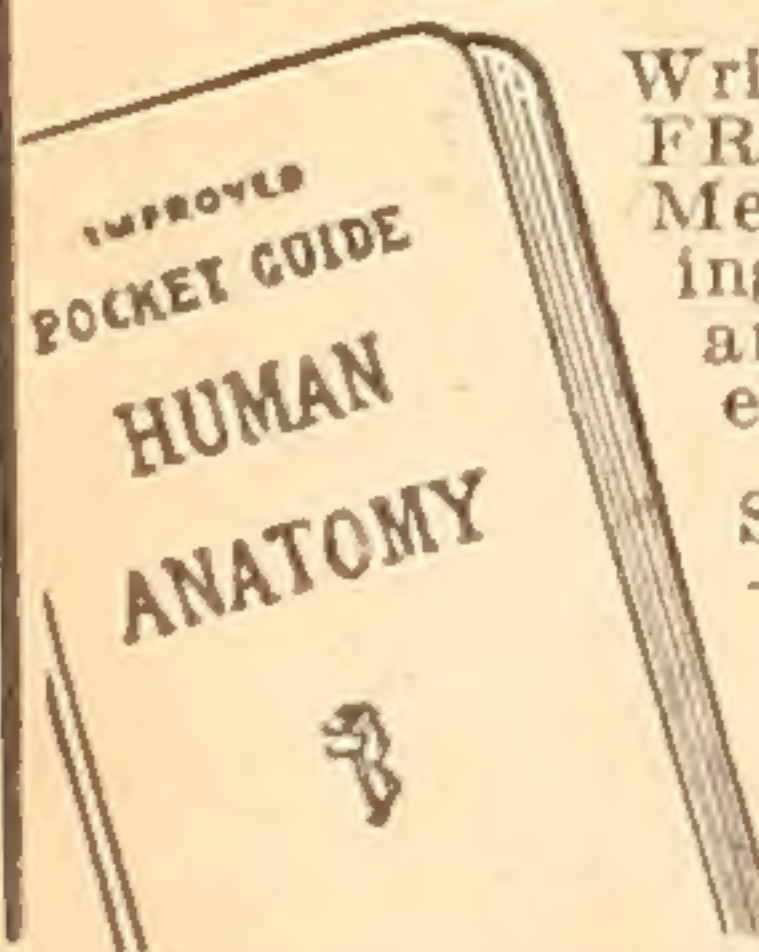
College Building,
Chicago, Illinois

A few years ago treatments were given for health only, but NOW seekers of body beauty have learned that here is the best way to secure youthful grace as well as health. Hollywood's stars pay enormous fees to men and women in this profession. Swedish Massage has been credited with almost miraculous results in reducing weight, regaining health and halting the results of passing years. Magazines and newspapers are full of such stories—you can profit by this publicity.

Reducing Course alone of Great Value

Many of our students become specialists in reducing. Thousands of men and women pay huge sums to take off fat. Enroll now with the National College—get the benefit of instruction by the teachers in our famous resident school. This course includes lessons in Dietetics, Reducing Diets, Hydro-Therapy, Anatomy, Medical Gymnastics, in fact everything you need to know to qualify for a Diploma (same as given by our Resident School). Everything is written in simple language easy to understand.

Supplies included FREE



Write Now for our amazing offer of **FREE SUPPLIES**. Anatomy Chart, Medical Dictionary, Patented Reducing Roller and Hydro-Therapy supplies are all included without one cent of extra cost.

Send the coupon for complete details—there is no cost or obligation.

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You may send me Free and Postpaid your illustrated Catalog and complete details of your special offer covering Swedish Massage and Reducing.

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Address.....
City.....State.....

Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Director William Seiter and Marian Nixon hopped a plane for Yuma, where they were married by the town's marrying judge

Lew Obeyed That Impulse

BEING a motion picture star has its advantages sometimes. For example: Lew Ayres laid down his ping-pong mallet and said to Ben Alexander, his buddy, "Let's go to Chicago tonight, Ben."

"What for?" asked the slightly bored Benny.

"Take a ride. See the Fair."

"Can't," said Ben. "Not tonight. Got a date."

So Lew went alone, taking a plane that evening and flying back two nights later... How would you like to be able similarly to indulge your impulses? But maybe you don't play ping-pong.

Exposed

W. C. FIELDS' middle name is Claude. We thought you ought to know.

Babes in Hollywood

ONE reason Hollywood is so swell is because it is so consistently unconscious in its humor. Why, it was just the other day that someone gave a cocktail party for the "Babes in Toyland" company.

No Garbo Mystery This Time

LAST year, when Greta Garbo's contract with M-G-M ended, a mystery game was played with the press. Thousands of headlines begged the question: "Will Garbo Return to American Films?" This year, with "The Painted Veil" as her final picture under current contract, it is already widely known that Garbo

will come back to Hollywood after a vacation in Sweden. The figure on the contract she has signed for two pictures in 1935 is reported to be \$300,000 apiece. Harry Edington is again her manager.

The Movies' Greatest Fan

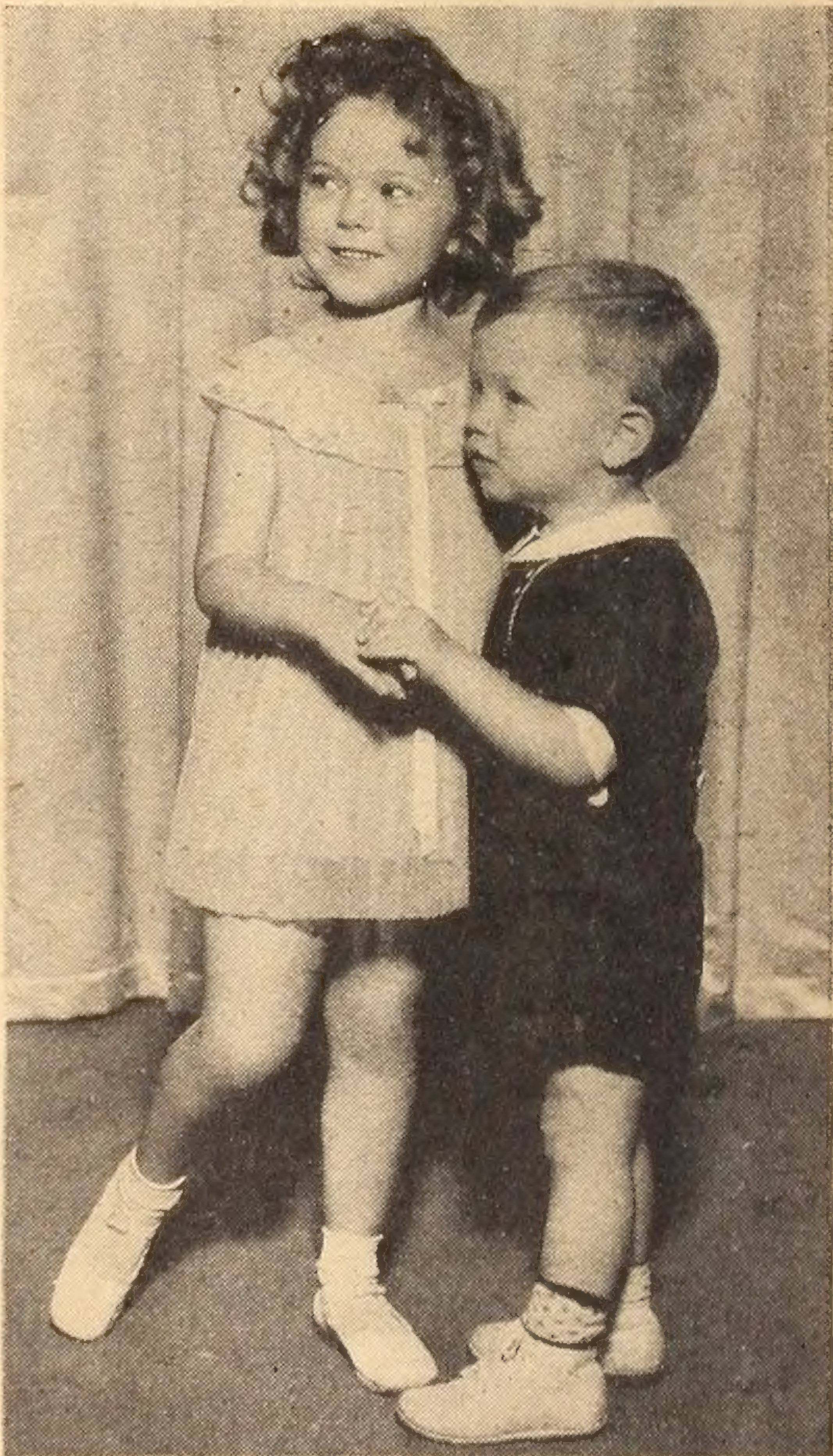
ANOTHER Famous Last Line: "Do you really enjoy the movies, Mr. Joe Breen?"... He has personally viewed more than two hundred pictures to determine whether or not they merit the industry's new purity seal. He's the one-man court that decides.

The Big Parade of Second Dressers

AND still they come—middle-aged women from all over the world, aspirants to the throne of the late lamented Marie Dressler. From the very day that the announcement of Marie's death plunged three continents into mourning, applications from self-styled second-edition Dresslers began pouring into M-G-M studios. Nor have they abated in the weeks since. Nearly a hundred a day is the average.

All send photos in hope that someone else will note a resemblance. But one woman from the Middle West

(Continued on page 14)



This ought to make David Holt jealous—Shirley Temple stepping out with his rival, Baby Le Roy...

Barbara STANWYCK

Starring in Warner Bros. production
of Willa Cather's novel

"A LOST LADY"

Illustrates a

Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up

For her colorings... dark auburn hair,
creamy skin and blue eyes... the perfect
color harmony make-up is Max Factor's
Brunette Face Powder, Blondeen Rouge
and Vermilion Lipstick.



FACE POWDER

In original color harmony shades that actually enliven the beauty of the skin... and there is a shade for your individual colorings. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.



ROUGE

In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so as to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge blends easily and smoothly... creating a soft and natural coloring. Fifty cents.



LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

Why Any Girl CAN BE MORE ATTRACTIVE

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor,
Explains the Secret of LOVELY BEAUTY

"BEAUTY is seldom born... it is made. There, in a sentence, is a message which I hope will bring cheer to thousands of hearts.

"For twenty-odd years now, I have created make-up for the motion picture stars and studios of Hollywood. Thousands of times I have actually seen what make-up can do in finding and revealing beauty.

"So I hope to bring to you new courage and a better understanding of what it is about beauty that attracts; and how you yourself may become more attractive.

"If you are naturally beautiful, you may become even more lovely. If you have despaired of your beauty possibilities, you may learn how to achieve an attractive charm which you never dreamed you possessed.

"Here is what to do! Take your mirror and study yourself. Is your face thin or round? Have you high cheekbones? Hollow cheeks? Small eyes? Thin lips? I will tell you how to conceal or improve those features which you think unattractive.

"Now take your mirror again and study your colorings. Are you

blonde, brunette, or some other type? What color are your eyes? Is your skin fair, sallow, freckled or olive? Your own analysis will enable me to suggest a perfect color harmony make-up for you, which we have proved, here in Hollywood, will double beauty. Furthermore, I will tell you how to use your rouge, eye make-up and lipstick so as to subdue certain features and emphasize those which are attractive.

"Always remember that color is the secret of beauty that attracts. And to bring out the alluring color attraction of each type, we have proved that face powder, rouge and lipstick must be in correct color harmony.

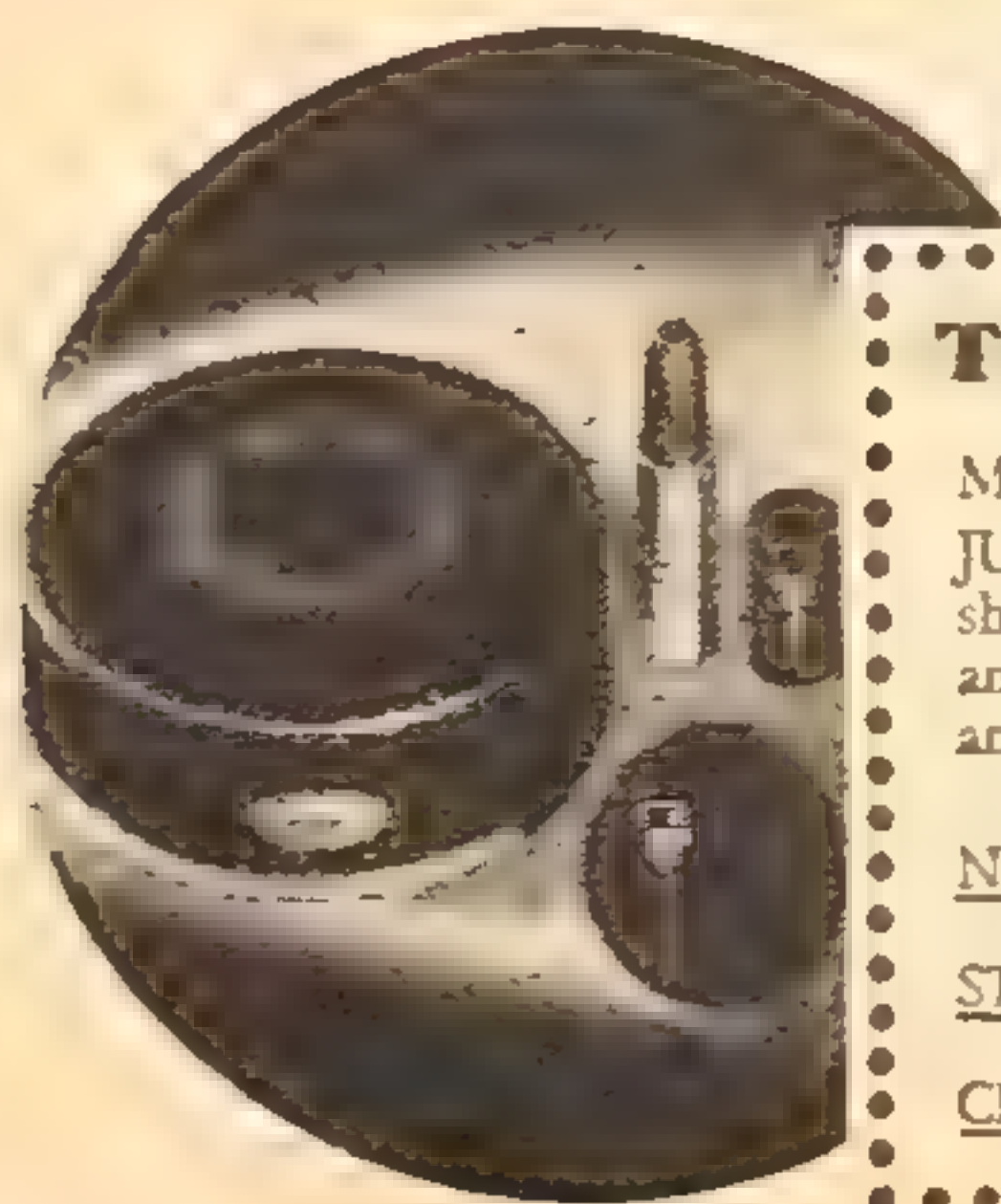
"So for you... for every woman... I created Color Harmony Make-Up consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonizing shades to blend with your individual complexion colorings. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings perfectly; the rouge imparts a lifelike glow of color to the cheeks; the lipstick gives the lips a lovely color that remains permanent and uniform for hours and hours."

WILL YOU ACCEPT from Max Factor a priceless beauty gift? Your complexion analysis and color harmony chart together with Max Factor's instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just as a make-up test has been an inspiration to many a girl in Hollywood... and oftentimes won for her a starring role or a featured role... so may this make-up information bring to you a new outlook on life because of a new confidence that you can appear more beautiful and more attractive.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

© 1934. Max Factor



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE

3-11-35

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

ONE NIGHT STAND

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

BY JACK GRANT

Illustration by
C. J. MCCARTHY

HE was homesick. No two ways about it. Just plain, old homesick. Yet he didn't want to admit it. He called it "Broadway and 42nd Street trouble."

A vaudevillian, living in trunks, sleeping in second-rate hotels, eating in "greasy-spoon" restaurants, he had got as far as Australia on an around-the-world tour. He would play India next, doing five shows a day, then South Africa and Europe. It would be months, nearly a year, before he could see New York again. He was sure that he knew how it felt to serve a prison term, counting the days until the end of his stretch.

Confound Broadway and 42nd Street! Why should it exert such a spell? Why should he be suffering a horrible nostalgia instead of enjoying his trip? There were plenty of folks who would give a right arm to travel around the world. Well, they could have the whole blooming globe. He would give it to them gladly in exchange for standing room on that crazy, noisy corner of Times Square that marked Broadway and 42nd, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

He played his last performance in Australia, packed his trunks and boarded the boat for India that sailed with the tide. He hadn't been two hours out when a cable for him was delivered at the theatre. It read: "Would you consider canceling contract to return to New York immediately? Will spot your act in Broadway revue this summer." The cable was undelivered. The ship had sailed, with its next stop, one of the lesser islands in the Malay Archipelago.

It was a slow, but seaworthy little craft. It had to be seaworthy to go poking around in waters where typhoons and hurricanes were so common.

Six days out, it ran into a "blow," one of the worst the captain had ever seen. The wind howled through the rigging and snapped off a mast. Mountains of water crashed

and flooded over the decks, washing cargo and food supplies overboard. They fought the storm as long as they could, then turned to flee before the wind. India was out of the question. They had to return to Australia for food, water and repairs.

The vaudevillian visited the theatre, learned about the undelivered cable and actually ran to the telegraph office. The next boat for America couldn't leave too soon for his taste.

"I'm on my way," he cabled and booked passage.

His ship was a leisurely liner. It stopped at Melbourne, at Sydney, at Auckland and other ports in New Zealand. The long jaunt to New York was under way.

Forty-nine days after it left Australia the tiny vessel crept into New York harbor. It didn't sail majestically, mainly because it wasn't that kind of ship.

Yet one of its passengers didn't care. He was home, with 42nd and Broadway just around the corner.

Whoever said that New York wasn't a friendly town?

Then, too, there was that swell job, his first chance at crashing the big-time on Broadway. A message awaited him. "Join the show in Buffalo. We open Saturday."

Opening night of the Buffalo try-out performance his act stopped the show. He gave it everything he had and the house rocked with laughter and applause.

The reviews gave high praise to the production in general and to his juggling act in particular. Flushed with elation and hope of playing Broadway, he went to the theatre.

"Morning, Mr. Fields," the doorman greeted him. "You sure knocked 'em cold last night."

"Morning, Bill," said the boss. "Looks like we have a hit. But it's too long, much too long. Ran more than four hours last night. Got to be trimmed, we'll have to cut out some of the acts and yours is one of these to go!"

W. C. Fields had traveled forty-nine days, sailing half around the world, to play a one night stand!



On the opening night of the Buffalo try-out performance, his act stopped the show. He gave it everything he had and the house rocked with applause. He had never been more enthusiastically received

U.S. America!...

comes.

IN WARNER BROS.
BEST LAFF RIOT!

...a laff as the screen's ace comic
...ace!... See him as the Adonis of
...making chumps out of champs
...ing cyclone of mirth—head over
...in love with every gal in the
...and!... It's an hysteric event!

JOE E.

BROWN in

"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



STOP CONSTIPATION THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves

and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MP-11
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

Welbourn
Now you
climbs tree.

(Continued from page 10)
had the amazing effrontery to enclose a picture of the real Marie, which she claimed was herself. The photograph was in costume for "Min and Bill" and bore the production code number in one corner.

Goin' Home

NOW that the Dressler estate nears settlement, Mamie Cox, Marie's faithful colored retainer for nearly a quarter of a century (you read her story in MOVIE CLASSIC last month) has made her plans. Mamie and her husband, Jerry Cox, were richly rewarded in Marie's will. Although she has had many offers from other film stars, she has decided to return to Alabama and settle down. Her daughter is teaching school in Alabam'. These colored folks, willed \$50,000, have more than enough money to keep them in comfort for the rest of their days. Every penny will be invested in government bonds.

Is Sally Popular, Or What?

SALLY BLANE, Loretta Young's sister, is said to be interested in John Gilbert, Hugh Williams, Lyle Talbot, an unidentified English lord, Phillips Holmes, William Bakewell, and three or four other young men whose names escape me at the mo-

by Keeler, who
"Flirtation Walk"

ment. Why don't these gossip columnists get together?

What Risk Aviation?

WARNER BROTHERS demanded that M-G-M take out insurance on George Brent before it
(Continued on page 81)



Evelyn Laye, English beauty, returns to Hollywood to make "Tiptoes" with Ramon Novarro. Note the wedding band. IS she secretly Mrs. Frank Lawton?

ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5

REMINGTON
PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



10 DAY
FREE TRIAL
OFFER

25% PRICE
REDUCTION

● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable. Stand-

ard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

**ACT... WHILE LOW PRICE
HOLDS GOOD!**

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We don't believe that we can maintain the present 25% price reduction in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say... "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy... buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built... includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine

represents the height of economy... unequalled economy in first cost... unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications...

The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid opera-

tion. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Backspacer. Two color ribbon shift.

Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it... **ABSOLUTELY FREE**... a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

FREE



CARRYING CASE

With every Remington No. 5, a **FREE** carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.

FREE



Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 144-11 Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

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Address _____

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LIVE NOWHERE!

... REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on
in your heart haunting you for
days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY
OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane

Directed by
Erik Charell

From a story by
Melchior Lengyel

Music by
Werner Richard Leymann

ANYWHERE!..LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!



CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE • C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • NOAH BEERY





STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus



and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MU-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat . . . LISTERINE . . . The Safe Antiseptic



MARLENE DIETRICH

Marlene, the paragon of poise, shows no dismay about her future. Maybe the new film code WILL cramp her style a bit. But why worry? The less you see of her attracting ability, the more you will see of her acting ability. And she welcomes the chance to demonstrate it. In "Caprice Espagnol," you will see a new Dietrich



BARBARA STANWYCK

Barbara is the exception to the Hollywood rule. No one is more dramatic on the screen, less dramatic off it. She refuses to put on an act for the curious; she demands the right, as Mrs. Frank Fay, to have as private a life as Mrs. John Q. Public. Never artificial, she is always real. The latest proof of this: "A Lost Lady"



M A D G E E V A N S

What does the public want? Fewer sirens, and more heroines it can idealize—like Madge. Other, more sensational stars, who once belittled her "nice girl" appeal, are now wishing they were in her place—in the spotlight, instead of "on the spot." Madge and Helen Hayes join forces in Barrie's comedy, "What Every Woman Knows"



CLEVER HEADWORK

And we aren't referring only to the *chapeaux*; these girls have something under their hats. Joan Blondell (left), for example, is smart enough to realize that stardom won't last forever, and wants a family waiting for her when she leaves the screen. So, with "Kansas City Princess" finished, she is vacationing and awaiting the stork. Rochelle Hudson (bottom left) is only seventeen, but she skilfully conceals the fact in "Judge Priest." Mary Astor (below) is going in for mystery. She is the woman in "The Case of the Howling Dog"





HEADS THAT ARE USED

The movies put them to good use; so do their owners. Brian Aherne (above) went back to England to make a picture and was re-discovered. Now he's opposite Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows." Lew Ayres (top right) went romantic and won a new public—which will see him next in "Lottery Lover." Gary Cooper (right) took to uniforms. Now he is head man in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"





J U N E L A N G

Is the name new to you? It's new to this startling nineteen-year-old, too. Until recently, she was June Vlassek and her rôles were small. The studio decided to let her go. In going, she thanked executives for what breaks she had had. Surprised, they changed their minds and her name, and are featuring her in "Music in the Air"



JOAN CRAWFORD

A photographer yields to an impulse and puts Joan on a pedestal—for having, in repose, the most dramatic face in Hollywood. And a million girls have put Joan on an invisible pedestal—for personifying the success story they dream about. In "Forsaking All Others," she has a comedy—and a chance to be a new Crawford



Memory is like a photograph album—it's a place for storing pictures. And Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy are due for some mental preservation as the newest love team—in "Broadway Bill"



In "The Captain Hates the Sea," John Gilbert reverses his usual procedure and lets the girl (Tala Birell this time) ask the eternal question. Meanwhile, both make great screen comebacks

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs*!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

The Heroine Hundred romances

LAUDE LATHAM

is Grace
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heroine
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imagination have ever pictured—*Melisande, Juliet, Louise, Marguerite*, tragic women, beloved women, and always, always beautiful women. Grace is lovely, herself—"One of the ten most beautiful women in America," Ziegfeld said of her. Wrapped in clouds of hair (golden, black, auburn), clad in floating robes, hung with jewels, armored in brass, pouring forth the glory of her voice into the gray reality of life, she has been the heroine of countless romances she has never dreamed of. Now and then, as in this case, she has met one of her unknown admirers and—as in this case—has become his friend.

The next year, just before the beginning of the Metropolitan Opera season, she received a cablegram from this man. "I am sailing to-day," it read, "to be in the first audience to hear you sing in grand opera." But he never arrived. Death overtook him on his sentimental pilgrimage. And in his will he had left Grace Moore the gorgeous jewels that he had never dared to offer in life.

The other day, I saw Grace Moore at a Hollywood party. She sat at one end of a drawing room, surrounded by Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Jessica Barthelmess, Aline Rothaker, and Louella Parsons, engaged in conversation, animated, happy. Grace Moore, surrounded by women . . . and liking it!

"It is funny, isn't it, when you have always seen me surrounded by men?" she remarked when I commented on it.

Rejected Wealth and Titles

HERE is a woman who has been the toast of two continents, courted by men of almost every nationality, loved by hundreds of men whom she has never seen; a woman who has had millions temptingly laid at her feet; a woman who could have had her pick of the social Four Hundred
(Continued on page 76)

received roses and a note begging her to lunch with him. Over the luncheon, this man—whom she had seen only twice before in her life, and then only for a few moments' desultory conversation—confessed the reason for his startled expression the day before.

"I have seen you so often in my thoughts for two years," he told her, "that I couldn't believe you were really there before me. You see, Miss Moore, I am just one of the hundreds of strangers you meet, but—since that evening when I first heard you sing, you have been the only woman in the world for me—though I never hoped to meet you again—"

Loved by Men She Never Met

FOR years Grace Moore has been singing the rôles of the most romantic women that men's



Her love for Valentin Parera was what brought Grace Moore back to Hollywood—and fame. She wanted him to have his chance in films



Who is the most irresistible woman on the screen to-day? GRACE MOORE — whom the movies have finally revealed in all her glamour. She was born to inspire romance. Princes, dukes, millionaires have wooed — and lost — her. No man ever meant more to her than her career, until she met Valentin Parera. Then it was love at first sight!

From WEST to Westerns



If all the Great Indoor Lovers have to go Western, what will happen to Leslie Howard? Will they let him be a "dude" rancher, maybe? . . .

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

*"Oh where, oh where, has my little plot
gone,
Oh where, oh where, can it be?
With its bedroom scenes and its her-
o-
ines,
Oh where, oh where, can it be?"*

HOLLYWOOD'S new theme song! The eternal triangle—a man, a woman and a—oh well, we might as well call a spade a bedroom—that combination that has formed the basis of the screen's favorite scenario for lo! these many years, is in the discard. A new plot is taking its place. A new type of heroine is rearing her lovely head, and a new hero is squaring his manly shoulders. If, as some people contend, life goes in cycles, Hollywood has just completed a swell cycle. First Hollywood made the Westerns famous. Then Mae West symbolized the change that sent Westerns into limbo. Now we are back to Westerns again.

From West to Westerns! Well, curves one day and calves the next. (The kind that bawl.) From chaps to "chaps." You figure that one out. From bare backs to

Out in the Great, Clean Outdoors, where men are men, and women can't pursue them unless they do it on horseback—that's where movie plots are heading. The seat of drama will no longer be the sofa, but the saddle; the only calves you will see will be cows' children; and the sin will be taken out of cinema. Can you picture it?



Marlene Dietrich leaning against a tree outside a ranch corral . . . it just can't be. It's an optical illusion, a composite photograph



It looks like Constance Bennett, trying to learn Will Rogers' rope stunt. But, really, it's a composite photograph . . .

bareback. According to the censors, there is practically nothing to fear from a horse unless you kick him; then you might stirrup trouble.

Every studio in Hollywood is racking its brain and wrecking the nerves of its scenario department for stories that will pass safely by the suspicious eye of censorship. At the moment, the Eyes have it. But, in the future, with the studios giving



If *Diamond Lil* ever became *Cactus Kate*—this is what Mae West would be like. (A composite photograph gives you an idea.) Picture the stampede if she should ever say to the calves, "Why don't you come up 'n' get branded sometime?" ...

Every screen cowboy is a detective (he's always detecting the villain's villainy), and now maybe every screen detective will have to be a cowboy—even William (Philo Vance) Powell, below. It's a composite portrait



Does Maurice Chevalier have a secret yen to be another William S. Hart? This is how he garbed himself once, on a visit to Two-Gun Bill's ranch ...

their all to Westerns, the Neighs will have it. Working on the theory that any interior these days is ar-

chitecturally and emotionally dangerous, the film executives are advocating moving from the parlor to the prairie; from the sofa to the saddle; from the boudoir to the barnyard. There is even a rumor that M-G-M may henceforth be Metro-Goldwyn-Mare and that the accent in Paramount may henceforth be on the last syllable and that Radio Pictures may have to become Rodeo Pictures.

Of course, one solution is to combine two extremes, and cast Mae West in Westerns. After all, her name is appropriate, at least. Can't you just hear *Diamond Lil* slurring to a dazzled calf, "Why don't you come up and get branded sometime?" Boy, what a stampede!



Imagine Jean Harlow dressed to kill a few cattle rustlers! If a composite photograph is any guide, she wouldn't be the same gal ...

Seriously, though, the screen story trend these days is definitely away from the sophisticated triangle and toward the great outdoor pentagon: a man, a girl, a moon and two horses. A boat, a pirate island or an airplane may be substituted for the horse. Anything that takes emotion out of the interior into the open.

Madge Gets Her Big Break

FOR one group of picture players, this change means the glorious dawn of a golden opportunity. Consider the case of Madge Evans. When she first arrived on the Hollywood scene, there was nothing for her to play but secondary parts. She had little opportunity to display her real emotional talents, because she looked so sedate, and a first-string heroine at that moment had to be able to look like the kind of girl who sins and suffers and sins and suffers down to the last reel.

Of course, Miss Evans' career was hobbled by the heaviest handicap that an ingénue ever brought to a town devoted to the glorification of glamour. Hollywood couldn't forget that, as a child, she was the little cherub

(Continued on page 85)



Luckhaus

JOAN CRAWFORD— Good Samaritan

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

IN writing this, I am deliberately violating a promise—and I feel justified in so doing. This story should be written. There is, in this mercenary, case-hardened world, so little selfless service, so little true charity, that it would be unfair to leave untold the story about Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital—and the movie star and the doctor who are responsible for them.

I first heard about them from a man whom I had known as an invalid, a man, now hale and hearty, who prefaced his account by crying, in a voice charged with heart-felt emotion: "I'm not ashamed to say that I've gone down on my knees and poured out in prayer my gratitude to Joan Crawford and Dr.

"If ever I am a star," Joan once told Dr. William Branch, "I shall share my good fortune with those who need it." This is the story of how she has kept that promise—the story of Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital—a story that she didn't want told. But it should be told!



Carroll Photo Service

Joan Crawford (right) did not approve the plaque (above) placed over the door of Room 351 in Hollywood Hospital (top) by Dr. William Branch, her partner in aiding the sick and unfortunate

William Branch. Between the two of them, they saved my life—and more than my life. God bless them both!"

Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital are two-bed wards. Over each entrance hangs a simple bronze plaque, which states, tersely: "This room is maintained through a grant made by Miss Joan Crawford."

That plaque was cast and hung there without

Joan's knowledge by order of Dr. William Branch, her partner in one of the most beautiful charities Hollywood has ever known. Had she learned of his plan, she would have opposed it—just as she opposed the writing of this story. Characteristically, Dr. Branch neglected to take credit for his share in their great enterprise; characteristically, when I

(Continued on page 86)



The "New Deal" for CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Life is beginning all over for Chaplin at forty-five. He is in love for perhaps the first time. He has been watching the modern scene intently, and now is starting a comedy about it that will be his supreme effort—different from anything he has ever done. After that, he wants to show Hollywood a new way of telling a story with spoken words

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—still the great Chaplin—is embarking on his new picture, at last. Poet of screen comedy, he is going to defy all the rules and usages of to-day in the movies and continue as a silent actor. This word is definite. Also, this time, he knows in advance every move that he will make. It is the first time in more than a dozen years that he has had a full-fledged scenario. And it is the first time since "The Gold Rush" that he has ordered lavish and spectacular settings—even more lavish and spectacular than that earlier picture—and planned huge crowds as the background to his blending of pathos and mirthmaking as the central figure. Chaplin is "breaking forth," cutting paths in a new way; unofficially at least, it is a "new deal" for him and for his unique type of creativeness.

Like the music dramas of Richard Wagner, or the books, say, of a Leo Tolstoy, a Chaplin picture now emerges as an event and a classic, with long intervals between productions. The mood has to be right, and even then the comedian delves long and deep for each inspiration that is to light the way. He has been in the midst of his most fearful of all sessions of warring and battling with the Muses, or whatever it is that fur-

nishes the proper stimulus for his comedies. He has been a virtual hermit, accessible much of the time only to his two boon companions and co-workers, Carter de Haven and

Henry Bergman, and the beautiful Paulette (is she Mrs. Chaplin?) Goddard. Also, the one studio attaché faithful through the years—Alfred Reeves, who was with Charlie long ago in Fred Karno's "A Night in an English Music Hall."

Chaplin goes into such seclusion as this only when the drive is searingly on. He comes out of it generally when the job is finished. Meanwhile, except for just a dip into a quiet luncheon place on the Boulevard, a theatre very occasionally on an off-night, or possibly part of an evening spent in dancing at some secluded restaurant, he remains in practical isolation.

But even within the memory of his closest associates there has been nothing like this latest plunge into the fervid seas of activity. Day after day, for weeks, he has gone loyally to the studio, and sequestered himself in an old one-story house on the back of the lot, which is

known as "the sweat room." He has arrived promptly at nine in the morning; De Haven and Bergman have been there, but no one else. Paulette has been busy studying

(Continued on page 78)



International

THESE MOVIES



In "The Age of Innocence," Irene Dunne and John Boles give poignancy to a problem that WAS a problem back in the Mid-Victorian era of the colorful '70's



Claude Rains is both visible and chilling as the criminal lawyer whose murder of Margo, Mexican newcomer, is the "Crime Without Passion"



Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, together on the screen for the first time, both go adventurous in the suspenseful spy drama, "British Agent"

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—RKO-Radio

Dunne and Boles as Lovers Again

IRENE DUNNE and John Boles, together for the first time since "Back Street," dress up again in costumes of the last century and again know an unhappy love. But this time, with Edith Wharton the author of the story and with censorship what it is to-day, the romance doesn't get much beyond the platonic stage, though for a few moments it wavers. The result is a likable, if somewhat slow-moving sermon on thinking of others, not just oneself.

The conflict of the drama is not between any two characters, so much as it is between two ideas: (1) the world is well lost for love, and (2) an ounce of righteousness is worth a pound of impulsiveness. Irene, an American girl who has married a Count, returns to New York of the 1870's to get a divorce. The social Four Hundred look askance at her, particularly when she is seen with Lionel Atwill (the screen's best portrayer of roués), but her grandmother (Helen Westley) makes society take to Irene and like it. She gives her divorce case to the law firm of John Boles, who is engaged to marry her sister (Julie Haydon) and also commissioned to dissuade Irene from her suit. While doing it, he falls in love with her and she with him.

A man of his word, however, he marries her sister; then discovers that he can never love anyone but Irene, and now goes in for persuasion, not dissuasion. That is the cue for the heavy dramatics, leading up to a poignant ending. Considering that the problem they labor with is archaic (what with divorce so commonplace to-day), the cast succeeds notably in winning one's interest and holding it. But I would like to see Irene unleash her poised dignity sometime.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount

At Last—a Movie That's Unusual

"CRIME WITHOUT PASSION" is a picture that should not be missed by anyone seeking something unusual in movie art. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the most vivid, virile writing team of to-day, have taken an old theme, tricked it out with unexpected twists and acid wit, found new ways of telling with a camera what is going on in a man's mind, and, after a rising crescendo of horror, have ended the story on a note of irony. You may like being frozen to your seat and you may not, but I guarantee you will talk about it—and remember the experience.

The principal character is a crafty, cold criminal lawyer. This is a species not unknown to film audiences, but as played by Claude ("The Invisible Man") Rains, now totally visible, *Lee Gentry* has a sinister quality that no savior-of-the-guilty ever had before—on the screen, that is. When he isn't cheating justice, he is cheating women. Tiring of a brunette dancer (played by Margo, a Mexican terpsichorean well-known on Broadway), he turns to a blonde socialite (played by Whitney Bourne of Park Avenue). When the brunette proves troublesome, he kills her. Unnerved at first, he listens to his crafty self, carefully covers his tracks, believes he has committed the perfect (i.e., clueless) crime, and thinks he has solved the problem of how to play savior to his guilty self. But the dénouement, which catches audiences off-guard, is something else again. I warn you—don't miss it, if you want

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

BY LARRY REID

to see some unusual acting (particularly by Rains and Margo), some unusual story-telling, and some unusual camera-maneuvering by Lee Garmes. And if you want to have some new sensations in a movie theatre.

BRITISH AGENT—Warners

A New Howard, a New Francis

"BRITISH AGENT," which marks the début of Leslie Howard and Kay Francis as co-stars, also marks a change in characterization for both of them. Howard, the mental romanticist, goes elemental and adventurous; Kay, who is also pretty good at portraying mental suffering, turns animated adventuress. And the suspense of the story sizzles like a lighted fuse on a bomb, with a terrific surprise due any moment. In fact, there is one breath-stopping scene in the picture in which the two are together, emotion-telling, unconscious of a nearby bomb.

The scene is Russia; the time, during and just after the Soviet Revolution. Howard is a British consul, isolated and unwelcome in a turbulent country, but determined not to run until he learns a few things it might pay his own country to know; Kay is a Russian adventuress who is also risking death, for reasons best known to herself and a certain group of patriots. Their paths cross; each senses the secret purpose of the other; and against all reason, they fall in love. Then comes the age-old conflict between love and duty, which has more suspense than you would expect after all these years and all these movies. Here is a skillful blend of realistic acting, realistic backgrounds, and a realistic spy story. It's a rare combination.

CHAINED—M-G-M

It Glitters, But Isn't Gold

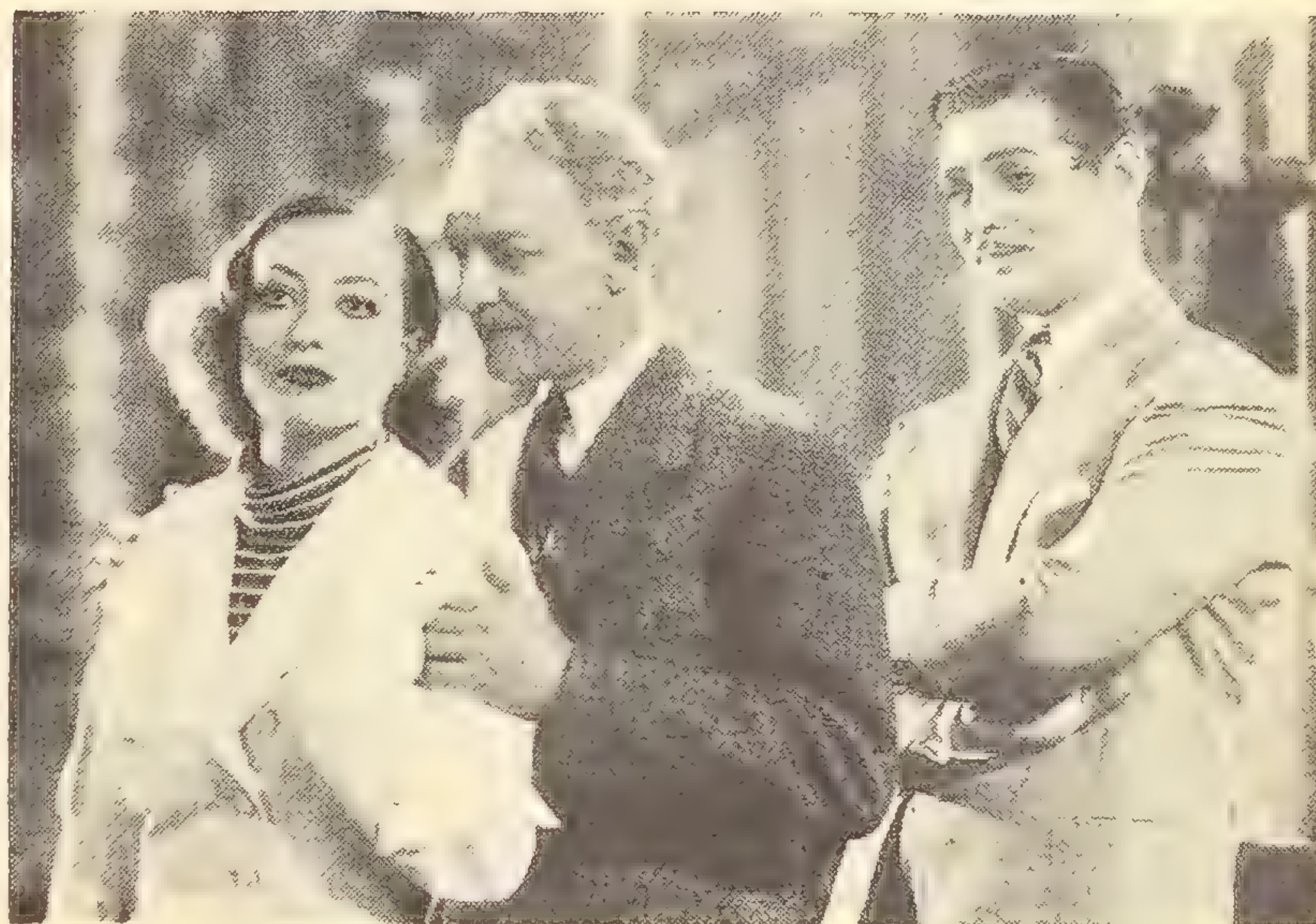
"CHAINED" is a better picture than it deserves to be, considering its well-worn and hokumish theme. Joan Crawford finds herself in another emotional muddle, a bit to the sordid, with Clark Gable on one side of her and Otto Kruger on the other. First, she is secretary to shipping-mate Kruger, who can't persuade his wife to divorce him so that he can marry Joan, but has a substitute proposal. He sends her off on a Southern cruise to think it over. First she meets an amusing Americano (Stuart Erwin), then an Argentine rancher (Gable) and—well, you know the power-over-women these fiery Latins have. But she feels "chained" to her philanthropist, particularly after she discovers he has found a way to get a divorce, and marries him. Then, there being no villain, the hero still pursues her. What should she do? That's apparently what the scenarists wondered. Their solution of her predicament looks decidedly makeshift, solves nothing, proves nothing. If it weren't for the acting, the general liveliness, and the settings, it would be time wasted.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount

The Witty West Clicks Again

THE long headache that Mae West is alleged to have had in making "Belle of the Nineties" is not manifest on her countenance. She never looked better, and she has seldom—if ever—been more amusing. For what the censors left can still be called good—and even clean—fun.

(Continued on page 90)



In "Chained," Joan Crawford debates between wealth and love—again. Otto Kruger represents the millions and Clark Gable, the romance



Mae West, in a New Orleans setting, makes "Belle of the Nineties" good, clean fun. Johnny Mack Brown is one of her leading men





Verree, Verree Happy —Now

By JERRY ASHER

It wasn't so long ago that VERREE TEASDALE was the unhappiest girl who had ever been dropped by a movie studio—because she "didn't have any glamour." Then Adolphe Menjou discovered that she was "the most stunning woman in Hollywood"—and Hollywood took another look. Now she is Mrs. Menjou, and tomorrow she will be a star!

EVERYBODY knows that Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou were married on August 25, after being engaged for nearly a year, and that it was her second marriage and his third. Everybody knows, too, that stardom is just ahead for Verree, who once was dropped by a studio. The newspapers have told that much. But there is another story that hasn't been told—the story of how Verree found her happiness. Let me tell it this way:

It started shrilly as it slowly began to rain at the Dearborn Street Station. A small, pale-faced little woman, with a hat, stood alongside it for a few yards. She looked down at a younger woman who was looking at her. A rain that had begun to fall had pulled away from her. She looked away and was lost.

A young woman who was completely unaware of the fact that she was being watched by a man who had just come from the same place.

season's smartest angle. Slowly, she looked around and began to take note of her surroundings. Her eyes fell on a copy of the morning *Tribune*, lying on the seat across from her. Gingerly, she reached across and spread it full in front of her. Across the top in screaming bannerlines were the words: "Verree Teasdale Divorces Mate In Chicago." Slowly, almost mechanically, she folded the paper, laid it aside, looked out the window.

This was the picture I had of Verree Teasdale, as I left Chicago, on the last lap of a lonely journey back to Hollywood from New York. I could hardly believe my eyes as I realized who the unhappy young woman was. The last time I had seen Verree Teasdale, she was working on a picture in a studio in Hollywood. That had been only a little more than two weeks before.

I don't know which was the happier to see a friend. Verree believed for the moment that she was having hallucinations. (Continued on page 91)



"I'm not going through puppy-love. I've been married before. I know what is ahead of us. I'm determined to have happiness."

MOVIE
CLASSIC

TABLOID

NEWS
SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Thelma Todd has opened a café on the ocean front at Santa Monica. Why? "This is going to be my umbrella when that well-known rainy day comes along!"



Wide World

Franchot Tone has told Joan Crawford—and the world—that he loves her. Joan says nothing, unless with flowers. Franchot still wears her gardenias!



In "Wake Up and Dream," singing to June Knight, Russ Columbo won stardom at last. Two days after the preview, he was tragically dead. See story, page 39

MARY AND DOUG SILENT, BUT LOOK "RECONCILED"

When Douglas Fairbanks Returns to Hollywood, After Long Absence Abroad, Mary Pickford Puts Out Welcome Mat at Pickfair for Him—Romantic Rendezvous Follow



J. P. Graham, Del Monte

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

EVER since August 9, when word came to the movie town that Douglas Fairbanks had abandoned his plan for a trip to China to make a picture, after a long transatlantic telephone talk with Mary Pickford, Hollywood has gone ga-ga with expectation of a reconciliation. Determined to be romantic, newspaper reporters managed to make the brief pre-reunion statements emanating from the couple sound loverish, even though they consisted for the most part in "I won't discuss my private affairs."

"Oh, Doug and I will very likely meet when he gets out here next week," Mary admitted, as she arrived from the East a few days in advance of her estranged husband. "There's no ill feeling at all between us."

Pickfair underwent a hasty house-cleaning. Fresh flowers bloomed in all the rooms. In Doug's old quarters Mary has never had anything changed. Friends say that Doug's things are scattered around as though awaiting him, and that his clothes still hang in the wardrobes.

With everyone in Hollywood watching the returned prodigal, and keeping close tab on Mary's whereabouts, it was difficult to stage a private first meeting, although the affair was managed in the best movie style. Mary's limousine idled before the Beverly Hills Hotel. The car bringing Doug from the station passed it, and the athletic star made a quick transfer from the one to the other.

On succeeding days they lunched and dined together frequently. ("We are still pals," they explained.) They went on long, secret automobile rides, and they spent one day wandering over Doug's huge Rancho Zorro near San Diego. The actor started off for his country place alone, then turned around, drove back and induced Mary to accompany him. The breathless public was assured that "Mary Pickford smiled happily" or "blushed demurely," that "Doug was bubbling over with high spirits."

Mary has said, "Reconciliation? . . . I can't deny it . . . I can't say anything now."

each year, and that Mary realizes that Doug's restless spirit cannot be content in one place for long, and she is willing to share his future explorations with him. If, as all the world sincerely hopes, Doug and Mary do take up life together again, the Cupid who will have brought them together will certainly be rotund, sentimental Joseph Schenck, producer and former husband of Norma Talmadge.

He returned from Europe on the same boat with Doug and was the first to reveal the couple's transatlantic telephone talk. Schenck's own thoughts are naturally of a romantic turn these days, because of

Have They Both Played "Cupid"?



Acme

Producer Joseph Schenck (right) is credited with being the chief arranger of the happy reunion of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And Doug is said to have introduced Schenck to Merle Oberon, whom he will marry at Pickfair

"I have no intention of returning to England," Doug has told intimates, as well as reporters. "I shall probably make my next picture right here in Hollywood, with some shots taken in China," he has announced. His plan is to make a "Cavalcade" of China, an idea that he has been mulling over for years.

Mutual friends assert that Mary's long-pending divorce suit will be withdrawn, that Doug realizes that Mary is constitutionally unable to give up work and he is willing to work alongside her for part of

his coming marriage to Merle Oberon, lovely English actress (you will see her in Doug's picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"), whom he met and proposed to on the Riviera. "Doug and Mary really love each other," he declared recently. "I'd like nothing better than to be the instrument of their reconciliation." Schenck expects to fly East within the month to meet his fiancée, "if she doesn't change her mind," and has already accepted Mary Pickford's invitation to be married at Pickfair.



Portrait by Lansing Brown

RUSS COLUMBO FATALLY WOUNDED IN ODD ACCIDENT

Radio and Screen Star Shot by Closest Friend, Photographer Lansing Brown, Who Thought Pistol Unloaded

By MURIEL MADDEN

NOT many weeks ago, a writer sat in a barber shop in the next chair to Russ Columbo. George Hill's suicide had just rocked Hollywood and the two discussed it desultorily. "Well," said Russ, "I wouldn't want to kill myself, but at least it's a quick way out. When I get mine, I hope it comes quick and sudden"—he snapped his fingers—"like that, so I don't even know what hit me!" How quick and how sudden it would be, he could not guess then. At twenty-six, death is unreal and impossible. And just at the moment Russ Columbo had more to live for than ever before in his life.

On a Friday evening three weeks later, as he climbed into his car after attending the preview of his first starring picture, "Wake Up and Dream" (whose title now has an ironical tinge), he said, "Well, it looks now as if I were really going places at last."

The next Sunday afternoon he lay dead, from a bullet in an antique French dueling pistol, accidentally discharged by the hand of his closest friend, Lansing

Above, a portrait of Russ Columbo made by Lansing Brown, below, who thought old pistols at right were unloaded. But one had a bullet

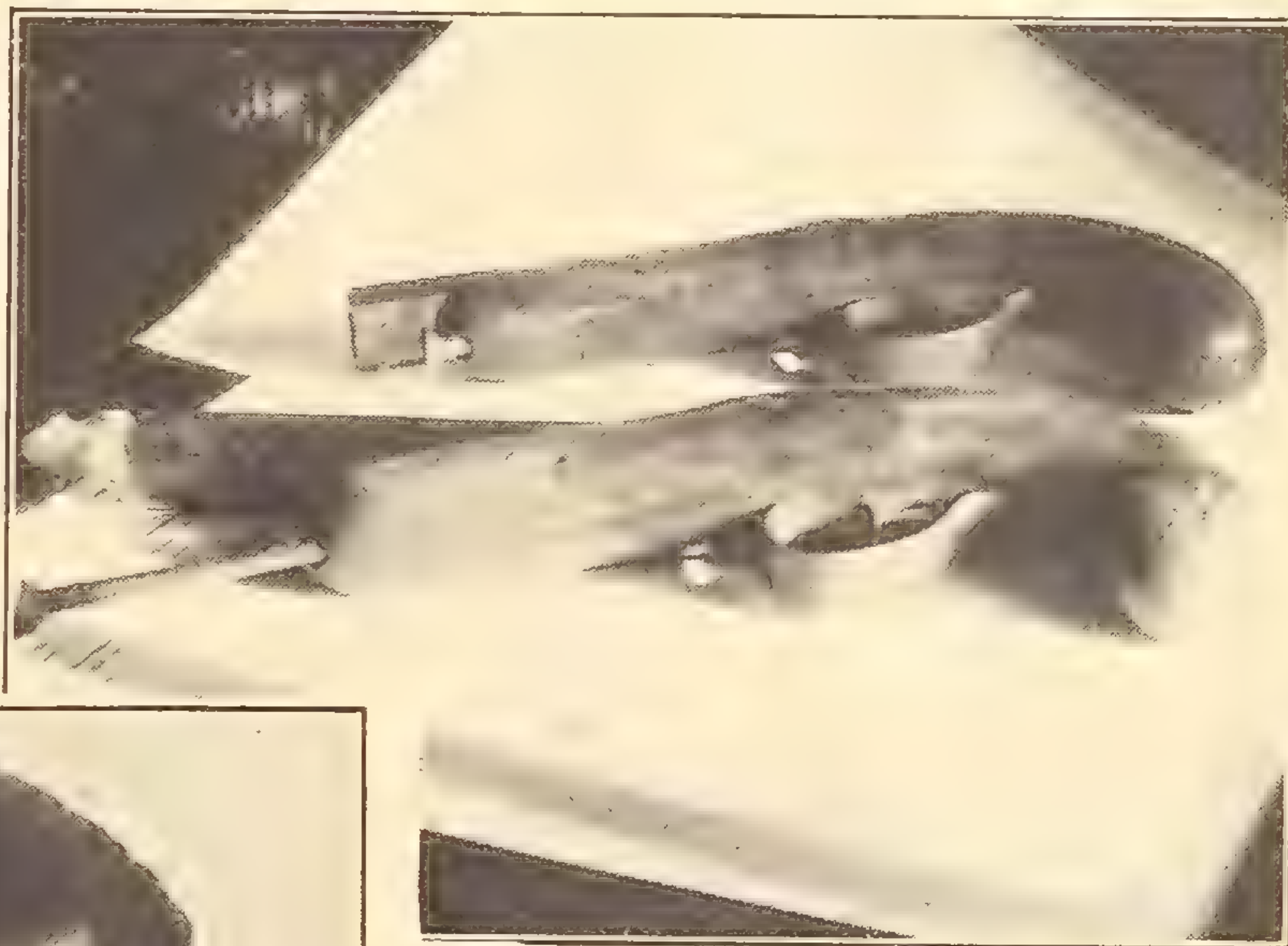


Brown, the Hollywood photographer. For seventy years the bullet had lain within the old pistol, one of a pair that Brown had acquired seven years ago for his curio collection. The two friends had been sitting in Brown's study facing each other across the table, and had been "talking about the future."

Brown, toying with one of the old pistols on the table in front of him, had idly clicked the trigger time after time; then a match he was holding in his left hand caught between the hammer and the firing pin; there was an explosion as powder was ignited by the flash of the match; and a bullet struck the table, ricocheting to enter Columbo's forehead. If the other pistol had been in his hands, Columbo would be alive to-day; *that* was unloaded as Brown had thought both were.

And so, at twenty-six ended the life of the poor Italian boy born Ruggiero Columbo, who had struggled up through discouragements, sickness and heart-break to the position of radio favorite and screen star.

His last week of life was a fateful one for Russ Columbo. Only a few days before his death, he had signed contracts to make phonograph records, and had received several fantastically generous offers of radio appearances. His movie contract earned him five thousand a week. Since his return to his native city two years ago, penniless and discouraged, this boy had made a fortune, which he invested in life annuities for his parents, his brothers and sisters. The youngest of twelve children, Columbo regarded success as his chance to



Acme

do something for his family. They were never out of his thoughts or plans.

Although it was Sally Blane who sat outside the hospital door when he died, it is Carole Lombard whom his death leaves inconsolable. For five months they had been That Way about each other. Russ wanted to marry the beautiful blonde star, but Carole hesitated at another marriage after the failure of her union with William Powell. His friendship with Sally Blane dated from childhood; he used to beau her about in high school. It is a curious coincidence that Russ Columbo at one time went with Dorothy Dell, another young and recent victim of swift Fate.

FORBES, ANGEL BECOME HITCH-HIKING ELOPERS

When Car Breaks Down, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel Thumb Rides to Yuma—English Couple Wed Six Weeks After Meeting, Much to Hollywood's Surprise

By JOAN STANDISH

HOLLYWOOD was surprised and a trifle vexed to read that Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes had departed for Yuma to be married—and had continued on foot, thumbing rides (*à la* "It Happened One Night") when their car broke down. Their respective employers, mothers and friends had no advance hint of the wedding plans. And it is hardly considered palsy-walsy in Hollywood to keep one's romance completely to one's self. People are not supposed to elope until the entire affair has been thoroughly discussed at all the luncheon tables in Hollywood.

One of the most surprised people in town, when the news broke, was Ruth Chatterton, the First Mrs. Forbes, whose famous "civilized divorce" still permitted her to claim him as an escort, confidant and dinner guest. There had even been rumors that Ruth and Ralph might remarry, when she and George Brent decided which would get the divorce. "All of us think it was very inconsiderate of Ralph to get married just when poor Ruth is having so much trouble over her separation from George and all," a close friend of Ruth's confided to me.

Though both are members of the British colony in Hollywood, Heather and Ralph had only known each other a few weeks, six at the longest. One explanation of their sudden discovery that they were made for each other is a common fondness for polo. Ralph Forbes is one of the best players in town, while Heather has spent nearly every Sunday since her arrival in California at the Riviera field watching the games.

The most plausible explanation of why a girl who had managed to remain unmarried for twenty-four years should suddenly succumb to matrimony is Heather's intimacy with Pat Paterson who once lived with the Angels in London and is Heather's best friend. Pat, as the whole

world knows, is now Mrs. Charles Boyer, and a radiantly happy bride despite the sadness incident to seeing her bridegroom of three months off to Paris a few weeks

they arranged to start for Yuma. Ralph telephoned his mother, Mary Forbes (who is a considerable actress in her own right), and she hurried over with her blessings and a gorgeous antique family ring of sapphires and diamonds, which she took from her own finger for her son's engagement ring. Next Heather, so the story goes, telephoned *her* mother, but Mrs. Angel's objections to such impulsiveness were so strong that she decided not to go home and get dressed for the trip, but to go as she was (in a green dress, the odd jacket to a suit, and a pair of patent-leather pumps).

The last person to hear the news was Ruth Chatterton, whom Ralph called just as they were starting out for Yuma at 2 a.m. Ruth thought that he was joking, apparently, for she kidded him about his romantic plans at such an hour, while wishing him happiness.

The car that carried the elopers into Arizona suffered engine trouble, and in the chill gray light of early dawn the pair had to abandon their automobile and start trudging along the dusty highway. A ramshackle and aged machine with a kindly citizen of the neighborhood overtook them, noticed their frantic thumbing and took them in, and so Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes became Hollywood's first hitch-hiking elopers!

Ralph is having an addition built on his house. Heather—at the time of the last reports—was still wearing the green dress and patent leathers, much the

worse for wear after their hiking.

Heather will continue her career. In fact, because she was scheduled to begin work almost immediately on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Dickens' famous "unfinished" story, for which Universal has found an ending), all of Heather's honeymoon plans had to be delayed.

THEY KEPT IT A SECRET



Wide World

Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel did the impossible—they kept Hollywood from hearing about their romance until the wedding. Ralph's former wife, Ruth Chatterton, was surprised

ago. Pat's own romance was even swifter than Heather's, being just two weeks from introduction to altar. Friends of both girls say that Pat has been praising the married state to her friend ever since and doubtless sold her on the idea.

At any rate, it was at Pat's home one evening that Heather decided to say "Yes" to Ralph. All in a few minutes,



Took name off his door, himself . . .



"It was because he was alone . . ."

GEORGE HILL TAKES LIFE; DIRECTS END CAREFULLY

Motive for Suicide of Young, Successful Director Remains a Mystery—Wills Bulk of Property to "Beloved Divorced Wife," Frances Marion

By ANN SLATER

GEORGE HILL, thirty-nine-year-old director at Metro, never planned the details of a picture he was about to make more carefully than he planned his own death. The news that he had shot himself, alone in his Malibu Beach cottage, was a complete shock to Hollywood—and a complete mystery. In the weeks since then, details have cropped out, bit by bit, revealing as strange a story as this town of strange stories has ever heard.

Most suicides are the result of a moment's despair, a temporary frenzy. In the case of successful, well-liked, always-smiling George Hill, it was evidently the result of many weeks of careful, systematic planning. All the while that he was working daily at his studio, joking with his friends, taking trips, and consulting with his ex-wife, writer Frances Marion, over the script of their next picture, "The Good Earth," he was coolly considering the final scene in his own life-story.

Just how long he had been thinking of an exit from life seems to be shown by his remark to a friend at Marie Dressler's funeral. George had been very fond of Marie, whom he directed in "Min and

Bill," and during the simple funeral service the tears poured unabashed down his cheeks. As the company left the cemetery, a studio acquaintance said to him, "It was a beautiful service, wasn't it, George?"

"Beautiful, yes," Hill replied somberly, "but not the kind of funeral I want. I have been getting figures on cremation and I've got one place down as low as twenty-five dollars. I don't want my funeral to cost my friends much."

Several days before his death, observant associates at Metro might have noticed a mute warning that something was amiss with the director, but no one remarked that the door of his office looked unnatural. George Hill, without comment to anyone, had pried from the door the plate bearing his name.

Different explanations are offered for George Hill's act. One is that on his recent trip to China to get scenes and material for "The Good Earth," he had seen so much human misery that he had no heart to go on in a world where such things were possible. He was known to have read and reread the book of Pearl Buck's, which leaves the taste of inescapable sorrow and futility.

His physician, on the other hand, believes that George Hill, who was in an

automobile accident several months ago, received injuries that had affected his mind. He had driven his car into a telephone pole to avoid hitting several children playing in the streets.

But most of Hollywood is inclined to agree with columnist Harry Carr, who wrote, "George Hill died because he could not live with Frances Marion and could not live without her." The devotion between the director and his divorced wife—he was her fourth husband—was well-known. They were often seen together, lunching and at previews.

That this was the true explanation seems to be borne out by his will, which left three-sevenths of his fortune to "my beloved divorced wife, Frances Marion, and her two sons." To her, too, he left most of his personal belongings, with the note to relatives and friends that they were not to accept them when "knowing her generosity as I do, she tries to give them away."

Since George Hill's death, Frances Marion has been in a serious automobile accident, herself, sustaining a broken collar-bone and a bad case of shock. She was shaken by the death of her former husband. "It was because he was alone," she told a friend, sadly. "He didn't have anyone dependent on him."

ACTORS NARROWLY MISS DEATH AT HANDS OF FIEND

Douglass Montgomery Lucky When Car, Whose Wheels Have Been Tampered With, Crashes on Straight Road—Jack La Rue Attacked in Sleep—Police Seek Madman

By HAL HALL

TWO ruthless and mysterious attempts upon the lives of prominent male players in Hollywood within the past few weeks have film stars trembling and local police trying to figure out whether or not there is a madman loose in Hollywood who is obsessed with the desire to kill picture stars. The two stars who have had narrow escapes are Douglass Montgomery and Jack La Rue. Both came within inches of death at the hands of unknown assailants, and both declare they do not know of a single enemy in the world who might want to see them dead.

Montgomery's escape was miraculous. He was rehearsing a stage play at the Pasadena Community Theatre. Night after night, he parked his car in a dark and obscure corner of a lot adjoining the theatre. And he drove to his mother's home in Altadena each night after rehearsal. One night, he was leaving the theatre when Universal Studios called him on the 'phone and asked if he could come right over to make a retake. He dashed out, climbed in his car and started for Hollywood, instead of up the hilly and winding mountain road to Altadena, where the slightest mishap would send

His Window Crashed



A heavy piece of timber shattered Jack La Rue's bedroom window late at night, and landed only inches from his head

his car careening over steep embankments to the rocks far below.

And—as he sped along the wide, smooth highway toward Universal City, one of the front wheels of the car came off and the car veered crazily, tilted to one side, crashed to the ground. The wheel rolled swiftly through the darkness and struck a nearby house. People came running to the scene. Then it was discovered that some fiend had *taken off the hub caps of all four wheels*, had removed the nuts that hold on the wheels, and had slipped the caps back on the wheels so that no one would notice what had been done—until too late!

Montgomery shuddered as he made the discovery and realized that, had he gone to Altadena, as was his custom, his car would probably have been a tangled mass of wreckage in a canyon with his crumpled body beneath it. Pure luck saved him, and thwarted the vicious attempt at murder.

A few nights later, Jack La Rue was sleeping peacefully in his bed in a ground-floor bedroom of his home on Holly Drive. Suddenly, there was a crash of glass and a long four-by-four log of wood came smashing through the window and landed on the pillow only inches from the actor's head. The log was snatched back by the mysterious assailant and came crashing through again, but La Rue had rolled excitedly off the bed and was dashing for the bureau where he kept a pistol. As he turned on the light, his assailant slammed the log through the window a third time and fled into the darkness before La Rue could fire a shot.

When the police arrived, they found the bed covered with broken glass, the log lying across the pillow, where it had been hurled, and La Rue, his father, a brother and two sisters almost in hysterics. An examination of the piece of wood revealed that the would-be murderer had worn gloves, thus leaving no tell-tale fingerprints.

The possibility that gangsters might be trying to intimidate stars for extortion purposes has been ruled out; the vicious methods indicate a desire to kill, not just frighten. So the police are seeking for a madman who, they think, is trying to avenge some imaginary wrong; or, perhaps, a man who has failed in pictures and is trying to gain satisfaction by maiming or killing men who have risen to prominence that he never can reach. And stars are doubling their vigilance and are wondering who will be the next man to feel the wrath of this mysterious would-be killer.

His Car Crashed



A wheel of Douglass Montgomery's car came off; later he discovered that all four were intended to do likewise

The darkest part of the mystery is the fact that neither actor had received any threat, any forewarning of any attempt on his life. Even paranoiac madmen have a liking for frightening their prospective victims before trying to carry out their murderous intentions.

Another baffling angle to the double mystery is the fact that Montgomery and La Rue are direct opposites—one being blond and a specialist in sensitive young-lover rôles, and the other being black-haired and a specialist in character rôles. Montgomery grew up locally; La Rue is from New York. They do not travel in the same circles, have never played in the same picture together. If a man should feel some unknown animosity for one, why should he feel it for the other?

The police are convinced that one man attempted both murderous assaults. They reason thus because the movements of both actors had been so carefully studied in advance, and because gloves were worn in both cases, leaving no fingerprint clues. The cold-bloodedness of the preparations, coupled with the lack of warning, is what chills Hollywood.

Of all the horror stories the screen has produced, none has chilled Hollywood like this true-to-life terror tale.

SCREEN STAR STORIES

George Arliss IN The LAST GENTLEMAN

- Adapted from the 20th Century Picture
- Screen Play by Leonard Praskins
- Directed by Sidney Lanfield
- Released through United Artists
- Fictionized by
Mary Chadbourne-Brown

THE wide white curve of staircase swept up and up, lighted by sunlight from an upper window. Marjorie's hand tightened on her mother's arm and she stood very stiff and straight, in the doorway. This was the Barr house. The house her first forefathers in America had built. The house where generations, all her own Barr features—the delicate aquiline nose, the long upper lip, the wide-set eyes—had been born and lived out their lives and died. . . . The most beautiful house in the world! Her ancestral home . . . she belonged here.

Soon now they all would be here, all the living Barrs. Her uncle Judd Barr. Her great-aunt Augusta Barr Prichard. Aunt Augusta's adopted son, Allan Blaine; but he was negligible because he wasn't really a Barr. And—the head of the house, Cabot Barr, her grandfather! Marjorie shivered a little with excitement, and then stood straighter than ever. For no Barr showed excitement.

"Whether Mr. Barr is expecting me or not, I can't say," her mother was telling the butler, Claude. "He wired me about the memorial services for Lovicy. . . . This is the baby." Her mother's voice had a slightly defiant ring.

Of course. She was the Barr baby, the last of the line. She'd been two years old when Claude had last seen her, sixteen years ago—when Cabot had turned her mother out of the house because she hadn't been born a boy! She ought to hate Cabot for that. But, curiously, she didn't. . . . The last of the line. He had had a right to want her to be a boy. . . . She followed her mother into



PLAYED BY

George Arliss . . . *Cabot Barr*
Edna May Oliver . . . *Augusta*
Janet Beecher *Helen*
Charlotte Henry . . . *Marjorie*
Ralph Morgan *Loring*
Edward Ellis *Claude*
Frank Albertson *Allan*
Rafaela Ottiano *Retta*
Donald Meek *Judd*

the dim library. Other relatives waited there.

The room buzzed and whispered with the tickings of twenty clocks. There was a little French one on the Adam mantel. The room was wide and the corners deep and cool. The Barrs had builded well. Gentlemen of taste, they had been, even in Puritan Massachusetts; lovers of beauty, even when beauty was forbidden the righteous. Stalwart, God-fearing stock, yet with a taste for wine and lovely women. . . . They married girls as beautiful as her mother had been, and they built houses like this one. . . . She ought to hate her grandfather. He had been stubborn, pig-headed, about her mother. But she didn't hate him. Ever since she could remember, she had wanted to know him . . .

Suddenly, somewhere up above the curving staircase, she heard a voice speaking—an old man's voice, but rich and deeply resonant and full of a twisted kind of laughter. "I'm holding these services for Lovicy because she was a Barr," it said.

Her grandfather! Marjorie leaned forward, listening.

"She felt it her duty to go to China and be a missionary," the deep voice went on, hiding, somewhere in its depths, a sardonic chuckle, "although personally she loathed the Chinese. That's the sort of stuff the old Barrs were composed of."

Another voice answered, indistinguishably.

"These," her mother was saying, "are your Uncle Judd and your Aunt Retta. This is Aunt Augusta Prichard, Marjorie. And this is Allan."

"You've grown very pretty, my dear," Aunt Augusta said, kissing her. "You look exactly like your grandfather."

"Is he very pretty, too?" Marjorie asked, demurely.

There had been no footfall on the stairs—no sound at all—but, suddenly, the deep voice made Marjorie jump. She had a feeling it was intended to make her jump. . . .

"So you came, Helen?" Cabot Barr said. "After sixteen years!"

Her mother's arm tightened about her waist. But Marjorie turned, stiffly. Barrs weren't frightened, not even by the head of the house.

"So you sent for me?" she heard her mother say, coolly.

"Let's have a look at you," Cabot Barr said to her mother, looking down his nose and ignoring Marjorie.

She could ignore him, too, then! But out of the tail of her eye she watched him. A grand old man, fit to be the head of the house of Barr. A slight, erect old figure, with the family's aquiline nose made narrow and more pronounced by age, with the delicate Barr fingers, clasped over the slender, beautiful head of an ivory cane. With the shrewd mouth and the kind eyes of a man who has lived life long and fully and with discernment.

"I'm bound to say you've worn well, Helen," he was



"Augusta, I want to be buried in white satin, please," Cabot Barr said.

saying. "Your face is a trifle raddled, but thank Heaven you've kept your stomach flat."

Marjorie giggled. "Mother," she said, "I think grandfather is rather a darling!"

Her grandfather's expression never changed at all,

except that his eyebrows lifted and he stared at her. "Oh, do you?" he said. "I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

But that, of course, meant he did return it, thought Marjorie with satisfaction. All Barrs were always afraid of being sentimental.

"And why in the name of heaven do you think I'm a darling?" he snapped.

Marjorie giggled again. "I think you're funny," she said. "I think of funny things, too, but I haven't the courage to say them!"

"At your age!" Cabot Barr snorted, and turned his back on her. "You're a disgraceful young miss with a perverted mind."

"I suppose it's because I'm like you," Marjorie offered daringly.

The whole family stood silent, staring at her. Aunt Augusta gaped, and Uncle Judd's pouchy eyes were glassy. It was he who broke the silence. "So Lovicy is dead," he said at length.

Aunt Augusta began to sniffle. Uncle Judd turned the corners of his mouth down, and eyed the floor piously.

"And I'll probably be the next," Cabot Barr said. "Augusta, I want to be buried in white satin, please."



"So you sent for me?" Helen faced her father coolly, defiantly.

It makes one look so much deader!"

Beyond the doorway the sunlight lay on the polished dark flooring, on the silky pattern of the rug. A breeze blew warm through the doorway, and all about the shadowy room the clocks whispered:

"Don't talk about such things, Cabot, they're horrible," said Aunt Augusta, shuddering visibly.

Cabot smiled, gently, this time, his eyes on the warm patch of sunlight. "One the contrary, very beautiful," he said. "I've done my living. I haven't been niggardly."

Tears were hot behind Marjorie's lids as she listened, and the room swam in a mist of them.

"Life's been like a bottle of fine wine," her grandfather was saying. "I've drunk slowly, discriminatingly. Now I'm ready for the next bottle. Death's the next bottle . . . I'm getting thirsty for it."

That had been one of the things his shrewd old eyes had been trying to say to her. Don't be afraid of me. . . . Don't be afraid of living. . . . No Barr is afraid of anything. . . .

Marjorie sat at the luncheon table, and something in the neighborhood of her diaphragm contracted uncomfortably. Not because of Aunt Lovicy's services. They had been bad enough, with the minister suffering from laryngitis and the townspeople murmuring vapidly about Aunt Lovicy's virtues. . . . No. Because of the clocks. Because she had started all forty-eight of them so they would strike in the middle of the services! It had been a horrible thing to do!

But it had been Allan's fault. If she hadn't overheard him telling Claude that she was being nice to her grandfather only because she wanted his money. . . . He should have known a Barr never did anything because of anyone's money! Not a proper Barr. Uncle Judd might. . . . Anyway, Allan ought to know now. Her grandfather would probably boil her in oil, and that would prove to Allan that she wasn't trying to get around him. She sat, her small fists clenched under the table, watching the old man make his progress to its head. Cabot Barr's face was sober, imper-

turbable. Marjorie could feel the back of the dining-room chair straight behind her spine; her face was as expressionless, as impassive as his own. She sat very still, and waited. Cabot Barr slipped into his place and laid the ivory-headed cane on the floor beside him. "At your age, Augusta, I would call that a silly prank," he said suddenly, after he had asked the blessing.

Aunt Augusta turned purple. "Call what a silly prank?" she demanded, hotly.

"Starting those clocks. . . . I gather that you are trying to deny your guilt?"

Aunt Augusta's aquiline Barr nose turned red at its tip, and she began to snifle. "Judd!" she wailed. "Allan! Lend me a handkerchief!"

Scared as she was, Marjorie chuckled inwardly.

Grandfather's gray-haired, kind friend, Henry Loring, silently handed Augusta a handkerchief, across the table. She took it gratefully, then rose to her feet and scurried from the room, mopping her eyes.

"She probably only helped start them," Cabot reflected, aloud. "It was somebody else's idea. . . . Somebody who wanted to bring me to an early grave. . . . Judd!"

Uncle Judd lifted a carefully-aggrieved face. "There are some things which even a devoted son cannot accept from his father," he intoned. "Such an accusation—I'm leaving, sir!" He turned from the table, and Aunt Retta followed. In the depths of her grandfather's eyes Marjorie saw the faintest hint of a twinkle.

It hadn't been her mother, nor Henry Loring, nor Claude. But it was fun to watch her grandfather accuse each of them—fun, if it hadn't so prolonged her own agony. At last, she found her voice and managed to make it heard. "I did it, grandfather," she said.

"And I helped her," said Allan.

Old Cabot smiled. "I've been waiting for you two to confess," he said.

Almost, for a moment, Marjorie thought that he hadn't minded much. That he wasn't angry, really. That he'd thought it funny. Then his deep, accusing voice cut her comforting reflections short.

"A disgraceful thing to do," he said, curtly. "A very disrespectful thing. Hooligans, both of you. Leave me."

Tears welled in Marjorie's eyes, and she could hardly see to find her slow way to the door. She hadn't wanted his money. But she had wanted him to like her—and now she'd disgraced herself past any chance of his liking! Then she heard his deep-throated chuckle.

Far down, below the green slope of hillside, the river flowed, a wide flat ribbon of silver. A humming-bird hovered over Marjorie's head in the fragrant syringa



"Hooligans, both of you! Get out!" Cabot stormed.



But he looked beyond her. He rose to his feet, pointing his cane accusingly first at her and then at Allan. "I forbid this mooning about," he said. "The country hereabouts has, I admit, a romantic atmosphere. But that is no reason for you to regard it as a stimulus. The trees and flowers you are to look upon merely as trees and flowers. Not as a background for puppy love."

But this was awful! What a thing for him to think, about her and Allan.

Allan! Outraged, she turned and fled from the house.

By the brookside the moss was cool and the shade grateful. Marjorie laid her aching head against the damp earth and bit her lips to keep back the tears. Barrs shouldn't cry. Not even when they were insulted by their darling grandfathers. . . .

"Lying on wet ground is an old Barr custom for curing colds, I suppose," said Allan. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault—those beastly clocks. I got you into this. . . ."

He sat down beside her.

hedge, and the little handkerchief-square of field was pied with daisies. She turned the page of her book, unseeing, and sighed. If only it weren't for the absurd stuffed peacocks, and Allan. . . . The stuffed peacocks made more sense than Allan! Even if you did fall over one under every bush. . . . A long shadow fell across her book, and she turned another page and stared at it in careful preoccupation.

"You needn't think I'm trying to make friends with you," Allan protested. "It's only that you represent something a little less boresome than stuffed peacocks. And a bunch of stuffy people."

He shouldn't make fun of her grandfather, thought Marjorie. Nor of the family. Why, he wasn't even a Barr. . . .

"I like the people and I adore the peacocks!" she told him tartly, rising. "And since I can't read while you're around, I'll go elsewhere."

A week of this already, she thought, groaning inwardly. And three weeks more to come. . . . If only their elders wouldn't stare out of the window at them so hopefully. As if they really thought she'd fall in love with Allan! She could see the whole row of their heads, now, at the cottage window.

"Marjorie!" her mother called.

"Allan!" called Aunt Augusta.

Marjorie made her slow way to the house, peevishly kicking a stuffed peacock in the doorway.

Cabot Barr sat, a king enthroned for judgment, in a chair far away across the living-room. The sun shone on his white aureole of hair, and his long fingers clasped the ivory head of his cane. He glared at the pair of them as they crossed the threshold.

"Oh, there they are!" he said, and Marjorie quaked. What was wrong now? What had she been doing?

"I tell you both," Cabot thundered, "I forbid this love-making!"

Marjorie gasped. Love-making! But her grandfather, her darling, wise grandfather, the only person who made this place bearable—her grandfather had gone mad! Her own wide-set eyes glared back into his. A lump rose in her throat.

He had won—but it had hurt him terribly, Marjorie saw.



Just now she was glad to have him. She felt so awful about all this. . . . Queer, how nice his cheek felt against her own, how comfortably his arms went around her.

"You're the only one in the family who's got any sense," he was murmuring tenderly.

An hour later, arm linked in arm, they faced their elders again across the wide living-room. Cabot Barr looked at her strangely. "Grandfather, Allan and I want to tell you—" she began.

But Allan's voice was stronger and he finished bravely, for both of them. "That we're going to get married," he said, "and you're not going to stop us!"

Her mother was smiling. Aunt Augusta fluttered over to them, murmuring something congratulatory. But Marjorie's eyes were on her grandfather's face. She hoped he wouldn't be too angry. . . . But he was laughing! He was slapping his knee, and roaring with laughter! The ivory cane had fallen to the floor.

Suddenly Marjorie saw. This was what he had wanted. He had known that the way to make a Barr do something was to forbid it! She caught his eyes and, throwing back her head with his own gesture, laughed as gaily as he. She was glad. He had been right. She and Allan belonged together.

"Get my lawyer on the wire, Henry," said Cabot Barr.

Henry Loring dialled the operator and Cabot took up the receiver.

"In my former will, Johnson," he said, "I left all my property to my eldest son, Judd. Draw up a new one. I want all my money, with the exception of the minor bequests, to go to my granddaughter, Marjorie Barr—and to her husband, Allan Barr."

Marjorie gasped.

"Blaine, sir," Allan corrected amiably. "My name's Blaine."

Cabot lifted his eyebrows. "You're to change your name," he said.

Allan shook his head, still courteous. "Not I," he said.

Old Cabot's heavy eyebrows drew together. "What's wrong with the name of Barr?"

"Nothing," Allan answered respectfully. "It just doesn't happen to be my name. It's a good name, but so is Blaine."

Allan simply didn't understand, thought Marjorie. She'd have to explain to him how much it mattered to her grandfather, having the name of Barr go on with his descendants. But it was too late. . . .

"Hello, Johnson!" Cabot screamed into the mouthpiece. "Did you take down everything I said?"

"Need you ask? You've seen my son, Judd," Cabot Barr said meaningly.

Well, tear it up again!" He turned back to his gaping relatives, his face livid. "Every penny I have goes to Judd," he thundered. "And you all can go to the devil!"

Marjorie collapsed in Allan's arms, weakly. Aunt Augusta whimpered. Her mother stared stonily out of the window.

Then wheels spat gravel on the drive outside, and Uncle Judd was in the doorway. "I want to know why you come up here, and tell me nothing about it?" he began truculently. "You don't invite me. So I come up—"

The mild man in Uncle Judd's wake looked benignly over his spectacles. Cabot Barr glared belligerently at both of them.

"A reasonable statement," Cabot Barr said, with surprising mildness. "I don't invite you, so you come. However, for once you've come at the right time. I've an announcement to make to you."

"I know," Uncle Judd roared, "you've changed your will again. Well, I'm not going to stand for it! I'm your only son, and therefore your only heir. This is Professor Shumaker, the alienist. I've brought him up here to examine you."

Marjorie clutched Allan's hand tightly, shocked to her very soul. So this was the sort Uncle Judd was! Calling her grandfather insane! Wanting only his money! Not liking him, not being proud of him, not understanding him. . . . So that was why Uncle Judd had been so absurdly interested, had scribbled so earnestly in his fat little black book, when Claude told him about the collection of clocks, the stuffed peacocks. Symptoms. Evidences of insanity. Uncle Judd was horrible!

Cabot Barr looked the gentle-faced professor over at length, dispassionately; and the ivory-headed cane tapped on the floor. "When would he like to begin his examination?" he asked.

"At once, if you like," said the professor. "Of course, you realize this will be a completely fair examination. I do not intend favoring your son's opinions at the expense of the truth."

Cabot bowed, and seated himself, a king enthroned again, in the armchair.

"Do you ever hear voices?" Professor Shumaker queried.

Cabot nodded soberly. "Almost constantly," he said. "Surrounded as I am by an exceedingly garrulous family and having excellent hearing—"

The Professor chuckled a little. "Do you suffer from nightmares?"

Cabot Barr's eyebrows lifted. "Need you ask?" he said. "You've seen my son, Judd."

The Professor chuckled again. "Have you ever suffered from epilepsy, Mr. Barr?" he continued.

"No," he said. "Not myself. But in my family—"

Judd looked hopeful. The professor leaned forward, listening.

"My son, Judd," said Cabot Barr, "used to throw terrific fits when he was a child. . . ."

Uncle Judd grew red, and snorted.

"Terrible ones," Cabot continued, blandly. "His nurse dropped him on his head when he was a year old. Purposely, I think. However, we thought at the time it was an accident and discharged the girl. . . . Professor Shumaker, I expect to call you very shortly and consult with you about having my son placed in an asylum."

"I shall be very glad," said the Professor, "to be of service."

He had won, of course. But it had hurt her grandfather terribly. Marjorie knew. Barrs joked when they were really hurt. She watched Uncle Judd driving away with the alienist, and her hands ached to close about his throat. . . .

The red disk of the sun lit the mist beyond the hills to crimson. Cabot Barr's head (Continued on page 72)



He was real, Joan mused. She, Bob knew, was adorable.



The way looked clear and lovely, at first, but deception laid a strange trap—and Joan thought she had lost Bob forever.

HAPPINESS

THE peace of the Bradford library and of Mr. Bradford were disturbed by a voice calling imperatively: "Joan! Joan?"

Mr. Bradford glanced up briefly from his paper and quickly buried himself in it again as the voice came closer.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Bradford, entering, "Where's Joan?"

"I don't know," he said and returned to his paper.

Mrs. Bradford took it from him firmly and tossed it on the table. "Henry, what are we going to do about her?" she demanded.

"What's the matter?"

"To begin with, she refuses to give any explanation for her conduct New Year's Eve."

Henry Bradford's eyes dropped. "Oh, that—" he said uneasily.

"I never was so mortified in my life!" insisted Mrs. Bradford. "I *must* have an explanation of why Joan would deliberately fail to appear when all her guests were here; when she knew her engagement to Jelliffee Travis was to have been announced! I must have an explanation!" Agitatedly she moved about the room.

"Have you tried the third degree?" he suggested.

"I think she owes it to her parents!" Mrs. Bradford exclaimed forcefully. "And where does she go nights? Every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday night for the last three weeks? I think we both ought to talk to her. I think——"

"Now, dear," he soothed her. "Let's not fly off the handle. Suppose I have a talk with her alone? I'm sure we'll find there's nothing to worry about. Joan's a pretty level-headed girl." He pinched her cheek. "Takes after her mother."

She went away, shaking her head dubiously.

Bradford went back to his paper, but presently dropped it, listening attentively as he heard a door open. "That you, Joan?" he called lightly.

"Yes, Dad," answered a girl's pleasant voice.

"Why don't you come in and say 'hello' to a fellow?"

"I thought you might be busy." Joan, a slender, pretty girl of twenty or so, came into the library.

"Just trying to learn something about the stock market," he said, folding the paper.

Then, very casually: "Going to the theatre?"

"No," Joan said.

"The usual Wednesday night?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think we ought to get together on this?" he asked, smiling affectionately at his young daughter.



"You want to know where I go?" she studied him. He shook his head. "Not unless you want to tell me. But your mother is a little worried."

She nodded. "I know."

Joan's father studied her for a moment. For years he and the girl had been coöperating to avoid scenes and tension with Mrs. Bradford. "I think we should agree on some convincing explanation," he suggested. "It would save a lot of trouble. Now let's see . . . where would a girl go every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday night?"

"The movies," Joan offered, not very helpfully.

He shook his head. "Not very convincing. How about settlement work? Seeing how the other half lives?"

Joan's face brightened. "That's what I'm doing," she said surprisingly, "and I'm learning a lot!"

Her father looked at her questioningly and she came and perched on the arm of his chair.

"I've found people in this town who have never been to the opera or seen a polo game, and they're still human beings," she told him.

He nodded. "I can understand that." Bradford had started from

"We couldn't do better if we had a million dollars," Bob commented enthusiastically.

the 'other half' himself. "Where is this settlement house?"

"Why . . ." she hesitated. "There isn't any."

"Don't you think we'd better have one?"

"Oh, Dad," she said impatiently, "if Mother insists on knowing, I'll tell her the truth!"

"Now wait a minute—that depends . . . What is the truth?"

For a moment she gazed thoughtfully at the floor. "I met some people New Year's Eve in a chop suey place. They think I'm poor, broke, out of work. I took a little

place in the house where I told them to let me out that night. They think

I live there." She looked up with

sudden enthusiasm. "Dad, we have

such good times—and they're the

finest people I ever met. They've

tried to help me—tried to find me

a job. They're—they're real. They

don't stop where the pavement ends."

Bradford patted her arm. "I see,"

he said thoughtfully. "I don't think

your mother would wholly approve,

but—why don't you invite them to

the house?"

Joan looked up with a start. "Oh, I

couldn't! That would spoil everything.

He thinks I'm . . ." she halted, her face

suffused.

"That's what I was afraid of," her father said seriously.

"But you needn't be." Joan's voice was firm, assured. "It's perfectly all right."

"My dear, I wasn't thinking of that. You know I trust you. I'm thinking of what your mother would say." He rose and took a worried turn up and down the room. "And suppose the newspapers get hold of it?" he continued. "*Joan Bradford's double life . . . society girl's romance with poor young clerk . . . Or what does he do?*"

"He's a . . ." Joan gulped. She couldn't say to her father, so many prosperous years removed from his humble beginnings, "He's a window cleaner." She tried again. "He helps manage a business firm."

Bradford groaned a little. "Joan, this is loaded with dynamite! You can't tell your mother any such story as this."

Joan put her arm around his waist. "Then we won't tell her," she concluded lightly. "Let this be our secret. I can take care of myself, Dad. You can trust me."

He looked searchingly into her clear eyes, smiling fondly. "You'd better hurry or you'll be late for your

settlement work." He gave her a parting hug, was kissed for his trouble, and watched her run from the room.

Far up Riverside Drive Joan and Bob got out of his little Ford and walked to the edge of the embankment. The lights on the Palisades across the river were scarcely brighter than the stars. Close together they stood, looking out over the river.

Bob said meditatively:

● Adapted from the Warner Brothers Picture

● Directed by Mervyn LeRoy

● Fictionized by Margaret E. Mahin

PLAYED BY

Dick Powell Bob Lane

Josephine Hutchinson Joan Bradford

John Halliday Henry Bradford

Frank McHugh Tom Bradley

Marjorie Gateson Mrs. Bradford



"If you want to quit, go ahead!" he challenged the others.



"Funny how a fella can get to like the things he used to think were silly . . . I used to pass this spot and see couples gazing at the moon like a lot of saps. That is, I called them saps then. I bet there's many a guy passing right now saying the same thing about us!"

Joan smiled silently, hugging his arm against her.

"Cold?" he asked.

She nodded. "A little."

"Let's sit in the car."

They walked back to the car, and he settled her warmly, then turned on the radio. "Pretty swell, isn't it," he said contentedly, as Joan snuggled against him. "sitting here, with a band playing for us. Say, we couldn't do any better if we had a million dollars."

Joan darted a quick, half-amused glance at him. "Not as well," she said.

"How do you know?" he kidded her. "Did you ever have a million dollars?"

"No—not quite," Joan said in a small voice.

Bob laughed. "I'll say you didn't! Me either—but that doesn't mean we won't! You know, I got a hunch . . ." he stopped as a familiar tune drifted in over the radio. "Remember?" he whispered.

She nodded. "New Year's Eve!"

They both listened, then Bob began softly to sing the words. They were silent again after the song was finished. A note sounded and the announcer's voice said:

"This service comes to you through the Lamb Brothers, the home of blue-white diamonds. A wedding or engagement ring is intended to last a lifetime. Why not let her wear it while you pay for it? One dollar down and the ring is yours."

Bob fished in his pocket. Quizzically he regarded the few crumpled bills produced by the search. "That'll be taken care of," he commented, and they both laughed.

He started to put the bills back in his pocket, then looked from the money to Joan. "You know, Joan, he said hesitantly, "you've been out of a job for a long time, and while you—that is, your clothes still look pretty good, still—a girl needs a pair of stockings every now and then. And then again, you have to eat . . . so . . . until you get a job, why . . . I . . ." he tucked the bills into her hand.

Joan found her eyes moist, her voice shaky. "Thanks, Bob," she faltered. "I couldn't—"

"What do you mean, you couldn't?" he asked quickly. "It's not like we're strangers. You're my girl, aren't you? Gee, I get worried about you—no folks, no job! I'd like to help out."

"You have, Bob," Joan said warmly. "And I—well,

I have some prospects. I'm sure something will turn up."

"Sure, it will," he agreed stoutly. "But I wish you didn't have to work at all. Maybe some day. . . ." He broke off, his eyes on the starry river. "Say," he said confusedly, "you'd make a fellow forget anything! I've got an appointment in half an hour with Jim Meehan."

"About your window-cleaning route?"

He nodded. "Yeah—when he swings it for me I'm all set to clear a hundred a week—maybe more."

Seeing the eager interest in Joan's face, no one could have guessed that a hundred a week was just pin money to her!

Bob's voice went on: "You know what that means? Why say, we could . . ." again he caught himself self-consciously. "Well," he stammered, "it means a lot more than it used to." He put his arm lightly about her shoulders. "Wish me luck, will you?" he asked.

Joan snuggled close into the circle of his arm. "I wish you all the luck in the world," she said tensely, and as she looked up into his eyes the star-gleams in them tangled with those in her own. Their lips met warmly.

Presently Bob said breathlessly: "I don't know how it happened . . ." he glanced up again with a little smile . . . "but I'm not apologizing."

Joan laughed softly. "Nor I . . ." she gave his hand a quick, happy squeeze. "Good luck!" she said.

But Bob had forgotten that politicians are not in business just to help along ambitious young men. Jim Meehan smiled disdainfully at Bob's seven hundred dollars. He seemed impressed by the fact that Bob had saved his seven hundred in three years, but two thousand was his price—and a bargain at that, he gave Bob to understand.

Bob went away with dismay in his heart. Two thousand dollars! And it had taken him three years to save the seven hundred! Despairingly he thought of Joan.

"Were you really in love with her?" Bradford asked slowly.



"Don't worry about it," Bob said. "I've got it all figured out, right now!"

And when he got to the office the next morning, he found more trouble waiting for him.

Racketeers had decided to invade the window-cleaning business, by the simple method of putting out of business all the firms legitimately in it.

Bob's boss had told him of the situation several days before, but on this morning he came in to find his men mutinous. They had been warned by the racketeers that they would go on the job at their own risk, and several of them were quitting.

"Yeah," one of them said bitterly to Bob when he protested, "what have you got to worry about? Sittin' at a desk all day—not out on a window ledge waitin' for somebody to take a pop at you."

Bob scrambled into a pair of overalls, picked up bucket, sponge and safety belt, and beckoned to his friend, Tom. "Come on, Tom," he challenged. Then turned to the others. "If you fellows want to quit, go ahead." Slowly they followed him out.

The first few days went smoothly, and none of the Ryan gang's threats were carried out.

He told Joan all about it on Sunday night. "It won't take me long now," he assured her. "You see, this new job gets me thirty bucks a week extra, and every nickel of that goes in the bank."

Joan laughed affectionately. "With your ambition, you'll be a millionaire before you're thirty!"

"I don't want to be a millionaire," Bob said soberly, "but I do want to get fixed so I can—well, I want to be able to ask a certain girl to marry me."

Joan's eyes lighted, and a little smile curved her mouth.

"Meehan says if she's any good she'll wait," Bob went on softly. "Think he's right?"

She nodded. "I think so—if she loves you."

They had come to a halt before Joan's rooming-house,

and Bob scanned the girl's face with eager speculation. "How do you find that out?" he asked.

"You can usually tell," Joan said reflectively. "But if you want to make sure, you might ask her."

"Say, that's a good idea!" Bob leaned toward her, but a cop strolled into the scene, grinning a friendly greeting.

"Oh, hello, officer," Bob said, embarrassed. He turned back to Joan. "I'll talk the matter over with you the next time I see you."

"I wish you would." A smile lurked behind the soberness of her tone. "I might be able to give you some advice."

On Wednesday, the Ryan gang's threats were made good. Bolts were loosened on the building where Bob and his crew were working, and one man fell to his death. Bob, himself, missed it by a finger clutch, and Joan was frantic when she heard of it.

"But everything is all settled," Bob assured her, as he met her outside the office.

"They got Ryan and his crowd where they can't do any more harm. And then again, if I'm going to be a boss, I've got to be an example to the men. Besides, I want to make that extra money now, more than ever." He drew a little closer to her.

"If you only had that two thousand dollars now!" she murmured. "Mr. Meehan would see that you got your own business right away, wouldn't he?"

"Sure," he said lightly, "but who's got two thousand dollars? Now, don't worry about it, will you? With me holding down two jobs and saving my pennies, I've got it all figured out . . ."

Some one called him, and with a quick glance around, Bob took Joan in his arms and kissed her. "See you tonight, dear," he said tenderly.

"Well," said Tom's voice behind them, "I guess that's taken care of!"

Tom grinned wickedly next morning as the sound of lusty singing came up to him where he was working on a window. He leaned out and looked down. A story below, Bob was vigorously applying cleaner to an office window.

"Feeling kind of peppy this morning, eh?" Tom called.

Bob glanced up and grinned. "You bet I am—and I've got a right to feel that way."

"All right, I'll bite—why?" Tom asked accommodatingly.

"Well," Bob explained, as he adjusted the handle of his wiper, "last night I asked a certain somebody a

(Continued on page 70)



*He told
Alma
that he was
going over
to the Lambs'
Club. Alma
was skeptical.*

HUMAN SIDE



*"I've got as
much money
as she has
more!"
Alma
cried.*

ON ONE SIDE, ALMA HASTINGS,
ON THE OTHER, VERA AND THE
NEVER WRONG . . . BUT SOME-

GREGG was back again!

When, after sixteen years of assorted joys and sorrows, you at last had yielded to the inevitable and divorced your husband. . . . When you had tried gallantly and valiantly to adjust your life, and those of your children, to a new routine in which he had no part. . . . When nothing ever altered the fantastic emptiness of life without him. . . . There was no use in being upset, Vera concluded, whenever he dropped in, in the old gay, irresponsible way, to see you and the children. Even though your heart turned over frighteningly. . . . Even though you could not forget that Gregg was unpleasantly in the toils of his leading-lady, Alma Hastings. . . . Even though you tried desperately to remember that James Dalton had asked you to marry him. . . . You were just so happy to see Gregg again! And the children were so happy. . . .

It had been momentarily embarrassing. . . . To come into the shabby little house, which was their home if she somehow could manage to raise the rent—now two months overdue. . . . To step out of James Dalton's impeccable car, and, followed by the impeccable Dalton, to enter a scene so typical of the irresponsible Gregg—Gregg, in his shirt-sleeves, merrily assisting Bobby to bathe the dog, Prince. . . . Prince, leaping from the tub, to smear egg shampoo plentifully upon Dalton's impeccable trousers. . . . Gregg's cheerful aplomb. . . . The shining faces of the children. . . . Dalton's pained, reproachful smile. . . . His hasty, and unregretted, almost unremarked leave-taking. . . .

Vera Sheldon looked at her ex-husband. Looked at Phil and Lucille and Tom and Bobby. Despite her confused emotions she smiled.

"They turned off the gas, Mother!" Lucille spoke breathlessly.

"Oh, dear—well, never mind. . . . Run along, children. I want to see your father alone." Vera took off her hat, and, as the youngsters scampered out, she turned to face Gregg.

"You're as pretty as ever—prettier!" He gazed at her approvingly.

"Am I?" Again her heart leaped oddly. Why should it matter to you, now? she reminded herself.

"Gee! I'm glad to see you!" Gregg's eyes shone.

"I'm glad to see you," Vera said with quiet emphasis. Gregg was supposed to contribute to the children's support—but it had been a long time now since anything had come from him. He had been on the road, with his show. "You came in the nick of time," she smiled, "to save us from eviction and starvation. You can begin the rescue by taking us all out to dinner. The children will love it."

Gregg's face fell. "I can't, Vee—I'd love to—but I can't." He turned away, troubled.

She looked at his back. "What's the matter, Gregg—broke?"

He nodded.

"The show was a flop?"

He turned toward her. "On account of Miss Alma Hastings' superb acting," he said with bitterness.

"So she's shut down on you?"

"For the moment, yes. . . . You've no idea what I've been through," he continued vehemently, "ever since we started rehearsals. . . . Her money—her show—"

"And her man!" Vera could not resist the thrust.

"Don't rub it in, Vee!" He gazed at her pleadingly.

TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS CHILDREN . . . GREGG WAS TIMES HE WASN'T QUITE RIGHT!

"You don't expect me to sympathize, do you?" She smiled wryly.

"Of course not. I'm only getting what I deserve. . . . And I'm getting it! I only wish you and the children didn't have to pay for my mistakes. . . . I'll make it up to you some day, Vee! Some day I'll produce a show that's a knock-out."

"I'm sure you will, Gregg."

He smiled gratefully. Picked up his hat and coat. "I'll get some money for you, somehow—"

"Forget it," Vera said quickly. "There's enough in the larder for a meal of sorts. Stay here."

"You haven't asked me to dinner since—the divorce." He looked at her eagerly.

"I'll see what I can dig up." She started toward the door.

"But I can't stay, Vee." His face clouded with distress. Stumbling, he tried to explain about Alma. She was so jealous of his former wife and his children. . . . She'd raise such a row. . . . "I told her I was going to the Lambs'," he ended ruefully.

"She certainly has you scared." Vera looked at him oddly.

"Me—scared?" He rose to the bait. "I'll stay. . . . I'll show you how scared I am!" He picked up the phone. Dialed a number. "Miss Hastings?" he assumed a business-like voice. "This is the Lambs' Club. Mr. Gregory Sheldon asked that you be informed that he is tied up in an important theatrical deal and won't be able to dine with you." He hung up abruptly and grinned at Vera. "There!" he exulted.

"Not scared—much!" Vera mocked. "Well, come on—you can make the salad dressing—as you used to do."

"You're adorable, Vee!" Gregg sighed.

Even a meagre meal was a merry one tonight. Gregg was in marvellous form. The children openly worshiped him.

"Gee, Daddy—" Bobby besought him, "why don't you come back here and live?"

And then the doorbell rang, and into the briefly possessed Eden came the serpent.

Miss Alma Hastings was not for a moment deceived by the business-like message from the Lambs' Club. She knew where she would find Mr. Gregory Sheldon. She knew what she would say to him. She said it. All Gregg's suave diplomacy was of no avail against that bitter venom. And when she had thrust at him, she turned on Vera.

"You enticed him here—out of spite—and jealousy!"

"I've never been jealous of any of Gregg's women," Vera thrust back, quietly, scornfully.

"I'm not 'one of Gregg's women'! I tried to put him back on his feet, after you made a failure of him," Alma raged. "And you keep him so worried, he can't keep his mind on his work, and the show's a flop!"

Vera's face grew white.

"None of that, Alma," Gregg warned her.

"So long as you get money for those children, you don't care whose money it is, or where he gets it!" Alma cried.

"Not in the least," Vera said coldly. "But—get out of my house."

"Yes!" Gregg added. "How dare you come here and insult her? As for taking your money—I've earned every cent—trying to make an actress of you! Belasco couldn't do it! Lubitsch couldn't do it——" And he glared at her reproachfully.

"You think I'll never succeed at anything!" Gregg looked dejected.

- Adapted from the Universal Picture
- Directed by Edward Buzzell
- Based on the Stage Play by Christine Ames

PLAYED BY

Adolphe Menjou.....	Gregory Sheldon
Doris Kenyon.....	Vera Sheldon
Charlotte Henry.....	Lucille
Reginald Owen.....	James Dalton
Betty Lawford.....	Alma Hastings
Dick Winslow.....	Phil
Dickie Moore.....	Bobbie

"Daddy,"
Bobby
pleaded,
"why
don't you
come
back
here
and
live?"





Absorbedly Gregg helped the children to bathe Prince.

Saw the envelope, lying open on a table. "You've got a nerve, opening my mail!" he exclaimed, hiding his satisfaction.

"What are you going to do with it?" Alma came toward him anxiously.

"It's great?" Gregg whistled a few bars of the score. "Can you imagine Gilda Thorndyke in it?"

"Gilda Thorndyke!" Alma's voice was charged with contempt.

"She's perfect for it," Gregg burred happily. "Voice—figure—everything. . . . Well, goodbye, Alma. I'm glad we're parting friends."

"Friends!" Alma exclaimed bitterly. "You get me into flops—then when you have something decent, you give it to Gilda Thorndyke!"

"You said we were through," Gregg reminded her.

"I didn't—I've always wanted to do an operetta——"

"You'll find one, some time." Gregg's voice was cheery.

"When? Where? You have one right in your hand. . . . I know it will be a hit!"

"But it's all set with Gilda." Gregg assumed an air of discomfiture. "She's got the dough."

"I've got as much as she has—more!" Alma cried.

"Please, Gregg—don't I mean anything to you?" She flung her arms about him. "This is my chance, Gregg, darling! You can have everything just the way you want it. I'll give you the money. . . . I won't interfere——"

Gregg sighed happily as the taxi bore him back to Vera's cottage. Smiled as he gazed at the huge hamper of food beside him. Exulted, as, presently, he explained the situation to Vera. "It's a knock-out!" he boasted.

"They're all knock-outs—" Vera's voice was faintly dubious.

"I've never been wrong, Vee," Gregg insisted. "Not about an operetta. I haven't been right several times—but I've never been wrong!"

But this, alas, was one of the times when he was not right. . . . Not quite right, at least, in his choice of Alma Hastings for the leading rôle in the operetta. What the

Once more Gregg appeared with a hamper of goodies.



"Oh, couldn't they?" Alma's face was scarlet with fury.

"No! They couldn't!"

"Well—you won't get another chance to make a sucker of me! Losing my money on flop shows—kidding me—just to get money for her—well, you're welcome to her! I'm through!" And she flounced out.

"Charming woman—delightful conversationalist!" Gregg smiled wryly.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper and ordered her out," Vera said.

"If you'd been a little more tactful—" Gregg mused. "I had an idea of talking her into doing another play. . . . But that's out now."

"Completely," Vera agreed. "And you're out, too."

"Completely." He shrugged.

"And the rent's due," Vera chanted, "and the light—and the telephone."

Gregg picked up his hat.

"Where are you going?"

"The rent's due," Gregg chanted. "And the light—and the telephone!"

Thoughtfully he went down to the Lambs' Club. One might pick up a lead there. . . . Make a contact. . . . As he sat with some friends, over a glass of beer, he listened abstractedly to a drift of music from a piano in a corner of the room. Suddenly he rose. Went over to the pianist.

"What is that junk you're playing?" he demanded.

"Junk?" Fritz Speigle looked up at him reproachfully.

"Dot iss de music I haf composed for my operetta—'The Princess and the Yodler!'"

"It's terrible," Gregg commented.

"Terrible? I haf played it for Guitry in Paris—for Cochrane—for Rinehart in Berlin—und dey say my music iss better than Wagner! Fifteen minutes applowse in Berlin—München—Prague—every place!" He turned back to the piano excitedly, playing, describing the action in rapid, broken English.

Other actors gathered about to listen. "It doesn't sound like a bad idea," one said.

It wasn't! Gregg knew—it was *the* idea—the very one he wanted! Swiftly he talked with Fritz. And presently, the precious manuscript lovingly tendered into his hands, he strode off to telephone Alma Hastings.

But that lady, hearing Gregg's voice, hung up.

For a moment Gregg was disconcerted, but only for a moment. Summoning a messenger, he instructed the boy to take the manuscript, hastily thrust into an envelope and addressed to himself, in care of Miss Alma Hastings, to the lady's apartment. And there, presently, he presented himself—thrusting through the barely opened door, past the indignant woman, into the room.

"There's a package here for me—a manuscript," he said. "Give it to me, and I'll go." He looked about.

critics said of her, after the opening performance, left that lady in a state of frenzy beyond description.

Beyond description, also, was the state of the apartment, when alarmed neighbors summoned the police. Everything movable had been thrown—at Gregg! Everything breakable had been broken—including Gregg! Even the policeman laughed unkindly when a curious neighbor pointed out the obvious origin of the war, in the newspaper comment. And in the midst of the confusion Gregg slipped out.

Vera, looking eagerly for the morning paper, was astonished to be unable to find it. How odd, that it should not have been delivered! She was so anxious to know the reports on Gregg's operetta.

Then Dalton phoned.

"What?" Vera answered. "Something about Gregg—on the front page? No, I haven't seen the paper yet."

"Wait till you see it . . ." Dalton's voice came exultantly over the wire. "No . . . I won't spoil it for you. . . ." He laughed meaningly.

Puzzled, Vera went back to the breakfast table. The children seemed strangely abstracted this morning. She had to urge them to eat.

"Did you see the paper, Phil?" Vera asked.

Phil looked at Lucille. "It didn't come, Mother," he said.

"What do you want with the paper, Mother?" Lucille put in. "There's never anything in it."

Going to the kitchen to replenish the milk-pitcher, Vera caught sight of an edge of paper, protruding from beneath a cushion on the living-room couch. With a hasty glance at the dining-room to be sure that she was unobserved, she hastened across the hall and took out the paper. As she looked at the headlines, her face clouded with pain and dismay. Hastily she read:

*"Impresario and Star Battle in Love Nest
Gregory Sheldon, producer of 'The Princess and The Yodeler', and his star, Miss Alma Hastings, apparently got into a fierce altercation in the wee hours of this morning. When the police arrived, the love*

"Everything is settled now," he declared triumphantly.



"Obtaining money under false pretenses," the officer said.

nest was practically wrecked. Miss Hastings was in a hysterical condition and refused to divulge the cause of the quarrel . . ."

Replacing the paper where she had found it, she went back into the dining-room. Her eyes softened as she looked at the four children, understanding how they had tried to save her pain. Then her heart contracted sharply with anger at Gregg, for putting his children in such a position. She must do something about it—for their sakes . . .

At last the children were ready for school. She saw Phil dash into the living-room. When he came out, he had his school-books hugged tightly under his arm, concealing something. Her eyes misted with tears as she watched them run down the walk. Saw Phil, looking anxiously about, thrust a paper into the ash-can, then hurry after the others.

She must do something . . . Jim Dalton never would embarrass the children. . . . He was so—she smiled sadly at the word—impeccable! Jim Dalton was a millionaire. . . . He could provide so pleasantly for them—schools, colleges, horses, cars—clothes for Lucille. . . . Pretty things. . . . Pleasant things. . . . Not embarrassments—not hardships—not disillusion and regret and pain. . . . Jim wanted to marry her—wanted to give her and the children everything. . . . For herself, she wouldn't consider it—but you had to take material things into consideration, if you had children. . . . Jim Dalton was a gentleman. . . . He was a friend. . . . She checked a sob rising in her throat. He just didn't happen to be the man she loved!

When the children came home from school she looked at them anxiously. Awkwardly they evaded her subtle questioning. Everything was all right at school, yes, indeed. . . . Silently she pasted sticking plaster on small Bobby's cut chin.

"I'm going out with Mr. Dalton," she said suddenly, after luncheon. "Don't worry about the dishes. I'll do them when I get back."

"We'll do them," Lucille said quickly.

Bobby strutted. "No kid's gonna call my Dad an impresario!" he boasted.

"Impresario? There's nothing wrong in that," Vera said casually.

"He said he was a lady-killer, too—it was in all the papers—all the kids saw it—Daddy didn't kill a lady, did he?"

"Shut up!" Phil vainly tried to stem the small boy's outburst.

But Vera only smiled.

"Of course not, dear," she told Bobby. "It was sweet of you, Phil—and you, Lucille, and Tom—to try to keep it from me."

(Continued on page 72)

DANGEROUS CORNER



It was a year since Martin had died. . . . They had learned to speak of him casually now, remembering his gaiety, his wit, shutting away in their hearts the manner of his death, the cruel significance of it. . . . Shutting away, each one of them, secret knowledge, determinedly hidden.

Except to Maud Mockridge, perhaps, the truth remained forever unguessed. Only to her penetrating novelist's mind were the half truths strangely revealing. She was a writer. Her books dealt with just such tragedies—the tragedy of unrequited affection, the tragedy of faithlessness, of momentary follies leading to disillusion and disaster.

She was aware of Martin's tragic death. It had happened while she was visiting the Chatfields the year before. Suicide, the Coroner's jury had decided. Martin was Robert Chatfield's adored young brother and a junior member of the publishing firm.

She sat now at the Chatfields' dining-table, her eyes resting now on Robert Chatfield, her publisher, on Freda, his wife, who, she surmised, did not love him, on Charles Stanton, one of the junior members of the firm, and on lovely young Olwen Peel, the firm's reader, for whose favor Stanton sought in vain, now on Betty and Gordon, a pair of charming youngsters who seemed still to live in the glamour of their honeymoon. Miss Mockridge had come over from England to see her publisher, and the Chatfields were giving a dinner for her on the even of her departure.

Dinner over, the ladies went into the drawing-room, leaving the men to their cigars. Miss Mockridge settled herself in a chair and lighted a cigarette. "This place is so enchanting—" she looked at Freda. "I shall remember you when I get back to England. Such a snug little group. Everybody so happy."

"Are we?" Freda returned her smile. "I wonder. . . ."

"Well, aren't you?"

"Yes, I . . . I guess so." It wasn't too convincing.

- Adapted from the RKO-Radio Picture
- Directed by
Phil Rosen and Arthur Sircom
- Based on the Play by J. B. Priestley

PLAYED BY

Melvyn Douglas. . . Charles Stanton
Virginia Bruce. Olwen Peel
Conrad Nagel. . . . Robert Chatfield
Erin O'Brien Moore. Freda
Betty Furness. Betty
Henry Wadsworth. Gordon
Doris Lloyd. . . . Maud Mockridge
Ian Keith. Martin

*Robert was wrong, Charles thought.
Much better to let sleeping dogs lie!*

Olwen Peel came toward them. "Is there anything I can do to help you, before you sail, Miss Mockridge?" she inquired.

"Thank you, I don't—" suddenly the older woman fixed quizzical eyes on the girl, "well, yes—you might do something about Charles." She smiled as she saw the girl flinch slightly.

"He seems so at loose ends. Couldn't you marry him, my dear?"

"Really . . . " Olwen felt an embarrassed flush stain her cheeks.

"I find him utterly charming," Maud Mockridge gazed at her innocently.

Olwen stammered: "The world is full of charming people."

"You're entirely mistaken. It isn't . . . " the other insisted. "Besides—I like neat patterns—Freda and Robert, Betty and Gordon—if you'd interest yourself in Charles, there'd be perfect symmetry."

Desperately Olwen changed the subject. "I'm inter-

"Telling the truth," Charles maintained, "is about as healthy as skidding around a corner at sixty!" But Robert was determined to know the truth about Martin's death. He regretted it bitterly, afterward!



Gordon and Charles stood beside him.

"What *are* you doing?" Freda's voice shook with mingled relief and strain.

"It's all right." Her husband smiled apologetically. "I was showing my gun. Took a crack at a flower pot out there. It was stupid. . . . Hope I didn't frighten anybody."

"It's all right—" Freda sighed shakily, "so long as no one is hurt."

Back in the drawing-room she switched on the lights.

"They frightened the life out of me!" Betty exclaimed. "I hate guns." She shuddered as she recalled that dreadful morning when Stanton had called up Robert to tell him of Martin's death.

Miss Mockridge smiled musingly, as if she were building a story in her mind.

"You must miss your brother-in-law," she said.

"What made you think of Martin?" Freda looked at her.

"Just being here, I suppose. . . . I'm sorry."

Freda said: "It was the pistol shot."

"Oh, no," the novelist protested.

"Oh, don't feel upset, Miss Mockridge. We talk of Martin a lot." Freda crossed the room, pulling on a light to illuminate a portrait. "Perhaps you remember this," she went on. "One can't afford to forget anyone so gay and charming and handsome." She extinguished the light abruptly. "Yes—we all do miss him. . . ."

"Miss whom?" Stanton came in, followed by Gordon. "Did you miss me?" He looked at Olwen.

"If it pleases you." She smiled faintly.

"It does—very much." He sat down beside her.

But her eyes



Martin's suicide inevitably suggested that he had taken the missing bonds! It was hard to believe—harder to bear.

ested in a white owl Freda saw in her garden. . . . Any chance of seeing it tonight, Freda?"

"Why, yes—we might. It comes every evening, about this time. I'll turn out the lights."

In a soft ray of moonlight the four women stood for a moment silhouetted against the window. Then, with shattering suddenness, came the sound of a shot.

"Robert! ROBERT!" Freda cried, and with one impulse they all rushed to the dining-room door.

In the shaft of light from the candelabra on the dining-table, Robert Chatfield stood, a revolver in his hand.

Stanton's voice came over the wire, telling Robert of Martin's tragic death!



turned toward the door, lighting softly as Robert Chatfield came in.

"And what have you all been talking about?" he inquired pleasantly. "Miss Mockridge's new novel—'The Sleeping Dog'?"

"Wrong," Olwen said. "We were talking about a bird."

"What does the title of the book mean?" Betty asked.

"It's taken from the old proverb," Olwen answered.

"Let sleeping dogs lie."

And Robert explained: "The 'sleeping dog' is the truth, which the chief character of the book—the husband—insisted on disturbing, with strange and disastrous results."

"Truth is always strange," Stanton said. "Often disastrous."

"Strange or not, I'm all for it," Robert persisted. "It's healthy."

Stanton smiled wryly. "Telling the truth is about as healthy as skidding around a corner at sixty."

"The real truth," Olwen mused, "with nothing missing—wouldn't be dangerous. . . . But what most people mean by the truth is only half the real truth. . . . It doesn't tell all that went on inside everybody. . . . It simply gives you a lot of facts that were, perhaps, a lot better hidden away."

"Right you are." Stanton's grin was faintly mocking. "It's treacherous stuff."

Robert moved toward them, his lean, sensitive face deeply earnest. "I don't agree," he insisted. "I'm always ready to welcome what you call truth . . . the facts."

"You would be, Robert." Freda sighed.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Anything. Nothing." She turned away.

The radio emitted a weird howl. Gordon, who was twirling the dials, shrugged. "A tube's out," he said.

"There may be another one in the cabinet," Freda said. She turned to the others. "Who wants a drink? Fix the highballs, will you, Robert?" Lifting a small box from the table, she passed it to Miss Mockridge. "A cigarette?" she offered.

"No, thanks. I'm a slave to my own brand."

"Olwen?"

"Oh, I remember that box. . . ." Olwen took a cigarette from it. "It plays a tune, doesn't it?"

Freda closed the box and put it on the table. "It can't be this box you remember." There was a faint edge to her voice. "This is the first time I've had it out."

"It belonged to Martin, didn't it?" Olwen said. "He showed it to me."

"He couldn't have shown you this box, Olwen. Martin didn't have it when you saw him last." Abruptly she turned away.

"Couldn't he . . ." Olwen gazed at Freda's back. "Then. . . . Perhaps I'm mistaken. . . . I must have seen a box like this somewhere, perhaps, and thought . . ." She broke off. Looked up nervously. Robert stood beside her, his eyes thoughtful.

"Olwen—" He set down on a table the tray of highballs he was carrying, "I'm going to be rather rude. . . . You stopped telling the truth then, didn't you? You're positive that is the box Martin showed you. . . . And Freda is positive that it isn't." He looked from one to the other.

"It was Martin's." Slowly Freda turned and faced them. "But Olwen couldn't have seen it—because she said, at the inquest, that the last time she saw Martin at his cottage was a week before he. . . . And Martin didn't have the box then."

"You gave it to him?" Betty put in curiously.

Freda nodded. "I saw it in a shop. It was amusing

and rather cheap. So I had it sent parcel post—two days before he . . .”

“So he must have got it that last Saturday?” Robert mused.

“But he didn’t,” Gordon exclaimed. “I was there that day, when the mail came. There was no parcel. Freda—you didn’t send it—you took it to him.”

“Well—” Freda hesitated. “I did. I saw him that night—shortly before dinner.”

“Then—” Robert said slowly, “you were the very last person to talk to Martin, before —”

“Was I?” Freda looked at Olwen. “You must have been at his cottage—that night.”

“I was . . . After dinner—about nine o’clock—” Olwen grew pale.

“But this is crazy! First Freda—then you—and neither of you said a word about it at the inquest!” Robert stared at them.

“I’d been worried—about something. . . . I had to see Martin, to ask him about it,” Olwen stammered. “Nobody saw me go—nobody saw me leave—I felt it couldn’t do any good to tell about it.”

“Was it something to do with the missing money?”

A tension grew in the momentary silence that followed. The hardest thing to bear in Martin’s death was the thought that he had stolen some money from the firm, a bond belonging to one of its writers, which had been kept in the firm’s safe and, when the writer asked for it, had been missing. Martin’s suicide inevitably had led to the conclusion that he had taken the bond.

“Martin’s gone.” Gordon stirred nervously. “Leave him alone, can’t you? Shut up about the rotten money!”

“Gordon!” Freda looked at him warningly. “I think we’d better change the subject, Robert. We must be boring Miss Mockridge.”

“I beg your pardon,” Gordon stammered.

“Not at all.” She rose. “But I really must leave—I’m sailing soon.”

The room seemed suddenly quiet, after she had left—something like the hush preceding a storm, Olwen thought nervously. She strolled out on to a small porch and stood gazing over the moonlit garden. Betty and Gordon bent over a jig-saw puzzle. Stanton followed Olwen.

“It doesn’t seem quite real, does it?” she murmured dreamily.

“A perfect setting for a romantic scene.” His voice was sentimental.

“Don’t be silly—” she turned her face up to his. “I meant, I feel as though none of us is quite real tonight—as though we might wake up any minute and find that all the things we’ve been saying and doing are just a dream. . . .”

Charles Stanton looked thoughtfully down into her eyes. “I feel that way—when you smile at me,” he said.

Olwen shook her head reproachfully. She was conscious of mingled relief and uneasiness when Robert joined them. Uneasiness mounted as he returned to the subject they had been discussing—drew them back into the room, where, presently, under his insistent questioning, truth rose like a fearful ghost.

It wasn’t, Olwen thought again, real. . . . They weren’t really saying

these things to one another. . . . They were intelligent, sophisticated young people, who understood the importance of maintaining illusions—illusions of happiness, of faithfulness, of mutual respect. . . . One didn’t tear them down, whatever happened. . . .

She looked at Robert, at Freda, at Charles, at Gordon and Betty—and as she looked each seemed to undergo some dreadful transformation. And in their startled eyes she saw herself equally strange to them, as, inexorably, the illusions that made life sane were shattered . . .

Like words heard in a dream, the dreadful sentences fell. . . . They had believed Martin a thief, when he shot himself. . . . Now, it appeared, he had not taken the money. . . . Who, then? Who, among them, was both thief and liar?

Olwen trembled as she was forced to reveal that Martin had thought Robert had taken the bond. . . . It came out that Charles had led him to think so. . . . Then—Charles was the double scoundrel! Olwen heard Robert’s voice flaying him. . . . Heard Charles confess to having taken the money, because of a pressing need—meaning to pay it back before it was wanted. . . . Heard Freda saying that Olwen had kept silent because she loved Robert. . . . Freda confessing that she had loved Martin. . . .

A darkness seemed to envelop them all, like that darkness when Freda had turned off the lights so that they might watch for the bird in the garden. Darkness seared with flashes of bitter hate, cruel accusations and suspicions. . . .

“You drove him to suicide,” Robert raged at Stanton. “Letting him think I took that money!”

And Gordon: “You liar! You made Martin shoot himself!”

Like one in a dream Olwen heard her own voice saying:



“It’s all right, Betty.” Stanton patted her hand encouragingly.

"Martin didn't shoot himself—I shot him."

She must be hysterical, Robert was saying.

And Charles: "You might as well tell us exactly what happened. I suspected this, from the first. . . ."

Olwen seemed to be living over again that night when she had gone to Martin's home. He had been drinking. . . . He was in an amorous mood. . . . Had mocked at her virtue. . . . Laughed when she asked him if he had taken the money. . . . Laughed at the thought of the virtuous Robert being a thief. . . . "Your little tin god is a thief!" he had sneered. "And I, Martin, am shielding him!" Martin, so gay, so witty, so fascinating, when he was himself, was a devil when he was drinking. He had seized her in his arms. "Beautiful, outraged spinster!" he had jeered. And when she cried: "I could kill you!" he had brought out a gun—dared her to do it. Then, as they struggled, the gun had gone off!

In that room, so still, so silent, terror had mounted to Olwen's brain. She had fled for help, for comfort, to Stanton's home, near by. Then, at the door, she had paused. Through a window she had seen. . . .

"How could you suspect this?" Robert was demanding of Stanton. "All the evidence pointed to suicide."

Stanton, opening his bill-fold, taking out a piece of her dress, torn in the struggle with Martin. . . . "I found it, when I found—him," Stanton was saying. "But I knew that if Olwen had had a hand in it, she couldn't be blamed. I trusted her. . . ." He was looking at her thoughtfully. "So—you came to my house, that night——"

Betty was crying.

"What do you know about this?" Gordon's eyes were savage.

Betty sobbing: "It's true. . . . Our marriage, that you all think so sweet—a sham, a pretense! We hate each other! I was in trouble—I gambled—I had to have some money. I went to Charles—he helped me—no one else would have!" She laughed wildly. "I thought I loved him—but he was Sir Galahad—" she turned to Olwen. "If you had waited, you would have seen him showing me out!" Her eyes sought those of Stanton, pitifully. "So that's why you took the money—to help me!"

"It's all right, Betty." He patted her hand.

Gordon looked miserable. "If we'd gone on pretending, as we did—we might have been happy together. . . . It often works out like that."

"Yes, it does!" Olwen cried. "That's why all this is so wrong, really! The real truth is something so deep, you can't get at it this way—and all this half truth does is to blow everything up. . . . It isn't civilized!"

"I agree," Stanton said.

"You agree?" Robert raged. "I never want to set eyes on you again, Stanton! You're a thief, a liar, and——"

"And you're a fool!" Stanton burst from his calm at last. "You won't face things. . . . You've been living in a fool's paradise—and now you've got yourself into a fool's hell!"

"Get out!" Robert's face was livid.

Stanton was gone now. Betty

and Gordon were gone. Freda and Olwen and Robert, looking at each other:

"Tomorrow won't seem so bad. . . ." Olwen was saying.

"It isn't going to be any better tomorrow," Robert said heavily.

"You asked for it," Freda said.

"Because I'm a fool! Stanton was right. I had to meddle. I began this evening with everything—and now——"

"Please, Robert—" Freda begged.

And Olwen said again: "It won't be like this tomorrow, Robert——"

"Tomorrow?" Robert's eyes were haggard. "I tell you, I'm through. . . . There can't be a tomorrow!" He rushed out into the dining-room.

Then, with shattering suddenness, came the sound of a shot.

"Robert!" Freda cried. "ROBERT!"

They stood at the dining-room door. "It's all right—" Robert smiled apologetically. "I was showing my gun. Took a crack at a flower pot out there. It was stupid. . . . Hope I didn't frighten anybody."

"It's all right—" Freda sighed shakily, "so long as no one is hurt."

They were all there—Betty and Gordon, Miss Mockridge, Charles. . . . It hadn't happened, really. . . . The illusions were still safe. . . .

"They frightened the life out of me!" Betty exclaimed. "I hate guns!"

Miss Mockridge smiled musingly, as if she were building a story in her mind. "You must miss your brother-in-law," she said.

"What made you think of Martin?" Freda looked at her.

"Just being here, I suppose. I'm sorry."

Freda said: "It was the pistol shot."

"Oh, no," the novelist protested.

"Oh, don't feel upset, Miss Mockridge. We talk of Martin a lot." Freda crossed the room, pulling on a light to illuminate a portrait. "Perhaps you remember this," she went on. "One can't afford to forget anyone so gay and charming and handsome." She extinguished the light abruptly. "Yes—we do miss him."

"Miss whom?" Stanton came in from the dining-room, followed by Gordon. "Did you miss me?" He looked at Olwen.

"If it pleases you." She smiled faintly.

"It does, very much." He sat down beside her.

They talked about Miss Mockridge's new book, discussed the comparative values of truth and illusion. Gordon fiddled with the radio. A tube burned out. It emitted a weird howl that shook them all. Freda, the perfect hostess, told Gordon where he would find a new tube, suggested that Robert bring in highballs.

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"I tell you I'm through!" Robert's eyes were tortured. "There can't be any tomorrow!"

Sylvia Sidney

A NEW GLIMPSE OF A CHARMING AND POPULAR ACTRESS

as revealed to Dena Reed

FEW of her fans know that little Sylvia Sidney—she of the wistful eyes and the strangely haunting smile—is a very serious person with a solid philosophy beneath her usual banter and wit. I chanced to catch Sylvia in one of her pensive moods during a recent visit to New York.

As she puffed at her cigarette and looked out over the Manhattan rooftops from her apartment high above the city, she said:

"Work is the only satisfactory thing in life. I learned that early. Although I went to the Theatre Guild School at fifteen, I worked with my hands before that and I've been working hard at my career ever since.

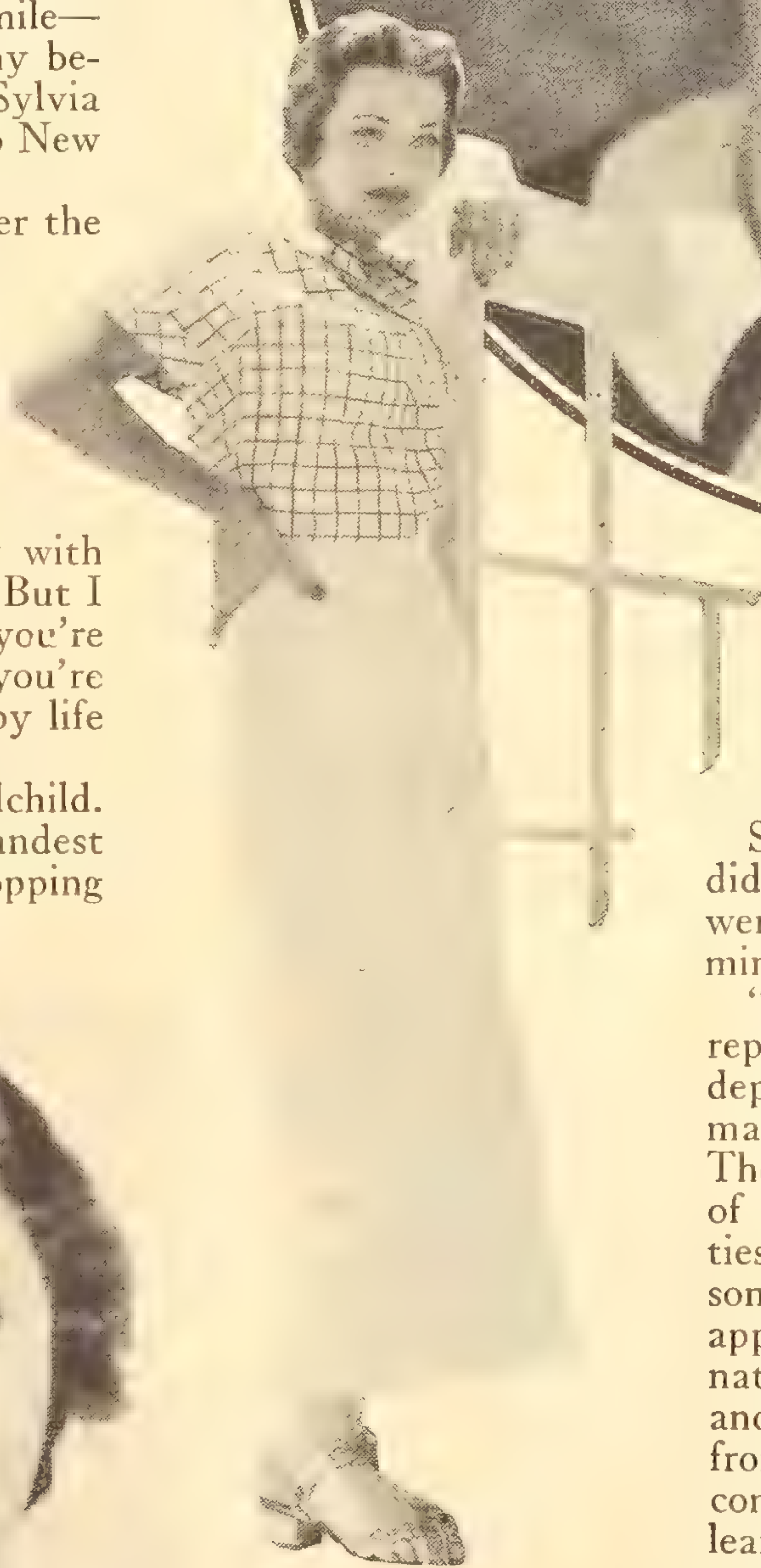
"I used to envy the women who could get by with glamour—the ones who didn't need to work hard. But I don't any more. Glamour doesn't last, but if you're trained to use your head and hands and talents, you're never lonely. Everyone who wants to have a happy life must learn the value of work sooner or later.

"That's why I'm trying to teach it to my little godchild. He's only a tot yet and I adore him. We have the grandest times together when I come to New York. We go shopping and play long hours, but I never buy him toys that are meaningless. I buy him things to build with and things that will show him the result of using his own ingenuity. Things that stimulate his imagination and inventiveness by affording possibilities of combination and construction.

Consequently, though he's scarcely five, he already has learned the value and happiness of accomplishment. His mother, who is my aunt, approves heartily and I'm sure that when he grows up he'll never lose this joy.

"I myself can't imagine a life without work. I hope I'll act until I'm old, but at any rate I'll be working at some-

thing. It's the only thing there is in life." She looked thoughtful.



"The only thing?" I demanded. "What about love?"

Sylvia's lovely gray eyes did not falter and they still were serious as they met mine.

"Love is very nice," she replied, "but one should not depend on it alone. How many hearts has it broken! The same thing holds true of friendship and family ties. If we live for one person and that person disappoints us—as is only natural since he is human and we all expect too much from people—what will become of us, if we never have learned to depend on our own resources—our brains, and fingers and talents?"

"No, work and laughter are the only things to cling to."

She smiled at me seriously but she spoke as one who has reached a satisfying and incontrovertible conclusion. And I found myself agreeing with her.

Wise Sylvia, who seems to have found the formula for happiness: Work and laughter. Not a bad formula for any one of us to adopt.

Hollywood's Big Surprise —KETTI GALLIAN

For months, this little French "find" started no picture, posed for no portraits, gave no interviews—and showed no signs of being a sensation. But in "Marie Galante" she bowls Hollywood off its feet. She's a mystery that needs solving. And here is her whole story—as told by Ketti, herself!



Otto Dyar

KETTI GALLIAN is a beautiful, slim, blonde, blue-eyed French War Baby, who was deposited on Hollywood's doorstep last Christmas Eve. She was briefly hailed as a "find" (like all newcomers), then was kept idle, in guarded and unexplained seclusion (as few newcomers ever are, lest they be forgotten)—only to emerge now, with startling suddenness, as the newest candidate for overnight stardom. And is Hollywood surprised!

By the time this is printed, Ketti will have finished "Marie Galante," her first picture, in which she is co-starred with Spencer Tracy. Those who have seen parts of this Panama Canal drama declare that she will be nothing short of a sensation—perhaps THE sensation of the year! But what Ketti suffered for seven months before she actually started work in Hollywood is another story.

Not that she doesn't consider herself lucky to be here; she does. For if a certain London producer had not gone to Paris in search of a French girl to play in his stage production of "The Ace," and if Winfield Sheehan, head of Fox Films, en route to France to search for a French girl for the title rôle of "Marie Galante," had not stopped in London to look over "The Ace" as a picture possibility, Ketti might never have come to Hollywood.

But more than luck was responsible for her arriving with a starring contract in her bag. She looked like a star, not to mention a million dollars, in her first screen test. She was young—only twenty-one—with valuable years ahead of her. She was eager, enthusiastic. She was willing, in signing a contract, to agree to learn English within three months after her arrival, and to agree not to associate with anyone speaking French (thus making it imperative that she make herself understood in English).

When she signed her contract in Lon-

don, those conditions didn't seem very ominous to Ketti, who was so thrilled over having a contract and so determined to make good that no task seemed too difficult. But her ardor was slightly dampened when, through tear-dimmed eyes, she waved goodbye to her mother and watched until she could no longer distinguish her among the others on the pier. She was suddenly terrified at the feeling of being alone among strangers, of going to a new country, of not being able to understand or speak more than a dozen words of their difficult language.

Imagine yourself arriving in France, unable to speak or understand any more of the French language than, possibly, "parlez-vous français?" "oui," and "hors-d'œuvres," and you will understand just how Ketti felt. But she shook off her fright. She must think only of her career, the fame, riches and success ahead of her. When she had become a star in America, she could send for her mother.

For Ketti, in far-off France, knew all about the tremendous salaries paid to movie stars in Hollywood; she had read of their beautiful homes, their fine cars. When she had made a few pictures for Paramount at the studio in Joinville, people had even said to her: "You should go to Hollywood." To which Ketti only laughed and replied: "You make the beeg joke with me." Because, as she explains it now, Hollywood meant, to her, a place where every girl was exquisitely beautiful, could sing and dance, and had many other accomplishments. So Ketti only laughed at their suggestions and said: "Me? I can do nothing. I am not beautiful."

"They made me all over," she told me, casting a hasty glance toward the mirror. "I look at myself and I am not Ketti. I am someone else. I don't know myself in the looking-glass. My hair

(Continued on page 80)

By FRANC DILLON

"If I Were KING of Hollywood—"

That great kidder, JACK OAKIE—who kids everybody and everything, including Jack Oakie—has a bit of fun, telling what he would do with Hollywood if he had it. It's the Court Jester's idea of what it would be like to play King

By GLADYS HALL

"IF I were King of Hollywood," said Jack Oakie, "I'd spank the posers—oh, just a friendly touch—but I'd spank them, and I mean *spank*. Why, the mere thought of it makes me feel more than a little drunk with the power that would be mine. You've heard of the feeling—give a man a little power and he turns into a supervisor."

Oakie was going Upton Sinclair one better. Upton Sinclair wrote a pamphlet called "I, Governor of California," detailing what he would do as Governor from 1934 to 1938, and no newspaper in the state took it seriously; in fact, newspapers ignored both the pamphlet and its author. But the citizenry did just the opposite and, by an overwhelming margin, made him the Democratic nominee for the job and on Election Day may actually hand him the office. Of course, Sinclair was in deadly earnest and Oakie isn't. But who knows what his proposed projects, if he were King of Hollywood, might not do for Mrs. Offield's son?

When Jack cut loose with his ideas, he was tip-tilted back in his chair in his dressing-room, awaiting a summons to the set of "College Rhythm." He was drumming on the desk with a pair of regal white drum-sticks, presented to him one gay evening by the drummer at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. And he was calling "Hi, there!" and "Howyer?" to all who passed his open door—to Marlene Dietrich and Ida Lupino, to Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby, to assistant directors and cameramen and secretaries and electricians and producers. A way with the commoners has this founder of the House of Oakie.

Would Spank Hollywood, Too

HE said, "Yes, I'd turn this old oil-tank town upside down and spank *it*—for being more interested in gossip and glamour and publicity than in art. Then I'd go and live in New York, where no one ever hears of you unless you have something on the ball. I'd execute at sunrise all of the leading ladies who think I am an eligible bachelor and behave accordingly. And if I were King, I wouldn't be annoyed by the Why-of-Things. I'd write the

(Continued on page 84)



"I'd spank the posers . . . I'd turn this oil-tank town upside down and spank it . . . I'd drown all the female comics . . . I'd marry Mary Brian, if she didn't marry Dick Powell"

It Pays to Advertise—

Tom Mix put his name in electric lights atop his house. Fredric March has his name on his cigar wrappers. Practically all stars, when bestowing gifts, put their names on them—indelibly. It's all part of that urge they can't resist—the urge to keep their names alive!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

WHAT is the most valuable thing that a star has—after he becomes a star? His name. And it is up to him to keep that name before the public, if he wants to last. His pictures don't come out often enough to keep his name constantly on theatre marquees, or in theatre ads, where the public can't miss it. So he hires a press-agent—to get his photograph in the Sunday supplements, and his name in the dailies, with headlines if possible. Stars can't help being name-conscious; competition, if nothing else, makes them conscious of the fact that it pays to advertise, to keep their names alive. But how they work at it a bit on their own brings up some amusing incidents.

Not so many years ago, when Tom Mix was the reigning favorite of the day, he moved into a real mansion in Beverly Hills. For days workmen perched on the roof of the house, engaged in mysterious construction. Then one evening, the sky for blocks around gave off a rosy glow. Curious spectators went around to see what the fire was, if it was a fire. It wasn't a fire, but it caused just as much commotion as a holocaust would have. Over Tom's house, there now reposed an immense Neon sign that spelled "Tom Mix." There could be no doubt among visiting tourists where Tom Mix lived. . . .

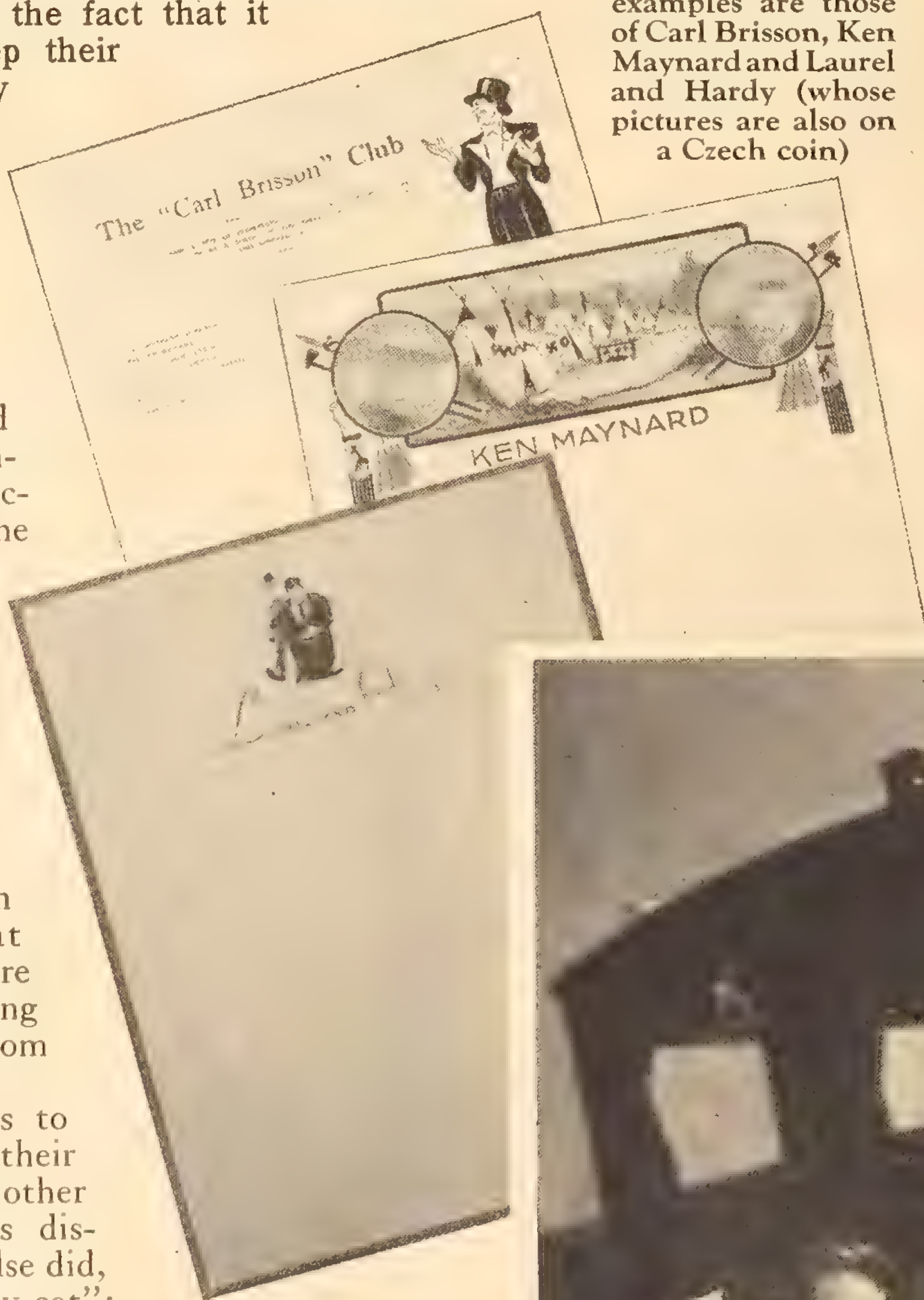
The professional "guides to movie stars' homes" saw their business threatened, if other stars should follow Tom's disturbing lead. But no one else did, fearing to be dubbed "copy-cat"; Tom Mix had cornered that market. And just to make still more sure that there could be no doubt as to where he lived, Tom's gardeners were instructed to plant flower beds all across the front lawn—and the designs of these flower beds also spelled "Tom Mix"! Just recently, when a foreign movie director took over Tom's house, you can imagine what the first renovations were. But with all the recent kidnaping scares, many Hollywood stars do not want their addresses known.

Put Two Extra Horns on Car

TOM also had a long white car, which was known by everyone for miles around. Buck Jones, runner-up for the Tom Mix laurels couldn't outdo him in the matter of houses, but cars—well, that was another story. Buck bought himself a long red car, just as long as Tom's, and just as red as the other was white. On each front fender he had a buck's horn erected—and between those two buck-horns he stretched a flaming banner with "Buck Jones" on it in foot-high letters. Darned clever, these cowboys!

Of course, many stars brand their cars in one way or another. Almost all of them, except Greta Garbo's, bear distinctive insignias, monograms, or even full names. Not long ago, when Lupe and Johnny (does anyone ever have to give their last names to identify *them*?) bought a brand-new car, there was a

In the movie kingdom, even letter-heads are personality ads. Some good examples are those of Carl Brisson, Ken Maynard and Laurel and Hardy (whose pictures are also on a Czech coin)



Waiting

Strangely enough, few Hollywood yachts bear Hollywood names. One is the boat on which Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen are relaxing—the *Jobyna R.*, named for Dick's wife

royal battle in that mad household, over whose name should be on the doors of the car. Lupe swore that if Johnny didn't give the order for her name to be engraved on the car, she'd go out and engrave it on, herself—with a pen knife, a butcher knife, a pair of scissors, or anything she could lay her fingers on. (Her long, sharp fingernails would probably have been sufficient to turn the trick.) Anyway, after an argument that lasted for days, they kissed and made up, and compromised. Lupe now has her name on one door, and Johnny has his name on the other!

Monogrammed cigarettes are, of course, most common out here in the picture colony—and, naturally, I wondered if anyone had been able to work out a way of monogramming cigars. I really expected to find such a thing, but was disappointed. Fredric March has come the closest to accomplishing it. When Freddie gives you a cigar, look twice before you crumple up the cellophane wrapper and throw it away. The wrappers of Freddie's cigars actually bear his name in simple white lettering. However, he doesn't blandly hand out samples; in fact, he is a bit self-conscious

closest to having monogrammed cigars—but I overlooked Ken Maynard. And with such a delicate subject as this one, I can't afford to overlook anyone. Ken actually has his cigars made especially for him in Mexico City, and they wear cigar bands with his name engraved on them. He makes special trips to the border for them, in his own airplane. I guess that outdoes Freddie's engraved cellophane wrappers, after all!

And, speaking of Ken Maynard's 'plane, you could never mistake that plane for anyone else's. It not only bears Ken's name and address, but a large picture of Ken on his favorite horse, "Tarzan," with the three words

"Let 'er Buck!" under it. We're surprised that Ken used that last word, for fear it might remind someone of Buck Jones. Well, mistakes will happen!

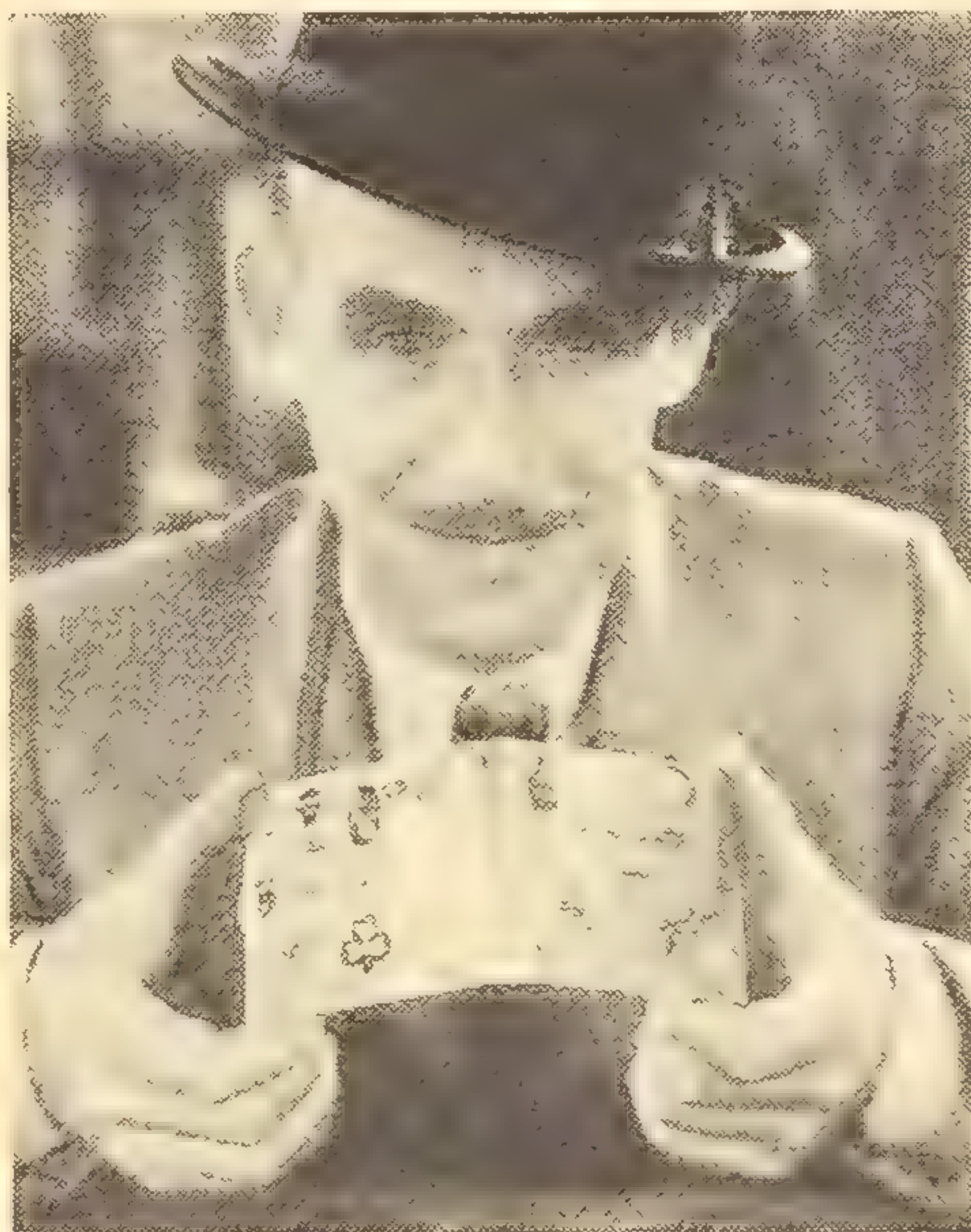
Ken's letterheads and envelopes are also something to look at. He has two large pictures of Cowboy Ken at the top of the page, with a drawing of Indian teepees in between. He has to make his letter brief and to the point because of the space taken up by his letterhead. Even Ken's bank checks have his picture and name on them. Then there is that truck he uses to transport his horses to and from location. It carries six horses inside and Ken's name on the outside, each letter of which is almost the size of a colt!

Even Gary Cooper has joined the "get your name on it" crusade.

You remember when Gary was in Europe, hobnobbing and rubbing elbows with royalty, as the story goes? Well, Gary was introduced to a certain Balkan king, and they became very good friends,

palsy-walsy in fact. And as a token of their friendship, Gary is having a beautiful western saddle made especially, all by hand, for the royal horseman. This saddle is costing Gary several hundred dollars and not the least expensive part of it is a silver placard on the side, which is fancily engraved with that famous name, "Gary Cooper." Of course, maybe Gary told the king that he would send him one of his own saddles, can't bear to part with any, and is adopting this method to give the king the impression that he is getting a Cooper saddle.

(Continued on page 88)



Schafer

James Gleason (above) invites his friends to advertise with him—by autographing his cigarette case. Most stars autograph those they give away

An actor, to be an actor, must be an individualist. And Ken Maynard makes the grade. You could never mistake his airplane (left) for that of anyone else. And the same is true of his horse-transport truck (below)



about it and laughs it off by saying that someone gave them to him. . .

Maynard, the Individualist

O H, oh, wait a minute. I said that Fredric March—came





By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Often Deaf, But Not So Dumb —JUNE KNIGHT

When anyone says "No" to June, she plays deaf—and keeps right on fighting to get what she wants. Another thing—she's willing to try anything once. That's why hard luck hasn't got her down, and why she's on her way up—where everybody will be "Yessing" her!

"CERTAINLY, I'll try anything once," cockily maintains June Knight, "and then fight to make 'em like it. That's my religion: Fight to get what you want and play deaf if anybody says 'No' to you." And this little blonde is living up to her religion—and keeping the onlookers all a-jitter in doing it.

Because if June thinks she would like something, she goes after it—and keeps after it, until she gets it. She is about as shy and retiring as a bolt of lightning. She has the ambition to want things, the nerve to ask for them and the spunk to get out and work for them. "Give me a chance" and "I can" are the two most dog-eared phrases in her vocabulary. And the girl has never been known to refuse a dare.

For example; after one of her many operations (this one to remove a pair of badly infected tonsils) June suddenly discovered she could sing, and started out to prove it to

the world at large. At the time, she was dancing in "The Nine O'Clock Revue" in San Francisco—and warbling on the side, mostly in the dressing-room and far enough back in the wings not to be heard by the audience.

"My voice is getting better," she announced to the various members of her company. "I believe I could do a number."

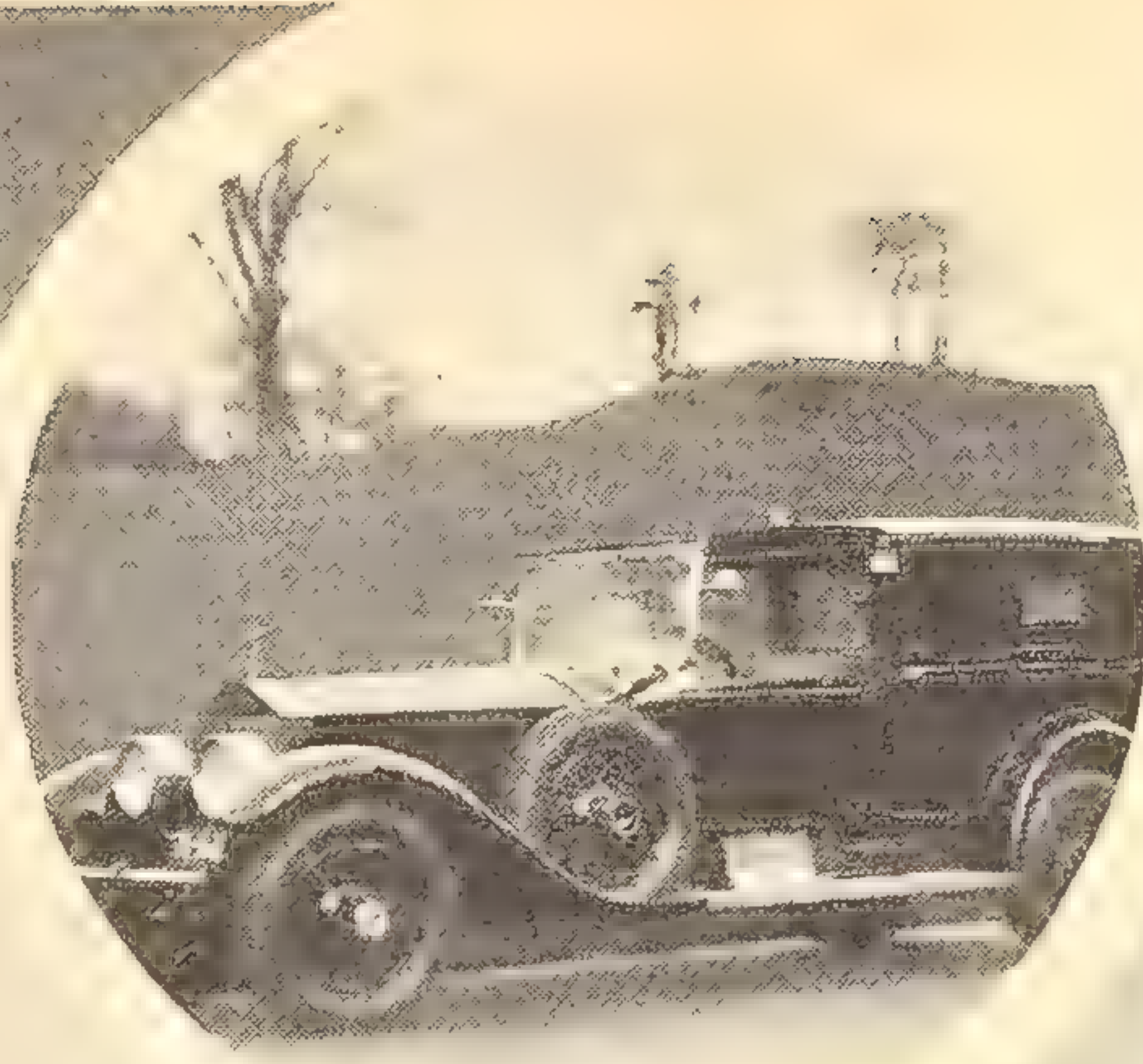
"Forget it," they advised. "As a singer, you're a swell dancer."

"Yeah—and as a dancer I'm a swell singer, too—even if you can't appreciate it. All I need is a chance."

They Laughed When She Sang—

AND a chance she got—exactly when and how she least expected it. She and her partner were dancing at the Mark Hopkins Hotel after the show, when some of her company dared her to go out on the floor and sing her

(Continued on page 82)



FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRERES

HAT BY LILY DACHE

INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.



All hers!

.. yet she uses a
25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a

slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

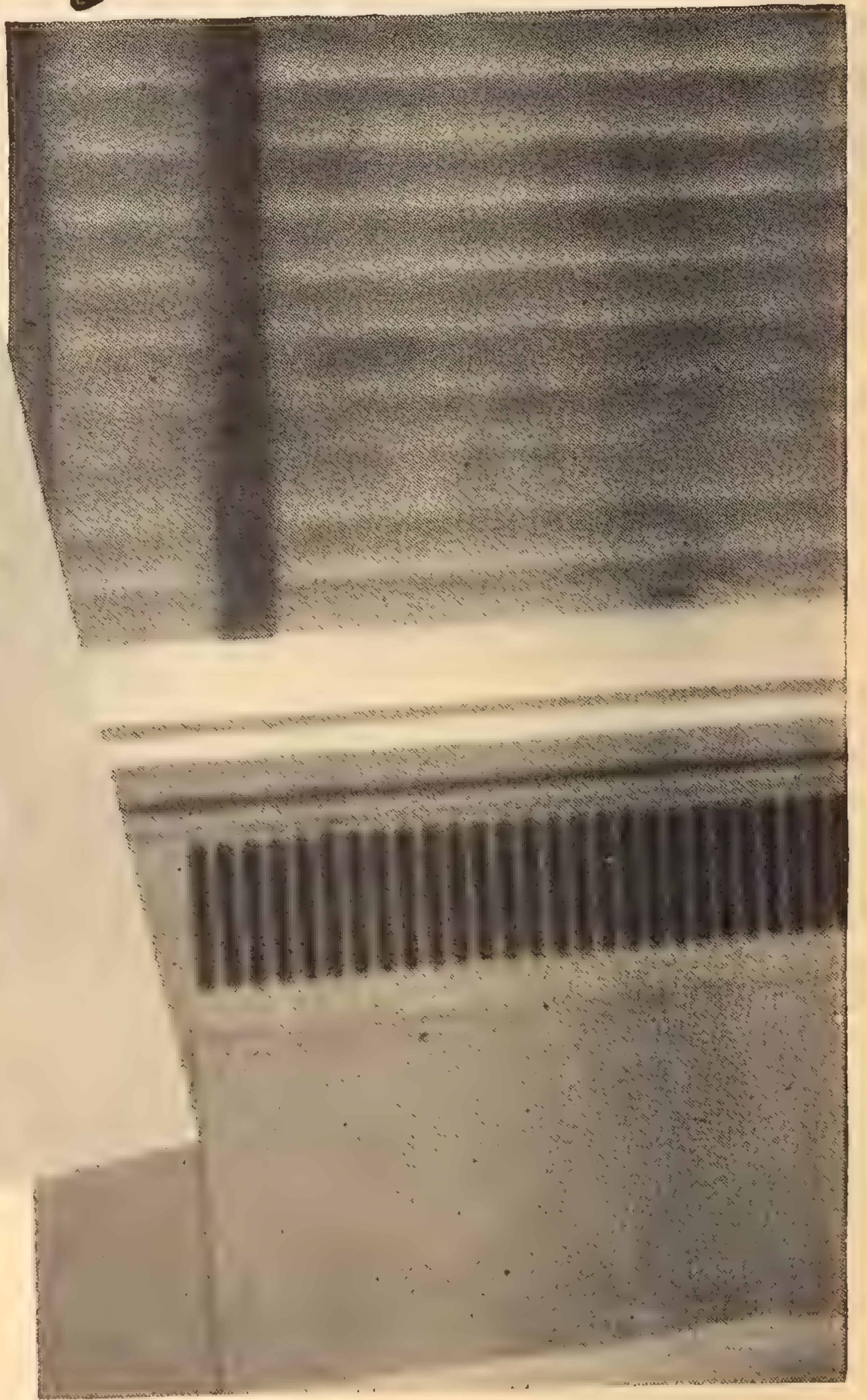
Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes — regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Betty's ready for 8 hours

**What
about her
SKIN?**



Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using

gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up — **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it clear and lovely!

Beauty sleep...



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **LUX**
Toilet Soap to guard
against Cosmetic Skin



Claudette Colbert

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"CLEOPATRA"

"Happiness Ahead"

(Continued from page 51)

question," he started wiping glaze from the window, "and the answer was 'yes'! So now I'm going to save all my pennies," his eyes widened. Through the cleaned space in the window he gazed at Joan—Joan dressed in a gorgeous mink coat, leaning over a desk where an elderly man was writing a check. The man came around the desk and handed the check to Joan. She folded it, put it in her purse, and kissed him affectionately.

Bob went through the rest of the day in a torment of suspicion and grief.

But at Joan's apartment, later, he received no response to his ring, and the landlady said dourly: "No sense your coming to-night. She's never here on Thursday."

Bob's face clouded. "Where does she . . ."

"That's what I'm wonderin' about—that and a lot of other things," the landlady told him. "When she rents the apartment she flashes a roll of bills and then she drives up like the Queen of Sheba in a big limousine."

With his heart in his shoes, Bob turned away. Might as well go over and see why Meehan had phoned him.

Meehan smiled as Bob came in. "Well, son, you're a pretty fast worker."

Bob shook his head perplexedly. "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Meehan."

"You know what I mean, all right." Meehan's tone became accusing. "Nice little story you told me the other night—saving up your money. 'Then, you send around the little girl with a check from Henry Bradford. Well, it don't go, son. If you have Bradford backing you, you're paying regular rates.'"

"Bradford?" Bob exclaimed.

"Don't look so surprised," Meehan said with a crooked smile. "The Smith girl put on a good act, too—wanted me to make out I was lending you the money, so you wouldn't know where it came from . . ."

"But I really *didn't* know——"

"No? Well, you know now. So you can tell Bradford there's no mark-down sale."

With an effort, Bob assumed an easy air. "Why, sure I will, Mr. Meehan. Have you got the check?"

Meehan took the check from the drawer. "Yeah, and that's another thing. Tell him I want it in bills. Checks can make trouble."

Anger crept up Bob's face as he scanned the check, then, catching Meehan's eyes, he said quickly: "I understand."

When he walked into Joan's apartment that night, his face was so strange and white that Joan stopped in the middle of her greeting. "Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Matter?" Bob assumed a hardboiled, jaunty air. "Nothing's the matter. Just got a lucky break."

"Yes?" she prompted eagerly.

"Good old Meehan—what a pal! I told him that just as soon as I could go in business I was going to get married, and he sent for me and lent me that two grand himself."

"Why, Bob, that's wonderful!"

He put his hands on her shoulders and swung her around a little roughly. "Yeah, isn't it?" His voice faltered strangely. "Swell to have a friend like that, but there's one thing he didn't know—that the marrying thing was just a gag."

Joan's face grew puzzled. "Bob, what are you talking about?"

"Just this," said Bob, still in that strange bitter voice, "I've been wise to you all along. Did you really think I fell for that line of yours about being out of a job? I had you figured out from the beginning!"

By the time Bob had finished his tirade and slammed out the door, Joan was sitting still, her face white with hurt and disbelief.

And Bob, on the other side of the door, shook his head as if to clear his eyes. "Well," he muttered chokily, "that's taken care of."

Next day, Henry Bradford was mystified and disturbed to discover that Joan had consented to go with her mother for a trip on Jellife Travis' yacht.

"What's up?" he asked her gently. "Two days ago you were absolutely opposed to yachts and oceans in general."

"I know," she agreed.

"What—er—what about your settlement work?" he hazarded.

"Settled!"

He raised his eyebrows and waited. For a few moments Joan went on packing, maintaining her attitude of unconcern. At last she turned, her eyes shining with tears.

"Dad, I was wrong," she said chokily. "I thought I had found someone real. I thought I'd found a whole new world of real people. But they're just as insincere as our crowd!"

"I'm sorry, dear." He put his arm around her.

She blinked back the tears. "It's my fault," she said, her face buried on his shoulder. "I built up something in my imagination—something that 'didn't exist!'"

"But that doesn't make disillusionment any easier," he said understandingly.

"But Dad," she cried, "all he wanted was the two thousand dollars! He told me so!"

"And so you're rebounding right into Jelly's yacht?"

"I suppose so," she said wearily. "But at least Jelly's a gentleman. And it'll please Mother."

"Yes, dear," Bradford said quietly.

He still yearned over Joan when he said goodbye the next day, with the promise that he would try to join them in Havana.

He had been at his desk only a little while when his secretary brought in to him a young man who would not give his name and looked as if he had not slept for several days. Bradford looked at him curiously.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he asked genially.

"You can't do anything for me, but I can do plenty for you." Bob came over to his desk.

"So?"

"Yeah." Bob braced himself. "You've been taken by a dame—that is, we've both been taken."

Bradford could only stare, as Bob laid on his desk the check he had received from Meehan. Then, as he recognized it, he looked at Bob questioningly.

"A girl was trying to use it to salve me into marrying her," the boy explained. "Surprised, eh? So was I. I figured she was on the level—a poor kid out of work, and now I find that she's been digging you and planning to hook me with a marriage license . . . Well," he sighed, "I guess we're both lucky."

A faint smile came over Bradford's face as he looked at Bob's drooping form, but he quickly concealed it. "Why, the crooked little gold-digger!" he exclaimed.

Bob agreed without enthusiasm. "But she didn't get the satisfaction of knowing she took me for a sleigh-ride. I put on an act for her—told her I'd played *her* for a sap, just to grab that two grand. That did the trick."

Bradford, remembering Joan's white, miserable face, was inclined to agree. "Were you really in love with her?" he asked.

"I was crazy about her! Saving up my pennies so I could marry her."

Bradford looked at him thoughtfully. "Mr.—er—Lane, I think you and I have a lot in common. What are you doing for the next couple of hours?"

"Me? Not a thing," Bob said.

"I must make a hurried trip to Jersey." Bradford put the fateful check in his pocket. "Come with me."

For the first two hours, Bob enjoyed the ride in the motor launch which Bradford drove at breakneck speed out through the harbor and down the Jersey coast. Gradually, however, he began to get a little apprehensive, and as Bradford showed no intention of turning back, he became convinced that he was riding with a madman.

"Take a look at that yacht," Bradford said, at last, handing a pair of binoculars to Bob and gesturing toward a boat which they were approaching.

As he focused the glasses on the deck rail, Bob gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it's the Smith girl!"

Bradford nodded grimly. "Yeah, this trip she's taking is costing me plenty, and I'm not going to let her get away with it."

At Bradford's hail, a rope was thrown them from the yacht's deck, and Bradford started clambering up the ladder. Bob went up behind him, his heart filled with misgiving. As Bradford stepped on deck, Bob heard Joan's voice say:

"Why, Father! I thought you said you couldn't——"

At that moment Bob's head came over the rail and Joan stopped suddenly, while they stared into each other's eyes.

"Changed my mind," said Bradford cheerfully. "Met a friend of mine and thought we'd like to join your party." He turned to Bob, who now had climbed on deck. "Bob, this is my daughter, Joan."

Bob tried to speak and failed miserably, while Bradford's voice went on: "Mr. Travis—Mr. Lane."

Bradford walked up the deck a few steps with Travis, and as Joan turned her back on Bob, the boy swallowed hard and started back down the ladder.

Bradford turned just in time to see Bob's head disappearing over the side. Taking the check from his pocket, he waved it before Joan's puzzled eyes. "He's a regular fellow, and crazy about you." He winked meaningly. "I wouldn't let him get away."

Joan turned quickly to the rail. Bob had started the motor of the little boat, and was determinedly steering it away from the yacht. Joan grinned, and dived cleanly over the side of the yacht. She came up close beside where Bob sat. "If you're in such a hurry to get away, Mister," she called, "why don't you untie that rope?"

Bob stared at her. Then, as he saw the taut rope which fastened him securely to the yacht, he grinned sheepishly.

"Aren't you going to help a fellow in?" Joan asked.

He leaned toward her. "Will you forgive me?" he begged.

"I'll never forgive you!" she retorted.

"Then you don't get in!" He reached out a hand to push her under the water. A minute passed while he waited, his hand extended, for her to come up again. No head appeared.

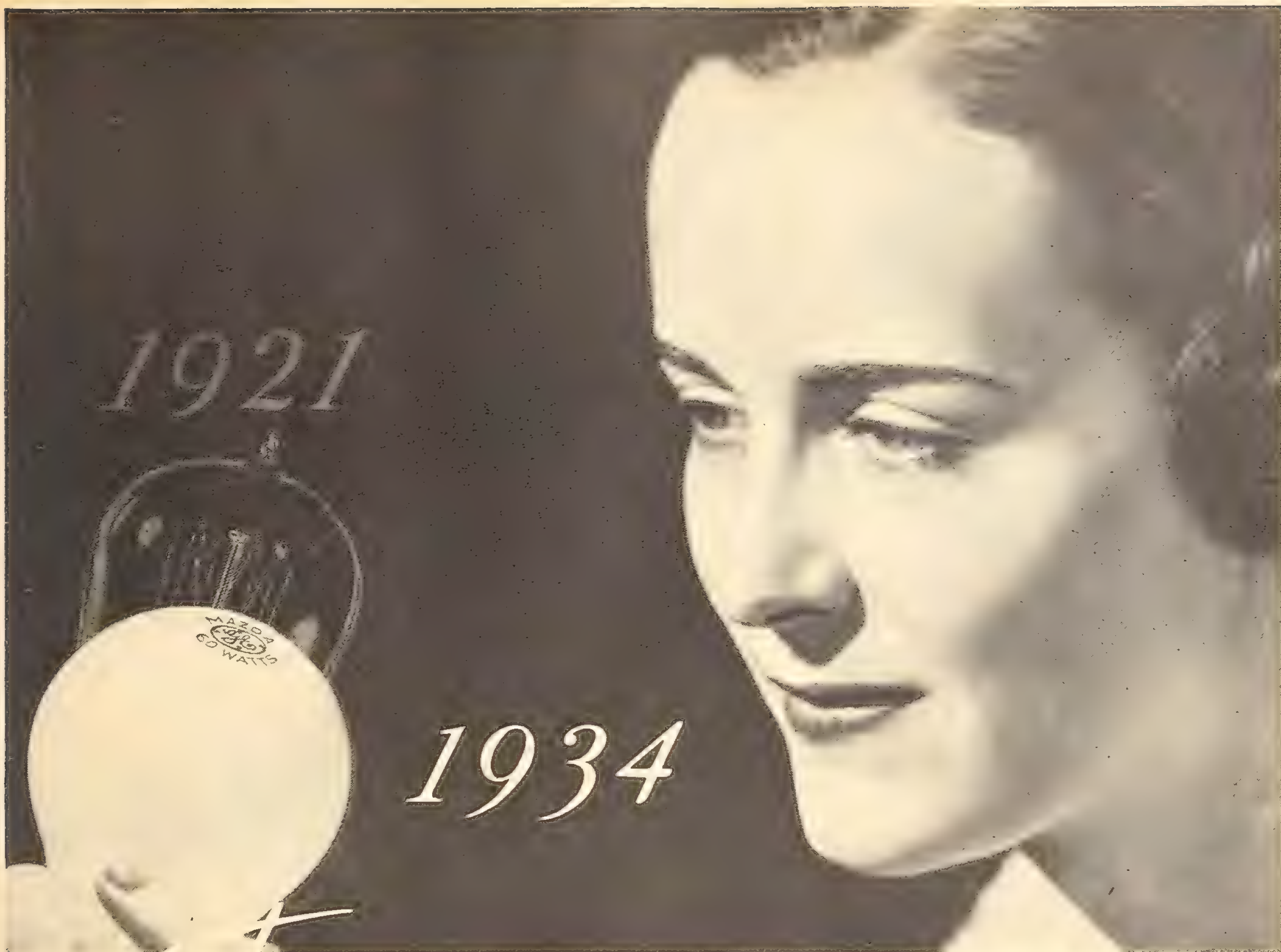
"Joan—Joan!" he called frantically, and when she still failed to come up, he started to strip off his coat.

"Paging me?" inquired a "cool voice from the other side of the boat, and he whirled to find her clinging there.

His face clearing, he leaned over to grip her arms, and Joan flung up her hands to take his head in a watery clasp. Raising his head from her kiss, he grinned happily.


"Well, that's taken care of," he said and pulled her up into his arms.


The End



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The Last Gentleman

(Continued from page 47)

was etched against the window, his fingers clutched the cane. He looked tired, thought Marjorie. For the first time since she had known him, old and hurt and helpless. She caught his hand. It was cold, and the delicate bones were very close under the wrinkled, transparent skin. Her eyes misted with tears at its answering pressure.

"You can help me to the door," he said. "Henry, come to my room. And bring Claude. I have some instructions for you . . . Augusta, all your life you've been wanting me to see a doctor. You can send for one now . . ."

All over the old Barr house, the clocks were silent. The sunlight lay, again, in a wide patch on the upper landing; there were flowers in the library. But it was so still. No good, now, listening for that resonant voice from above the stairway; no good listening for the tapping of the ivory-headed cane. . . .

Allan laid his hand along her arm. "I wish you wouldn't look that way," he murmured. "I'll change my name to Barr, any time you say the word. Marjorie! You're a million miles away from me . . ."

They found their way slowly into the room where they had sat for Aunt Lovicy's services. But there was something queer about the place, today. Drawn curtains at the windows. Heavy draperies, drawn across the little platform.

Uncle Judd came in on soft obsequious feet, long-faced and pious. "It's two o'clock," he said. "Where's the lawyer? Who's going to read the will?"

"It will be read, Judd, it will be read," said Henry Loring. "Sit down, all of you, in your proper chairs—the ones I have designated. It is Cabot's orders."

It was dark here . . . Marjorie caught Allan's hand, held it tightly. Surely this wasn't the way wills usually were read, in the darkness, from a curtained platform!

"I don't like this, Judd, and I'm not staying!" Aunt Retta rose to her feet.

"Oh, sit down, Retta," urged Henry Loring. "It is Cabot's orders."

"Exactly, my orders!" said Cabot Barr's voice, out of the blackness.

Marjorie gasped.

Then the heavy curtains on the platform parted, and her grandfather stood there, smiling, a picture on a white screen! Aunt Augusta screamed.

"Control yourself, Augusta," said the picture, "there's no need to be nervous."

Aunt Augusta began to sniffle.

"Augusta, where's your handkerchief?" Cabot Barr's likeness demanded.

He knew, thought Marjorie. Knew exactly what they'd do when—

"To provide for your future weepy periods, Augusta, I am leaving you ten dozen of the very finest *Point de Venise* handkerchiefs," he went on. "You'll find them handsome, and at the same time practical."

"I don't think this is funny!" Judd Barr rose angrily to his feet.

"I didn't think you would enjoy it, Judd," said Cabot from the screen.

"You're not having hysterics at seeing me again, are you, Helen?" the voice went on.

"I knew you wouldn't. . . . I'm leaving you the house and furniture. To go to Marjorie, eventually, of course. And to you, Henry, my cellar, including all my 1812 brandy. . . . To Claude, my clothes, and five thousand dollars."

Uncle Judd was fidgetting impatiently.

"Judd, my son, you have hurt me very much," said Cabot. "You brought in an alienist, in an effort to prove me of unsound mind. That hurt a great deal. But what stung most was that little black book of yours, in which you wrote down all my eccentricities. The clocks, the peacocks. . . ."

Therefore I'm going to cut you off with the proverbial shilling."

"Oh, this is a dirty trick!" Uncle Judd raged, rising to his feet. "The old devil!"

"Stop acting violently, Judd," the calm voice from the screen said. "And before you go—I'm relenting. I'm leaving you the clocks and the peacocks."

Uncle Judd strode out and Aunt Retta followed. The door slammed behind them.

Then the kind old face turned to Allan.

So you're sorry you didn't become a Barr before I died?" the voice asked? He knew, then, thought Marjorie happily. He'd been wiser than anyone else on earth! "Marjorie, my dear, forgive him," her grandfather was saying now. So it was all right! She could marry Allan now, with a clear conscience.

"To you, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barr, I leave my name, my possessions and my especial love," he went on.

Against Allan's shoulder Marjorie began to cry, quietly, happily. "It's your love I wanted most, Grandfather," she said.

The image on the screen rose from its chair, and looked out through the open doorway into the sunshine. "And now, my dears," said Cabot Barr, "to all of you I say my final goodbye. I go to taste that finer vintage which waits for me—beyond."

Her mother, Marjorie could see, was wiping away a tear, and smiling. With her own left hand she fumbled for Aunt Augusta's.

"It has been a pleasure and a privilege, being alive with you," said Cabot. "It will be my hope to see you all again, in due time. God bless you!"

On the screen beside him, the grandfather's clock struck, once, twice, again. . . . His delicate fingers clasped around the fine, narrow ivory head of the cane, he passed through the door, into the sunshine.

The End

The Human Side

(Continued from page 55)

"It didn't do much good," Phil gloomed. "The papers always make things sound worse than they are," she consoled them.

"You can't live a thing like that down!" Phil's face flushed.

"The girls at school won't forget," Lucille added. "I'm never going back there—never! I just can't face those girls again!"

"Can't we move away, Mother?" Tom put in.

"You poor darlings!" Vera drew a long breath. "Well, we are going to move. I've got something to tell you . . . I'm going to marry Mr. Dalton." She winced a little at the unthinking eagerness of their response. Their excited anticipation of being "rich."

"Will Daddy come to see us, the same as he does now?" Tom asked suddenly.

"And can Prince come, too?" from Bobby.

"Of course," Vera said hastily. "Now, run along—and be very nice to Mr. Dalton, when he comes."

They were . . . But their eager naïveté somewhat overwhelmed the bachelor. Children, he thought decisively, should be in school—not in the home. . . .

Lucille, bursting into her mother's room, saw her hastily thrust a ring into a small box which she tucked into a drawer in her desk. She looked curiously at her mother. Her eyes looked—queer . . . "Mr. Dalton's here," she said. "Are you going with him this afternoon, to get the license?"

"Yes." Vera tried to sound casual.

"Mother! You're crying!"

"Me—crying?" Vera summoned a laugh. "What would I have to cry for? I'm going to be able to — to give you children all the

advantages I've always wanted for you—all the things —" She dabbed powder on her face to cover the trace of tears.

When her mother had gone, Lucille tiptoed to the desk. Daringly she took out the small box. Opened it. Gazed at the ring. "Forever—and forever, and forever," it said, inside. Slowly she put it back and went downstairs.

She sat very thoughtfully, after her mother and Mr. Dalton had gone, listening abstractedly to the boys' excited plans.

"Gee," Tom enthused, "it's swell of Mother to marry that guy!"

"I'll say it is," Phil agreed.

Suddenly Lucille roused herself. "Well, she isn't going to marry him," she declared passionately. "Not if I can help it!"

"Why not?" Tom demanded.

"She doesn't love him! She's doing it just to get us things—and it's going to be awful for her—awful!" Lucille wailed.

"But she likes him, Luc," Phil said.

"She likes him all right, but she doesn't love him," Lucille insisted.

And loyally they drew together. They just couldn't let Mother be unhappy! For a long time they discussed plans . . . Then, at last, tense with excitement, Lucille and Phil went out, leaving Tom with Bobby.

Timidly they sought Miss Alma Hastings' apartment. Felt a sudden vast relief when the maid informed them that Mr. Gregory Sheldon was not there and would not be there. The Lambs' Club next . . . And more relief, when Daddy explained that he had only stopped at Miss Hastings' apartment as a matter of business, that he lived at the

Club—where no women were allowed. Eagerly they told him their story.

It was late evening when Dalton at last left her at her door. Wearily Vera turned her key in the lock and went into the living-room. Then she gasped. In slippers and dressing-gown, Gregg lay stretched in a comfortable chair before the fire, asleep.

"Gregg!" she exclaimed unbelievably. Gazed incredulously at his trunk.

He woke. Jumped up. Greeted her joyously. "I'm through with the theatre," he explained hurriedly. "Going to get a job . . . Going to be a fireside-and-slippers man from now on—going to settle down and live peacefully with you and the children."

"But, Gregg—" Patiently she tried to explain to him. About the children . . . About Dalton . . . "He's coming for me tomorrow at nine sharp," she ended wearily. "Gregg—you've got to get out. What would he think, finding you here?"

But Gregg refused to be impressed. "You've got it all figured out, haven't you? Well—get this, my girl—you're not going to marry him! You belong to me! No other man's going to have you—" He tried to take her in his arms.

But she moved away. "It's for the best," she insisted. "Now—do call a taxi."

"I can't—" He turned out his pockets.

"Oh, Gregg!"

He looked at her in sudden dejection. "You think I'll never succeed—at anything."

"Oh, I'm sure you will," she said quickly.

"Then—why won't you wait?"

(Continued on page 74)

THE AGING BLIGHT OF SKIN DRYNESS



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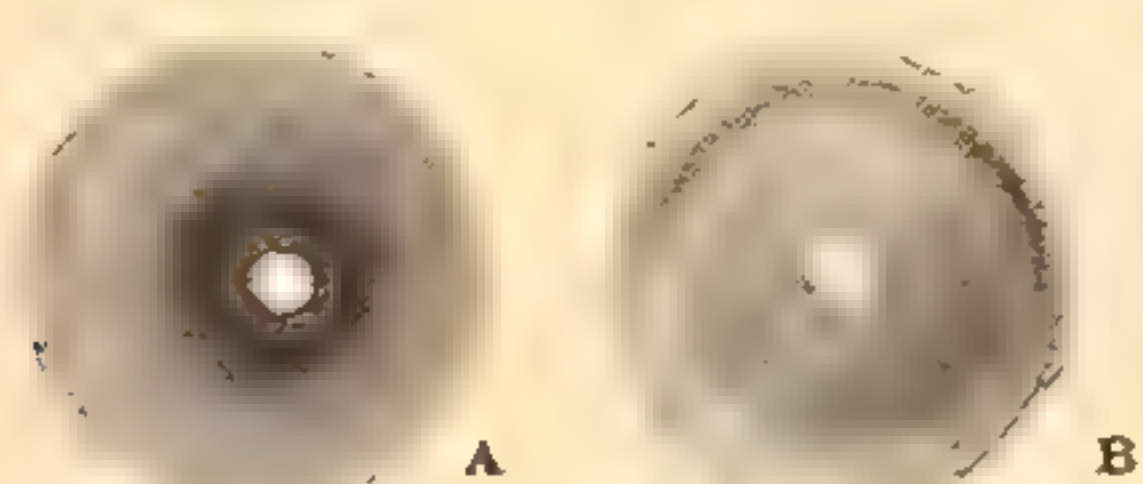


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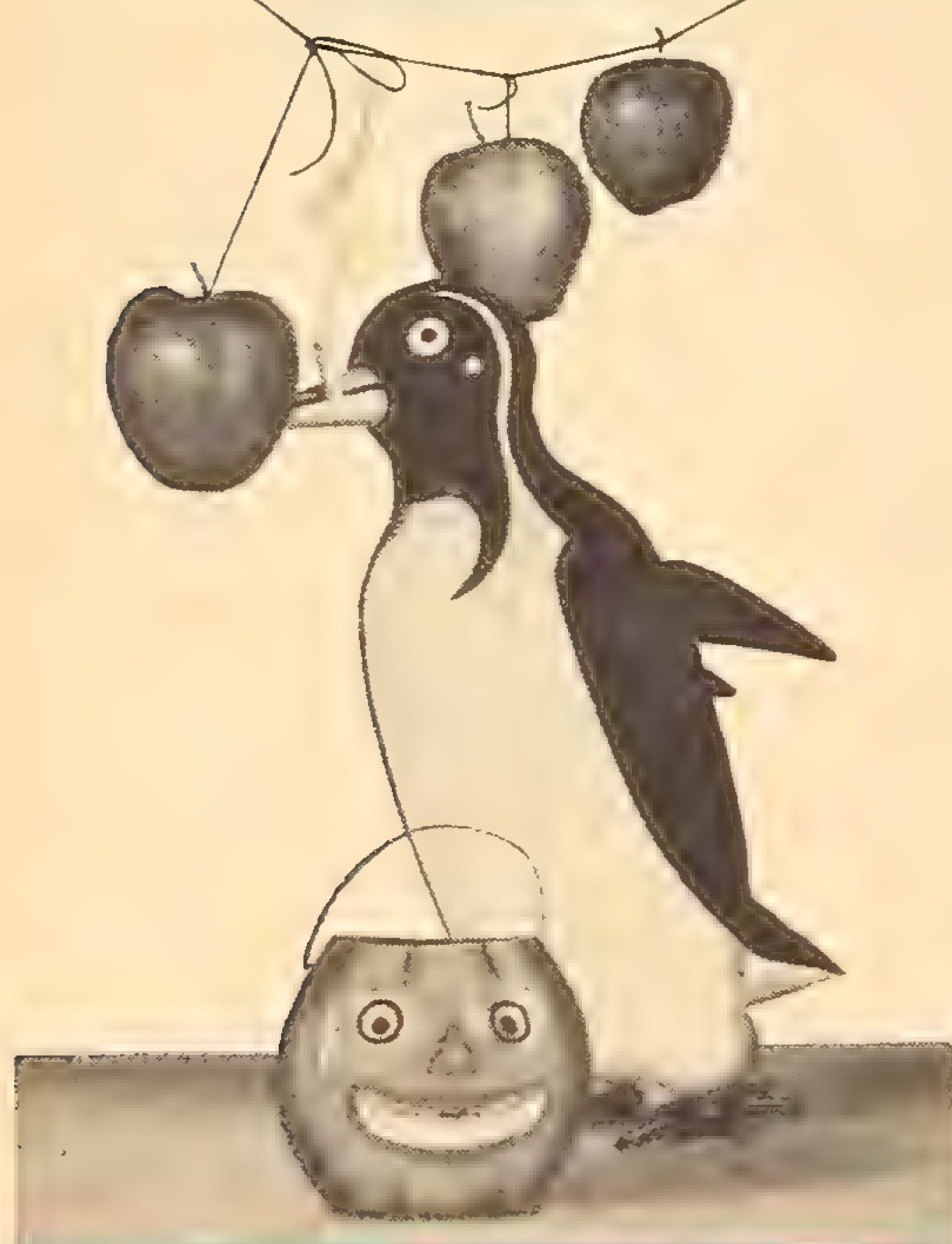
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"Gregg, darling—Phil's fifteen!"

He sighed. Dejectedly he turned away.

"You can crawl in with Phil," she said, at last, pityingly. "Good night, Gregg."

He didn't answer. But later he tapped softly at her door. Looked at her pleadingly, hopefully, when she opened it. "I just—wanted to say—good night." He waited.

"Good night, Gregg." She closed the door.

He stood there for a moment. Then disconsolately he went off to Phil's room.

Somehow, cheerfully, he managed to delay them all in their turns at the bathroom the next morning. So that when Dalton arrived, Vera was not yet dressed. In bathrobe and slippers, Gregg came in to greet the prospective bridegroom.

Dalton stared at him amazedly. "What are you doing here—like that?" he asked. "From your attire, one would infer that you had spent the night here." He frowned.

"A most beautiful night," Gregg assented cheerfully. "And today's a most beautiful day! The second most beautiful day in my life. The first was our wedding-day . . . And today, Mr. Dalton, that little bride of sixteen years ago has consented to walk to the altar with me again."

Dazedly Dalton tried to comprehend. Stammeringly he tried to present his own expectations.

"You know how women are—" Gregg hurried him out. "She'll write you—a nice long letter."

As Vera came down the stairs the doorbell rang. "It must be Mr. Dalton," she said. "Open the door, Phil."

It was Mr. Dalton. Escorted by two detectives, he came into the room.

"These two men saw me coming from your house," he explained irately, "and insist I'm Mr. Sheldon."

"I'm Mr. Sheldon." Gregg came forward.

One of the officers extended a paper. "A present for you, Mr. Sheldon—" he placed the paper in Gregg's hand. "A warrant for your arrest."

"Alma Hastings!" Gregg gasped.

"Plaintiff charges battery and assault—deception—fraud—obtaining money under false pretenses," the officer recited.

"Is that all?" Gregg sighed.

"The car's waiting," the other officer stated compellingly.

"Better let me change my clothes."

"You get 'em, Bill," the officer ordered.

"Gregg!" Vera cried, as they took him away with them. Then, to the consternation of James Dalton, she burst into wracking laughter and sobbing.

With the help of the alarmed children he ministered to her. At last she recovered her composure.

"It's so funny!" she said shakily. "Gregg, going off to jail—me, going off to marry you!"

"Marry me?" Dalton stared at her.

"That was the idea, wasn't it?" She gazed at him wonderingly.

"But—but—he told me—right here—not five minutes ago—" It took him some time to explain, but at last Vera understood.

"It's not true—not a word of it," she gasped.

"The scoundrel! He ought to be in jail!" Dalton ejaculated.

"I believe he's on his way!" Vera laughed nervously.

Dalton drew himself up pompously. "And we'd better be on our way—it's getting late. Are you ready?"

"I'm ready, Jim," Vera said.

Dalton talked complacently, as they drove to the office of the Justice of the Peace who was to marry them. He had it all figured out. Lucille and Phil should be packed off to boarding-school. The two younger children should have every minute of their time regimented, from the time they rose till they went to bed . . . In that way, no one need be troubled by them at all . . .

Vera was very silent.

"Like little trains," she mused suddenly as she sat beside Dalton in the office of the Justice, awaiting their turn to be married.

He handed her slips of paper with the time schedules on them. "It was quite a job, figuring it all out," he said proudly. Then, aghast: "What are you doing?"

"What they would feel like doing!" Vera tore the slips into minute pieces. "Let's go, Jim." She rose. Turned toward the door.

"Next!" the Justice called pleasantly.

"The lady's changed her mind," Dalton said aggrievedly, tearing up the license.

Vera gathered the children together, to tell them of her plans. She had got a job, travelling and demonstrating toilet articles. Tom was to go and stay with Aunt Martha. Phil with Uncle Henry. Lucille and Bobby to Aunt Minnie's.

"We'll be together for Christmas," Vera promised.

A moving van drew up outside. And presently, in an ordered confusion, the furniture disappeared into its capacious depths. Mr. Jenkins, owner of the house, gazed doubtfully at Prince. He didn't wholly relish the idea of caring for the dog till the family should be reunited. Prince returned his gaze with pained concentration. He didn't relish Mr. Jenkins at all. Bobby, looking from one to the other, suddenly began to cry. Phil and Lucille exchanged uneasy glances.

"Come now—" Vera bent over Bobby.

"Be brave, dear . . ." But her own eyes were misty. Always, till now, she had managed to achieve some small, income-producing employment that, with Gregg's occasional assistance, had kept the family together. But now this travelling job was their only hope. They had to be brave.

There was a new confusion in the hall.

"Right in there, driver," a well-known voice was saying. And Gregg burst into the room, followed by the taxi driver, who bore an enormous hamper of goodies.

"Gregg!" Vera stared.

"My darlings!" He gazed about the room. "But—you're moving?"

"Going to our summer mansion in the Berkshires, my dearest," Vera said airily. "When did you get out?"

A look of pitiful apology crossed Gregg's face, as he understood Vera's gay explanation. Then he smiled as he answered her question:

"This morning, darling! Joe Franklin—remember Joe?—came into a lot of dough. And he's going into the show business. He heard where I was, and came and bailed me out. Everything's settled. He has the play—the star—the dough—and me to produce for him!"

"Then we don't have to move!" Stars shone through Lucille's misty eyes.

"And you won't have to work!" Phil hugged his mother.

"Prince!" Bobby and Tom flung themselves upon the dog. In a happy huddle they rolled into the dining-room.

With a look of vast relief, Mr. Jenkins stepped out.

Understandingly Lucille caught Phil's eye. "Come on," she whispered, and they followed the happy youngsters into the dining-room.

Gregg looked adoringly at Vera. "And the best part of this is," he assured her meaningly, "the star is Joe's business. I won't have her to worry about. I'll be able to put all my energies in the work."

"Then you will succeed," Vera said confidently.

"Do you think so, Vee?" He came very close, his eyes shining down into hers.

"I've never been wrong," Vera quoted happily. "I haven't been right several times—" she laughed. "But I've never been wrong!"

There wasn't any more to say. His lips were on hers. His arms, holding her close—forever!

The End

Dangerous Corner

(Continued from page 60)

She rose. Lifted a small box from the table. Passed it to Miss Mockridge.

"A cigarette?" she offered.

"No, thanks. I'm a slave to my own brand."

"Olwen?"

"Oh, I remember that box—" Olwen took a cigarette from it. "It plays a tune, doesn't it?"

Freda closed the box and put it on the table. "It can't be this box you remember." There was a faint edge to her voice. "This is the first time I've had it out."

"It belonged to Martin, didn't it?" Olwen said. "He showed it to me."

"He couldn't have shown you this box, Olwen. Martin didn't have it when you saw him last." Abruptly she turned away.

"Couldn't he. . . ." Olwen gazed at Freda's back. "Then. . . Perhaps. I'm mistaken. . . I must have seen a box like this somewhere, perhaps, and thought—"

Gordon got the new tube adjusted in the radio. Dance music flowed forth. "Here we are!" he exulted. "Come on, Sweet-heart." He held out his arms, and Betty, laughing happily, drifted into them.

Robert joined Freda. They smiled at each other. Miss Mockridge smiled musingly.

"There's a moon outside," Stanton whispered to Olwen.

"Is there?"

"Prove it to you!" He led her out on to the porch. "Had to see you alone—matter of business," he said. "It's about a book."

"What is it called?"

"*The Life and Love of Charles Stanton*—Olwen, for the nine millionth time—will you marry me?"

There was a tender smile in Olwen's eyes. Softly she said: "Yes."

Stanton's arm, which had been about her waist, slipped off. He staggered. "Good Lord, girl!" he gasped. "Don't you know I've got a weak heart?"

"You brought it on yourself!"

"But—you don't know what a shock this is—for years and years and years, every time there was a lull in the conversation, I've proposed to you. . . I came to depend on it. . . Now you've left me with nothing to talk about for the rest of my life! What shall I do?"

"Some men kiss. . . At least, they do in books," Olwen offered.

"Thank goodness you can read, darling!"

He took her in his arms. Kissed her tenderly. "I daren't be serious," he confessed presently. "I might cry! I've waited so long, Olwen. I'd almost given up hope. . . Why did you. . . You did mean it, didn't you? You didn't mistake me for anyone else?" And, as she shook her head, smiling, he added: "I'm still the same—I haven't changed."

"But I have. . . ." Olwen's face was very serious. "Tonight. . . For a moment. . . I saw something—something horrible—that might have happened. . . ." She shuddered. "It was a—vision—a nightmare!" She clung to him. "I need somebody, Charles. . . I always have, but I. . . ." She bit her lip. "Never mind—I need you!"

Once more he took her in his arms. Held her comfortingly, happily, close.

In the darkness of the garden a white bird flew up suddenly. "Who? Who?" it murmured softly among the trees.

Charles laughed contentedly. "Who? Me—you fool—me! Didn't you just hear her say so?"

Gently he drew Olwen's face close to his. Kissed her sweet, upturned lips.

The End



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Look at your tongue! If it's "coated," you may suspect bad breath. For in 75% of cases of impure breath, science finds a "coated tongue" condition. Pepsodent Antiseptic acts to keep breath sweet and fresh. It is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics that must be used full strength to be effective.

WHY wait for others to suspect you of unpleasant breath? According to recent findings, the minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be offending unknowingly.

Take this simple precaution. Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Rinse out your mouth with it. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth, to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches, the germs often responsible for the giving off of unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

*Goes 3 times as far . . . makes
\$1 equal \$3*

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

The Heroine of a Hundred Romances

(Continued from page 28)

of America or might have attached to her name a title carrying great prestige and distinction. Instead, this romantic star accepted the heart and hand of a Spanish gentleman—Valentin Parera, "the Ronald Colman of Spain," and himself an excellent actor—and cared not a whit if he had fame or fortune!

By the time Grace was fourteen years old, all of the boys of Jellico, Tennessee, had recognized her charm and practically every one of them wanted her to wait for him until he could make his fortune. (My own cousin was one of the number who had to see her pass him by.) But Grace, who sang in her church choir and was deeply religious, wanted to be a foreign missionary. She couldn't interest any of the boys in saving the heathen, which somewhat disconcerted her. Even then she was vaguely sensing the fact that her life would not be complete without male companionship, and had she gone to some far-away wilderness, she would have taken romance with her!

When her family and friends dissuaded her from her original purpose, she vowed that she would still pursue a career with a high purpose. She would sing . . . sing gloriously . . . so that people would be lifted out of themselves and forget the cares of everyday life.

So Grace ran away to New York to have her voice trained. With almost nothing to live on, and that earned by small and infrequent singing engagements, she was one of the young, ambitious hopefuls of squalid, but glamorous Greenwich Village, dreaming great dreams of some day thrilling the world with her art, thriving on constant, endless work, determined to deserve fame, fortune and—some day—a great and enduring romance.

One Thing She Never Forgot

"I HAD so little and yet so much," she said. "The struggle was inspiring, and I wouldn't take anything for it. Success comes much too easily in Hollywood. People who have lived moderately all their lives are suddenly able to purchase beautiful homes, expensive cars, and all the latest clothes they desire, and it changes their outlook. They are sought after by hundreds of people and they believe they are really important. They lose sight of the fact that all growth must be from the inside."

Grace doesn't want to talk of her early admirers, for to her it is just as if her life began when she met "Val"—and if you could hear the tone of her voice as she speaks his name, you would be convinced. All pseudo-loves of former years have disappeared from her consciousness as completely as the fog that passed over the Hollywood mountains this morning. But, you see, I knew about these early engagements, so she couldn't deny them.

"Now, put yourself in my place," she said. "I was a little country girl of Jellico, Tennessee, who had never been out of the state. How could I resist the temptation to be engaged when a young man promised me that we would go to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon? The next probably promised me a trip to California, if we married. While I was still dreamy-eyed from visioning California, another offered a honeymoon trip to Europe."

"As I see it now, I was suffering from an urge to see far, romantic places. It was the dreams, not the suitors, that I loved. But I couldn't settle on any one dream to the exclusion of all others, so at the end of the season, I frequently found myself in

possession of at least six college fraternity pins!

Relied on Her Intuition

"BEFORE we go a step further, I want you to know that I was never in love until I met Val. I could never bring myself to the point of marrying any man. Always I knew that I had not yet found the real thing, and always I knew that I would recognize him instantly when I did meet my soul-mate."

Like the heroine of "One Night of Love," she has been torn between two forces—the desire of youth for romance, and the desire of an artist for a great career . . . a career that would place her on a unique pinnacle in the musical world and win for her a lasting place in the Hall of Singing Fame. You are probably aware that she is native-born, native-trained, and America's grand opera's first one-hundred-per-cent American prima donna.

As some women of the cinema have brought romance to the screen, so Grace Moore brought romance to opera. Emotion was always present in the music itself, of course, but few of the artists personally suggested romance—unless they were heard, not seen. The operatic heroines were heavy, seldom beautiful, never young. Men, listening to them, closed their eyes—to picture dream-women to fit their voices. But no man ever took his eyes off Grace while she sang. Everything about her spoke of romance—her youth, her figure, her face, her glorious voice, her glamour, her vitality. It was inevitable that men of all walks of life should be drawn to her.

Might Have Been a Princess

NOT only the men of America bowed at her altar, but any number of titled foreigners paid court to her. At one time she was reputed to be engaged to a Prince—who was reported willing to sacrifice all royal rights to marry the American prima donna.

In his case, her friends say, Grace was actually in wedding raiment and on her way to the Paris City Hall to marry him, accompanied by a gay party of friends—when she suddenly drew back. "I'm not sure! Let's go to a café and talk it over," she told them. They did not return. Instead, Grace invited the entire party to Deauville for a week-end of gaiety! I have heard this story too often not to believe that there is some truth in it.

You see, while Grace could not live without adoration, and all the little attentions that go with it, she had in her heart an ideal and a firm conviction that once she met the right man, his presence would be so electrifying that she could not resist it. It was this conviction that always made her side-step matrimony—until she met Valentin Parera.

You probably recall when the newspapers headlined a report that she was engaged to marry the scion of a wealthy Philadelphia family. A mutual friend, who *thought* that they were suited to each other and should marry, hoped to hasten a romance by telling reporters that there already was one. The chap was in Europe at the time and when Grace went over shortly afterward, the two of them laughed about being "engaged" and then decided it was not a bad idea after all, and actually found themselves discussing marriage.

But before the wedding bells could ring, Grace had her call to the Metropolitan, the goal for which she had been striving for



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years. With her chance, so the story goes, came the edict that marriage could not be allowed to interfere with her contract. She must choose between the two. She frankly told her suitor that it would be unfair to both of them for her to marry on the eve of the biggest step in her career, and the next day sailed for New York and Fame. They are still good friends.

I must not fail to mention the Duc de Luynes, who was much enamored of Grace Moore, according to rumor. He is the owner of thirteen chateaux, and the story has it that he was not satisfied until he had shown Grace through every one of them, apparently believing that no American girl—even a Grace Moore—could resist such a title and such holdings.

But Grace hadn't breathed the freedom of her native Cumberland Mountains for nothing. As she strolled through these stately mansions, she was conscious only of the gloomy interiors, where it would take more than a sunny disposition to dispel the murky atmosphere—the accumulated vibrations of several generations. So the Duc de Luynes passed out of the picture, much to the disgust of her friends in New York. But Grace still held to her romantic dream of a man she would love at first sight.

Knew She Would Marry Him

SHE doesn't believe you when you tell her that Valentin Parera was on the same studio lot, within a few feet of her many times, when she was making "The New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett. She doesn't believe that it could have been so without her knowing it.

When she first saw him, they were both on the deck of the *Ile de France*, returning to America. She looked at him a long time and then said quietly to her secretary: "Do you see that man over there? That is the man I'm going to marry."

"How silly!" replied the secretary. "You don't even know whether or not he is married already!"

"But I *do* know," said Grace. "There is an unmistakable look about a married man. I know he is not married. I know he is the one for me."

In that first instant, she knew why she had been waiting so long. This time it would have made no difference if it had meant giving up her career; if it had meant going to a remote place among strangers; if it had meant living in poverty. No matter what it meant, she knew that she would spend the balance of her life with that man. He spoke no English and she spoke no Spanish, but they both spoke beautiful French—a language ideally adapted to romance and love. Before they parted, the first evening of their meeting, he said: "I will never leave you again." And she replied, "And I will never leave you."

Grace says now that motion pictures are the great romantic medium of the future, and she wants to be a part of them. "But," she continued, "the real reason why I came back to Hollywood was that Val might have his chance. Producers have told me that he has a great future, both in Spanish and English productions, if I will not take him away. I am more interested in his career than in mine, and he feels that mine is more important. Neither of us requires much money to make us happy. We are content with simple joys. It doesn't matter what else we have—so long as we have each other."

Then, suddenly ending the conversation, she turned to me and held up her arm for inspection. "Do look at my bracelets." There were three gold chain bracelets, gifts from Val, one for each marriage anniversary.

"I expect to be able to have fifteen of them on each arm," said this heroine of a hundred romances.



WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, SIR, TO HANDLE ALL THIS NEW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO TAKE F— ON AGAIN

OK, JIM. BUT WAIT... HE'S THE CHAP WHO HAD "B.O."—THAT WAS WHY I PICKED HIM TO GO WHEN WE HAD TO CUT DOWN



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT ONE FAULT, I'M SURE THE BOSS WOULD TAKE F— BACK. HE'S A FINE WORKER AND AS "REGULAR" AS THEY COME



HE NEEDS THE JOB, TOO. HAS A WIFE AND CHILD—AND NO MONEY COMING IN FOR 10 MONTHS! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS....



NEXT DAY—

a frank talk with F—

OF COURSE THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, F—, AND I CAN'T PROMISE YOU A JOB. BUT IF YOU'LL FIX UP THAT LITTLE MATTER AND DROP IN AND SEE THE BOSS....

JIM, YOU'RE A CORKER! BELIEVE ME I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." AGAIN



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD FELLOW. CHANGE TO MY SOAP—LIFEBUOY. IT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE



WHAT A CLEAN SCENT! WHAT RICH LATHER! "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE AFTER A LIFEBUOY BATH

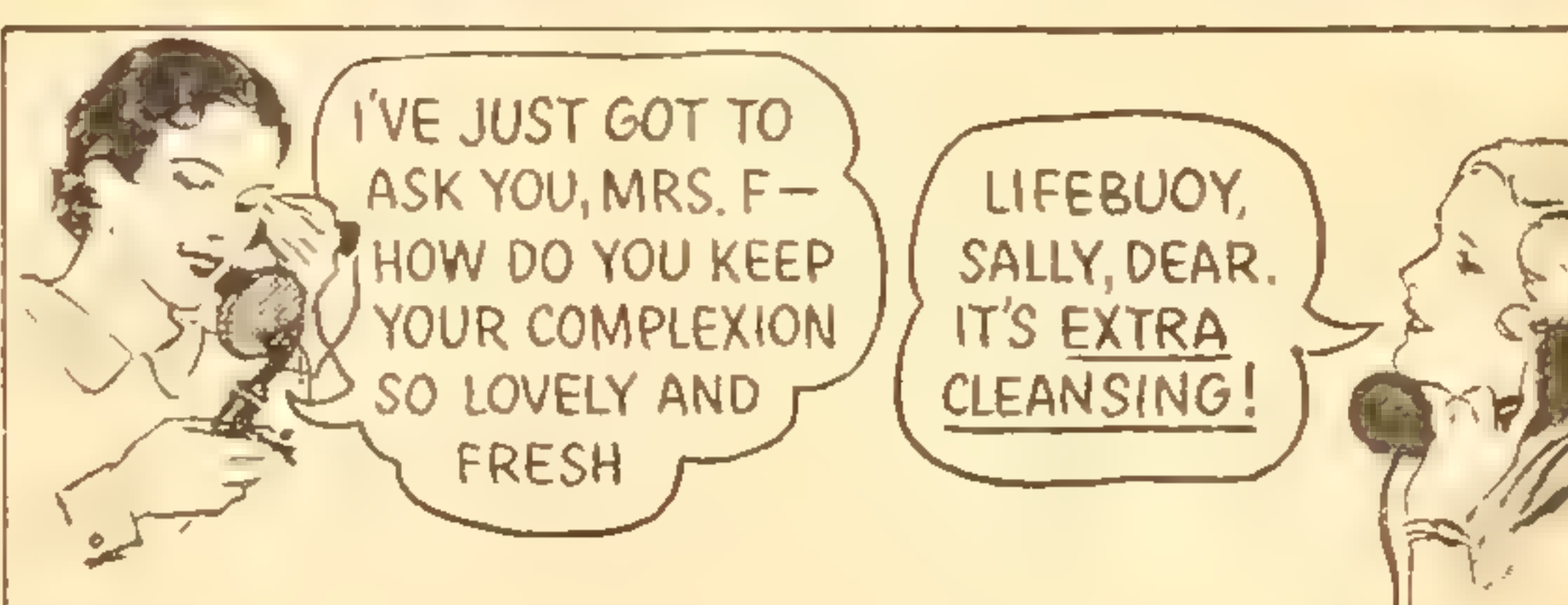


"B.O." GONE—

bad times over for the F—s

SAW THE BIG BOSS TODAY, SWEETHEART, AND I'M STARTING MONDAY

OH, THAT'S GREAT, DARLING. YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST NOW



I'VE JUST GOT TO ASK YOU, MRS. F— HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY AND FRESH

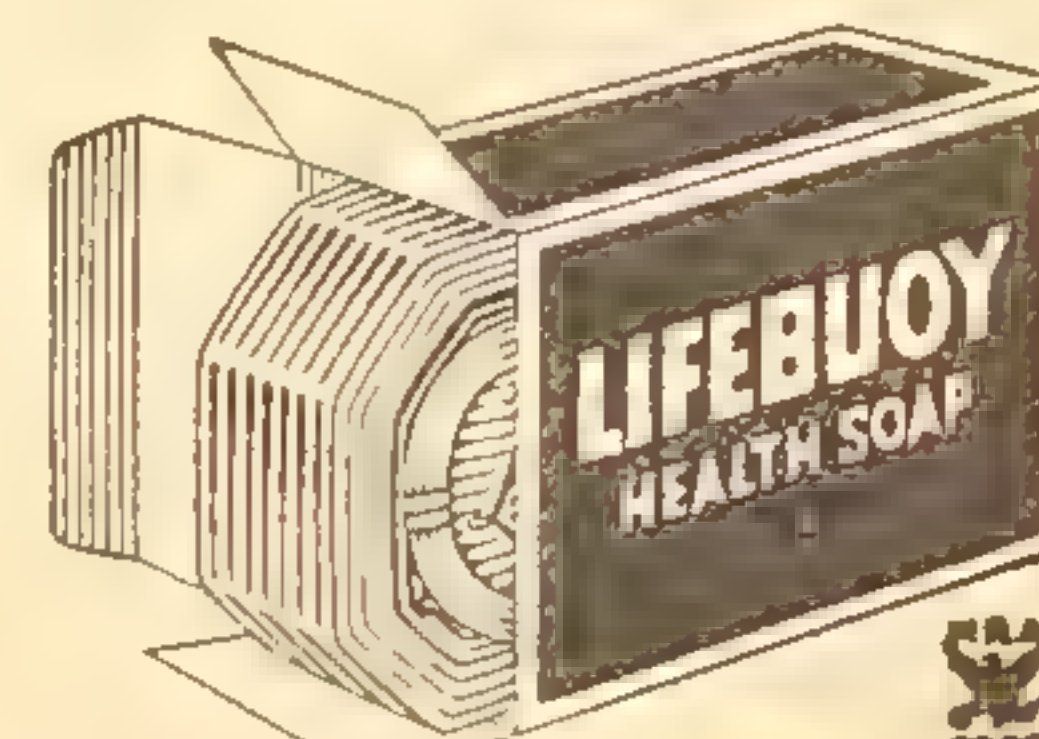
LIFEBUOY, SALLY, DEAR. IT'S EXTRA CLEANSING!

NOTHING quite like Lifebuoy lather! Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it penetrates and purifies both face and body pores. Brings to dull, tired-looking complexions new, fresh, glowing loveliness. Ends that fault so quickly noticed in hot, stuffy rooms—"B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different—*does more*!

Enjoy its extra benefits

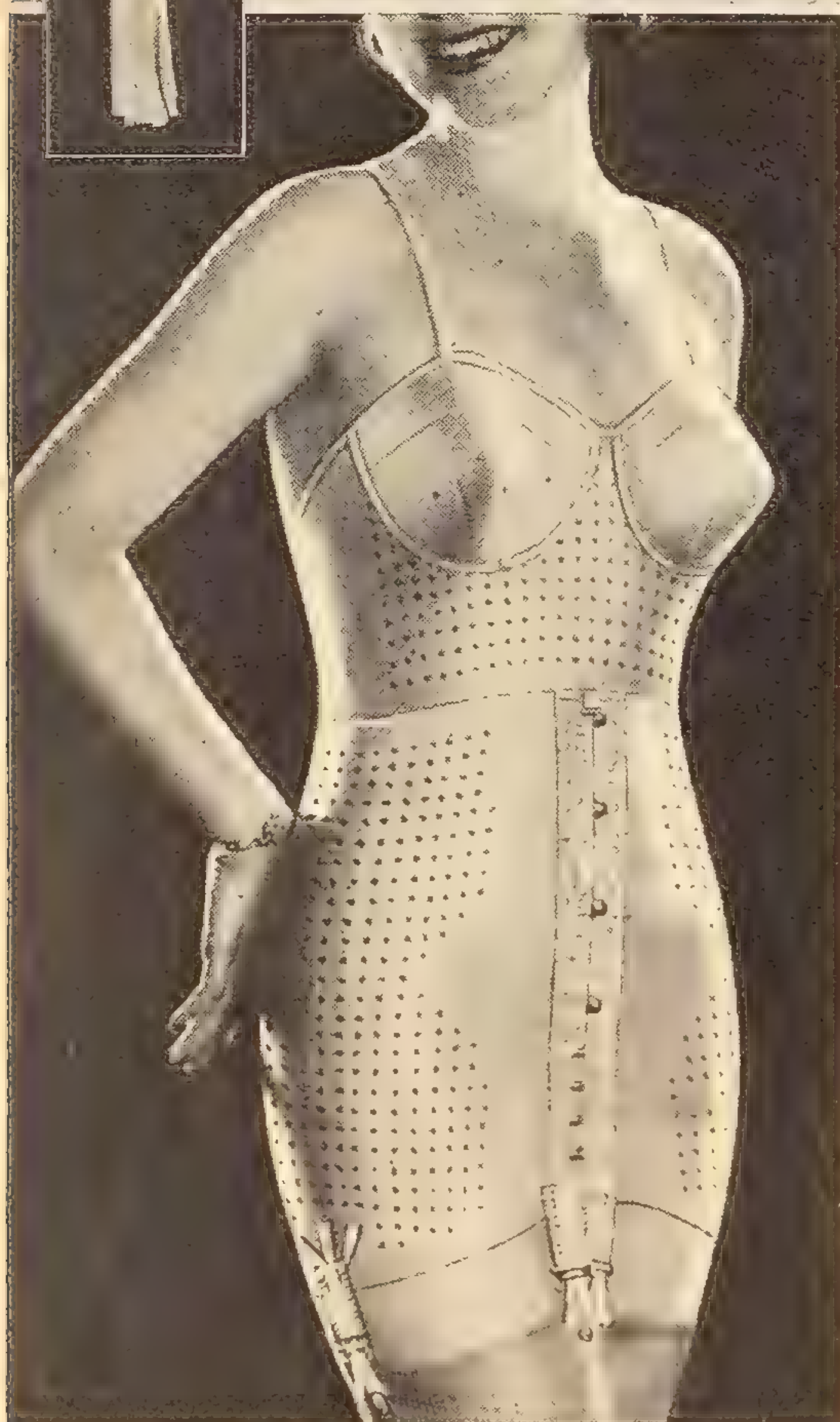
Follow the example of intelligent, value-seeking people everywhere. Make creamy, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy a habit for face, hands, bath.

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Good Housekeeping Bureau





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YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

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"**I** REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43
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"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll
..."The fat seems to have melted away"...
says Mrs. McSorley.

■ Such enthusiastic comments as these
from so many Perfolastic wearers assure
us that **YOU**, too, would be delighted
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a Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere. There-
fore, we want you to try them for 10 days
at our expense!

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action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with
every movement...stimulating the body
once more into energetic health!

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The "New Deal" for Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 33)

dramatics and dancing, preparing herself for her debut as a leading lady under Charlie's direction. The silence of the tomb, so long observed on the Chaplin premises, has been shattered recently by the set-building that has started with promise of unusual pre-tentiousness.

A Hint about His Picture

SECRETLY, Chaplin has been getting an enormous amount of background material for his picture. It is to be an industrial subject: He has shot views of strikers, bread lines, food riots, workmen at lunch-time, workmen going to work, interiors of automobile, furniture and other factories. He has accumulated a mass of this stock material. Perhaps he could have borrowed huge gobs of it from other studios, but Charlie is always independent. He wants his own particular photographic angle on each scene; it must be truly individual. Hence he works apart and alone always.

This is to be Chaplin's great effort. He virtually told me that; and whether or not he will make another picture in which he, himself, will star is a question. He is, however, seriously considering the production of a talkie, which he will direct and which will be planned, probably, to cause as much of a revolution as "A Woman of Paris" did in screen technique when it was produced. You may recall that in that feature Chaplin achieved a new note of simplicity in story-telling, and that he conveyed much by subtle suggestion, especially in dealing with the implied relationship between the two principal characters (played by Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance). The manner in which Menjou removed intimate belongings from the heroine's dresser drawer was considered to be very daring at the time.

Chaplin feels that his new silent comedy must compete with all the power of the talkies. "Talk has made the screen more vital," he told me recently. "I think that most talkies fall far short of their possibilities, but in increasing the vitality and reality of the screen the spoken word has been revolutionary and I am not unaware of this.

"We have taken that added power into account in our scenario for my new film. We will use sound; wonderful effects can be secured with sound alone. It is an added accent, and can lend dramatic or comedy emphasis to the scene. I still personally prefer to use it in an abstract way." (You may remember how well Chaplin did use it in that way in the mumbled speech in the first scene of "City Lights" and in the one in which he swallowed a whistle.) "I still definitely believe in the art of the silent picture," he continued, "as something separate and distinct from the audible production. It is more difficult to make a silent film to-day, but it *can* be done.

Preparation—Not Inspiration

"WE are taking no chances about preparations. I am not going to rely upon inspiration on the set. We have mapped out the story completely. We will have a shooting script and a script for the camera. Every detail is to be worked out. The need for economy in making the picture dictates this. We are undertaking a feature that is going to be far more elaborate and expensive than usual. Many of the scenes will have huge crowds of people. We must know in advance exactly what they are to do. Our settings will be larger and more costly, and must all be built according to exact specifications. Everything is to be highly systematized."

It is strange to hear such words uttered by Charlie Chaplin—who has said in the past: "I like to know the end of a picture, where I am going, but not too much about how I will get there. What is just beyond the next hill does not necessarily interest me; I like to know the surprise of discovery." Which would explain why he so often ceased work during the making of a picture, sometimes for weeks; stopped for hours of thought and meditation during the most industrious times, and indulged in other digressions that were considered erratic. He has been known to walk out and leave a whole set full of people for what seemed like an interminable time. Maybe days, if they had waited. It was all due to the budding of some grand new idea.

The system of preparation in advance is so absolutely new in his case that it is baffling. Only once before, to my best recollection, did he ever attempt a film with a full-fledged scenario, and that was "The Idle Class." Incidentally, I don't believe he was ever very keen about that short picture, because it was specially written for him. You may remember that in the film he played a dual rôle—a well-tailored Chaplin without disguise on the one hand, and the derby-hat-bamboo-cane-and-baggy-clothes Chaplin on the other. While he did not like that scenario-pretended picture, he is enthusiastic about the scripty brain-child that he so carefully and meticulously has nurtured, himself.

Chaplin is secretive about the plot of his picture, but it is known that he will become a successful industrialist during one portion. From what I hear, he will even be a sort of wonder of finance, organization and manufacturing, though remaining the comedy character. Much machinery will be utilized in the film, and Chaplin asserts he will deal with it humorously. He will probably install fantastic equipment in a factory that will turn out automobiles at the rate of one a minute, and with the pressure of a button. In the end he will be caught in the whirlpool of an industrial upheaval.

Gibes at Big Business

ONE surmises that he is going to do a lot of satirizing of the machine age, and that his picture will be a light commentary on everything from the N. R. A. down to clock-punching. He'll probably send a gibe or two at big business and capitalism, but it won't be in a serious way. In this picture will be concentrated all of the thinking and meditating that Charlie has been doing as a result of his travels around the world. He has led an unusually quiet life since returning to Hollywood in 1932, and has been on a long mental excursion. His last picture, as you know, was released early in 1931.

Then, too, there is Paulette Goddard's influence—the brightest that has ever come into his life. The reiterated rumor that they are married now takes this form—namely, that the ceremony actually did occur at sea, and that the license is filed in England. It was all supposed to have been arranged by a prominent friend of Chaplin's in the legal profession. But whether they're wed or not, no announcement concerning the marriage will be made until the picture is completed, and you can look for it right then.

Miss Goddard has grown steadily more attractive. She has made herself highly proficient in a variety of cultural respects. There are great expectations for her future as an actress if she wants to prove herself in that way. Chaplin's leading women have never been too fortunate after they have left the fold, but she is expected to be the

bright exception. It is doubtful, though, if she will go on with her career when she becomes Mrs. Chaplin . . . *officially*.

What effect romance will have on Chaplin in his picture is going to be the fascinating thing to observe. He is more content to-day than he has ever been. He feels that this is to be the great period of his life. He is forty-five now, and views this time as one of highest productiveness, of glowing mental concentration. Life is beginning for him anew!

He's Living for To-day

CHARLIE even views changes in the outside world with a certain supreme calm, although still as intense as ever about them. He is concerned with only to-day. When someone made the suggestion recently that he should play in a Shakespearian comedy, he expressed the feeling that the play was too archaic—not necessarily for the stage, but for himself. "If I went on the stage, I would want to do something thoroughly modern; there is too much of overwhelming interest in life to-day to go back to the past," he said. "How foolish of the films to go back to Dickens, for instance, when there is so much alive and vital to-day to be dealt with. Why, why, go to the past?"

"The public wants to know what the future holds. Are we coming completely out of a capitalistic régime? Is Bolshevism on the horizon? What's coming? We're changing vastly; that's a certainty. There's Utopianism. It is being viewed with curiosity, mixed with apprehension, by the older forces. They wonder what it is, what's behind it. Is it Bolshevism in some new form, sugar-coated? You can see that attitude reflected in the press and elsewhere. They're puzzled by it.

"They're all watching Russia, too. They want to know what its influence is going to mean eventually in the world's history. Will it be the power that is going to bring about change? I doubt that, but points in various systems that are being suggested go back to this common source when they are analyzed—the same principles of freedom, say, for the soldiery that were enunciated at the beginning of the Russian revolution.

Wonders What Leisure Will Do

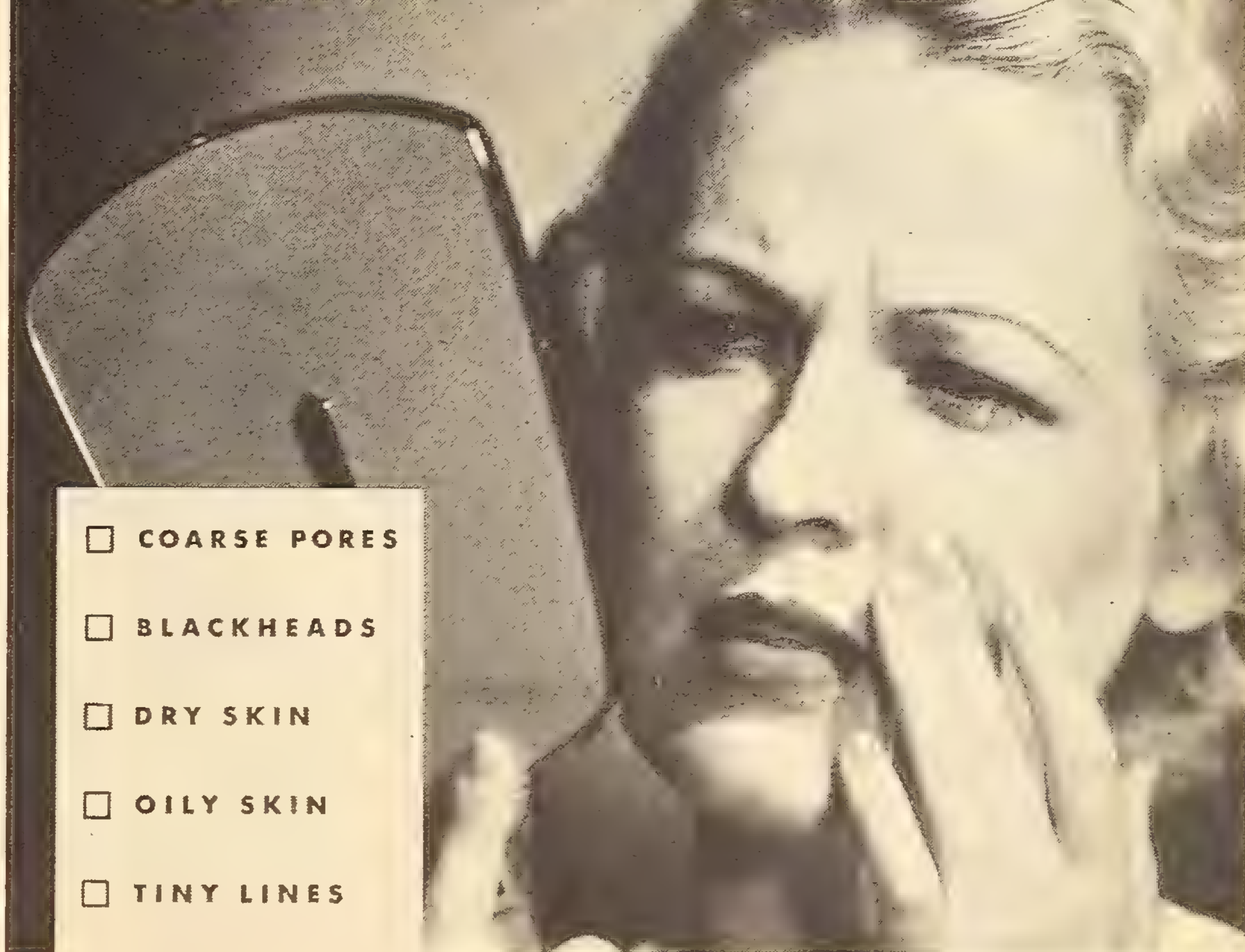
"WHAT will the granting of more leisure time that is aimed at in so many systems result in? Will it produce more art and culture, or less? Fear has been the great driving force under the capitalistic régime. It eventuated in a highly competitive system, and art thrived under that system. Still, leisure has possibilities, too. It will afford more time to concentrate on the artistic, on creativeness. It may be ideal. On the other hand, it may result in inertia. Work inspires work. Activity stimulates activity. We cannot lose that spirit either. It would be a very unfruitful outcome if leisure merely produced idleness and nothing else."

Chaplin takes no part in any movement, nor is he on any side. He is the observer of what goes on in the world, bent on absorbing it all into his consciousness, so that he may express these larger cosmic influences in his work.

Chaplin keeps close to the public, even though he hides from it. He is always acutely aware of what is going on *to-day* and *now*. He has his own perspective, his particular bird's-eye viewpoint on the whole scheme of civilization, yet he is truly unaffected by it and remains himself.

Therefore, in his new comedy you will see both the new Chaplin, the product of his many observations and thoughts, and yet the same Chaplin you have long known. In many ways it holds more promise, I would say, than anything that he has made—since "The Gold Rush," at least.

✓CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE



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☐ BLACKHEADS

☐ DRY SKIN

☐ OILY SKIN

☐ TINY LINES

☐ SALLOW SKIN

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● By *Lady Esther*

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"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but *not* the subsurface. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

Everything but the Right Thing!

In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

A Penetrating Face Cream!

Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

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fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

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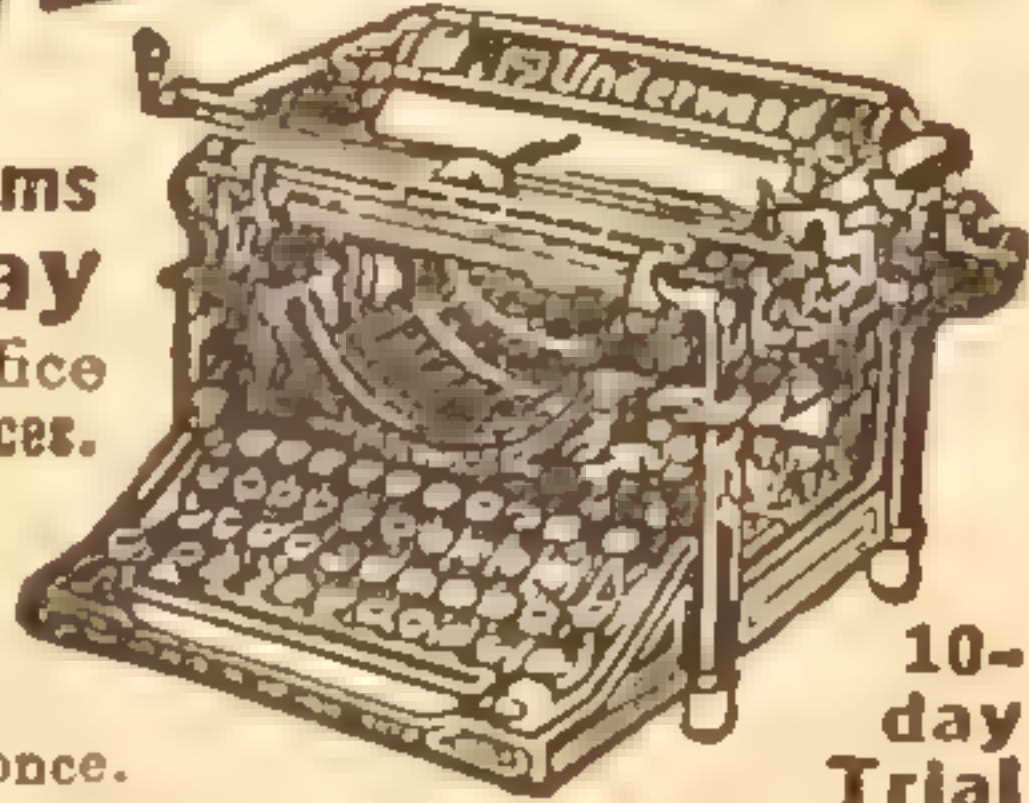
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Hollywood's Big Surprise —Ketti Gallian

(Continued from page 62)

was long, so," measuring to her shoulder. "It was white, but now it is short and darker because that is better for the camera. My teeth have been straightened because the camera likes teeth all even.

"My weight—I was so fat. Of course, I was not fat like this"—puffing out her cheeks. "But I weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and ten pounds, so I will look slim for the camera. I cannot eat the things I like. I must starve myself. I must take exercise. All for the camera. When I finish this picture I am going to give myself a big banquet and eat everything! . . . My eyebrows are changed. I have learned to sing and dance. I have learned to speak English. No, I am not Ketti any more."

It seems almost unbelievable that one person could accomplish so much in seven months. But this is the way she did it:

"I arose at six o'clock every morning," she explained. "My masseuse was waiting to give me exercises and a pounding. At seven o'clock the hairdresser came. I had to have my hair dressed every day because they were making new tests of me, trying new ways of arranging it and also trying out the color. At eight o'clock I had to be at the studio, where my 'professeur' was waiting for me."

Her "professeur" is Margaret Knapp, a well-known New York actress, who has been Ketti's constant companion since her arrival in Hollywood. She has taught her to read and speak English, and coached her in her lines for the picture.

Her Crowded Hours

"AT the studio," Ketti continued, "I had to be made up. Every day they experimented with different kinds of make-up. I made new tests and looked at the tests I had made the day before. I spent two hours with a dancing teacher; I took a singing lesson; and I spent two hours every day at the dentist's.

"Every night I had to go to a picture show. Miss Knapp went with me and at first she had to interpret the dialogue for me. Now I understand everything that is said to me, but I cannot yet speak everything. During my spare time, if I had any, I listened to the radio in order to learn American intonation and pronunciation. English is so difficult!"

You wouldn't imagine that little Ketti had time to become lonely, but she insists that she suffered terribly.

"Mr. Sheehan wanted me to meet many people, as I would have more opportunity to hear and speak English, so I went to parties. But I couldn't understand what they said and every night I cried myself to sleep. I decided to tell Mr. Sheehan that I was too lonesome, that I must go home. Every morning, when I went to the studio, I asked to see Mr. Sheehan so that I could tell him. But when I got into his office, he would always begin to talk about the picture—about how wonderful it would be—about my success. Pretty soon I would be just as enthusiastic as he was and I would think, 'I'll tell him tomorrow about going home.'

Ended Loneliness by a Ruse

"BUT one day I told Mr. Sheehan that I must have my mother here with me or I couldn't stand it another minute. He said my mother couldn't come because he didn't want me to have anyone to speak French with. I told him my mother could speak English and, finally, he let me send for her and she came. I thought I would have time to teach her a few words before

he saw her, but he insisted on seeing her right away and when he talked to her, she couldn't understand a thing he said."

Ketti laughed as she described Mr. Sheehan's surprise to learn that he had been fooled.

"You'll have to go to San Francisco and stay until you learn English," he stormed. But Ketti stepped in with a woman's best weapon—tears—and Mr. Sheehan relented. Madame Capot agreed to learn English immediately and Ketti promised to speak no French to her mother.

"Now she speaks English very well," Ketti told me proudly.

But even having her mother with her has not entirely prevented Ketti from being a little bit homesick. She longs to see La Belle France again, her friends, her sister and has been promised a month's vacation so that she can go home for a little holiday.

"But an astrologer told me I would be so busy, making pictures, after I finish 'Marie Galante' that I wouldn't go home for ever so long."

(She is scheduled to begin work almost immediately on "Hell in the Heavens"—the picture version of "The Ace"—co-starring with Warner Baxter.)

How She Got Her Start

EDUCATED in a convent, Ketti had little thought of a stage career until she went to Paris to visit relatives, who introduced her to professional people. Eventually she was given an opportunity to understudy Davia, a leading Paris *vedette*, who was appearing at the Theatre des Capucines. She watched the star's performance every night from the wings. She learned the rôle letter-perfect. She mimicked every gesture and mannerism of the star. Then came a night when Davia was stricken ill and Ketti played the part—played it so well she received an ovation from the audience and the compliments of the manager.

This success at mimicry prompted her to seek appointment to the Conservatoire, where artists for the great national theatres of France are taught. It was there that the London producer found her and put her in "The Ace," which played to packed houses for months at the Lyric Theatre in London. She had learned her rôle by rote, not understanding a word of what she was saying, but she was the hit of the show. It was there that Mr. Sheehan, on his annual talent hunt, spied her and knew he had found his *Marie Galante*.

She is happier now. She can see the results of her day's work in the rushes every evening. She has her mother with her in a lovely Beverly Hills home. She has practically everything that motion picture stars cry for.

She doesn't like the big, burly guard, whom Mr. Sheehan hired to protect her, and who walks up and down in front of her home day and night—"but he is necessaire," she admits philosophically. It is difficult for her to imagine that she might be in danger from kidnapers, but she accepts it as a part of the game.

Since her arrival in Hollywood she has been surrounded by secrecy. No writer could get near her; not a portrait of her was given out until her first picture was in production. The reasons are now obvious. She couldn't speak English, which prevented her from giving interviews. And the pictures of her as she looked a few months ago wouldn't have been pictures of the Ketti Gallian you will see in "Marie Galante."

And there you have Ketti Gallian—the girl who is Hollywood's big surprise of 1934!

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 14)

would consent to loan him as a leading man for Garbo's "Painted Veil." The home studio wanted to make sure that Brent would not suffer any accident that would hold up production of the film planned for him upon his return. M-G-M agreed to the terms. Brent was prohibited from playing polo and all the other sports in which he might be injured. Due precautions were taken and the insurance policy granted.

The second week of shooting, a mysterious plane hovered over the studio at odd moments of the day. Investigations were ordered and the aviator proved to be Brent. They had forgotten to tell him that flying is dangerous . . . Brent, by the way, under his real name of George Nolan, recently took out American citizenship papers.

How to Lose a Movie Job

BARBARA PEPPER was a Goldwyn chorus girl before she was given a leading rôle in King Vidor's "Our Daily Bread." When time came to start "Kid Millions," the new Eddie Cantor film, Miss Pepper was informed she was a chorus girl again.

In the daily rushes of one of the big chorus numbers, all the girls were shown smiling in the approved manner of chorines. All save one. She wore a pout and a frown. The scene had to be retaken . . . Now, Barbara Pepper doesn't work there any more.

Doubling for Bing Crosby

BING CROSBY was threatened with appendicitis just before starting his new Paramount picture, "Here Is My Heart." By X-ray it was proved that he was in no immediate danger, so production started. Then they couldn't find Bing's stand-in. He was finally located in a hospital. You're right. He had had his appendix out.

Which reminds me that Joe E. Brown has asked for a mouth-in.

Love Will Find a Way

TAKING the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" troupe on location, the company made definite restrictions against having any women in the camp, because of the large number of unpredictable East Indians playing natives. But four miles away is the Lake Malibu Lodge. There was registered Sandra Shaw Cooper, Gary's bride of less than a year.

Another Silly Feud

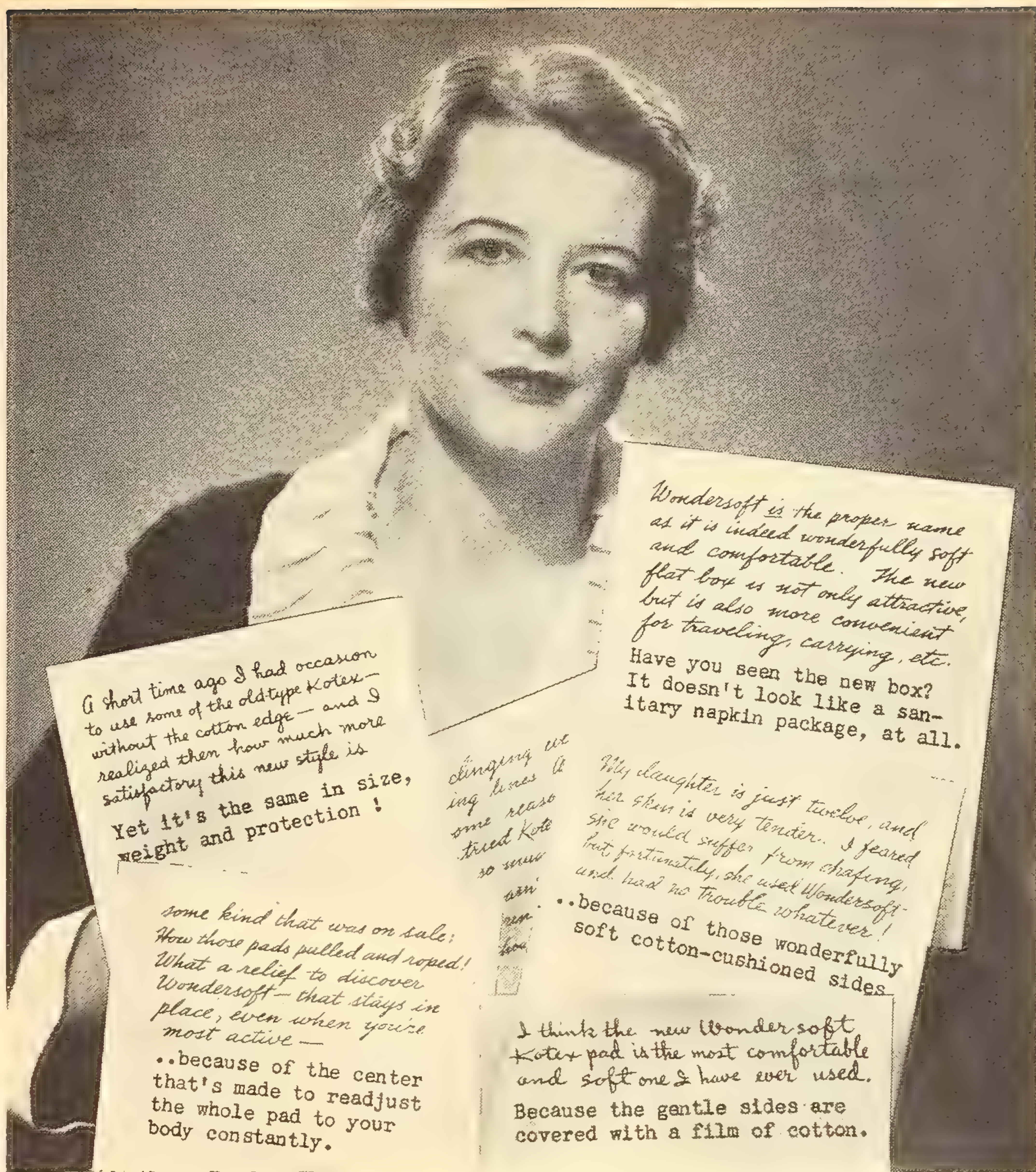
A FEUD has been brewing between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers ever since they appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" and it broke out for fair (or foul) during the recent production of "The Gay Divorce," now "The Gay Divorcée." Astaire refused to go to the gallery to have portraits made with Ginger unless RKO paid him for his time. No charge to the studio for portraiture alone. But full salary if Ginger were in the same still picture. No one knows why, except Fred—and (maybe) Ginger.

Just Plane Luck

HIRING an airplane to take "The Merry Widow" for a secret preview in Oakland, executives and members of the company ran into difficulties. It seems that the plane was limited by law to a freight capacity of twenty-five hundred pounds. The pilot looked over the group of passengers and demanded that they be weighed.

Obligingly, Irving Thalberg (the producer), Norma Shearer (his wife), Jeanette MacDonald (the *Widow*), Robert Ritchie

(Continued on page 89)



Illustrations and text copy, 1934, Kotex Co.

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Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"



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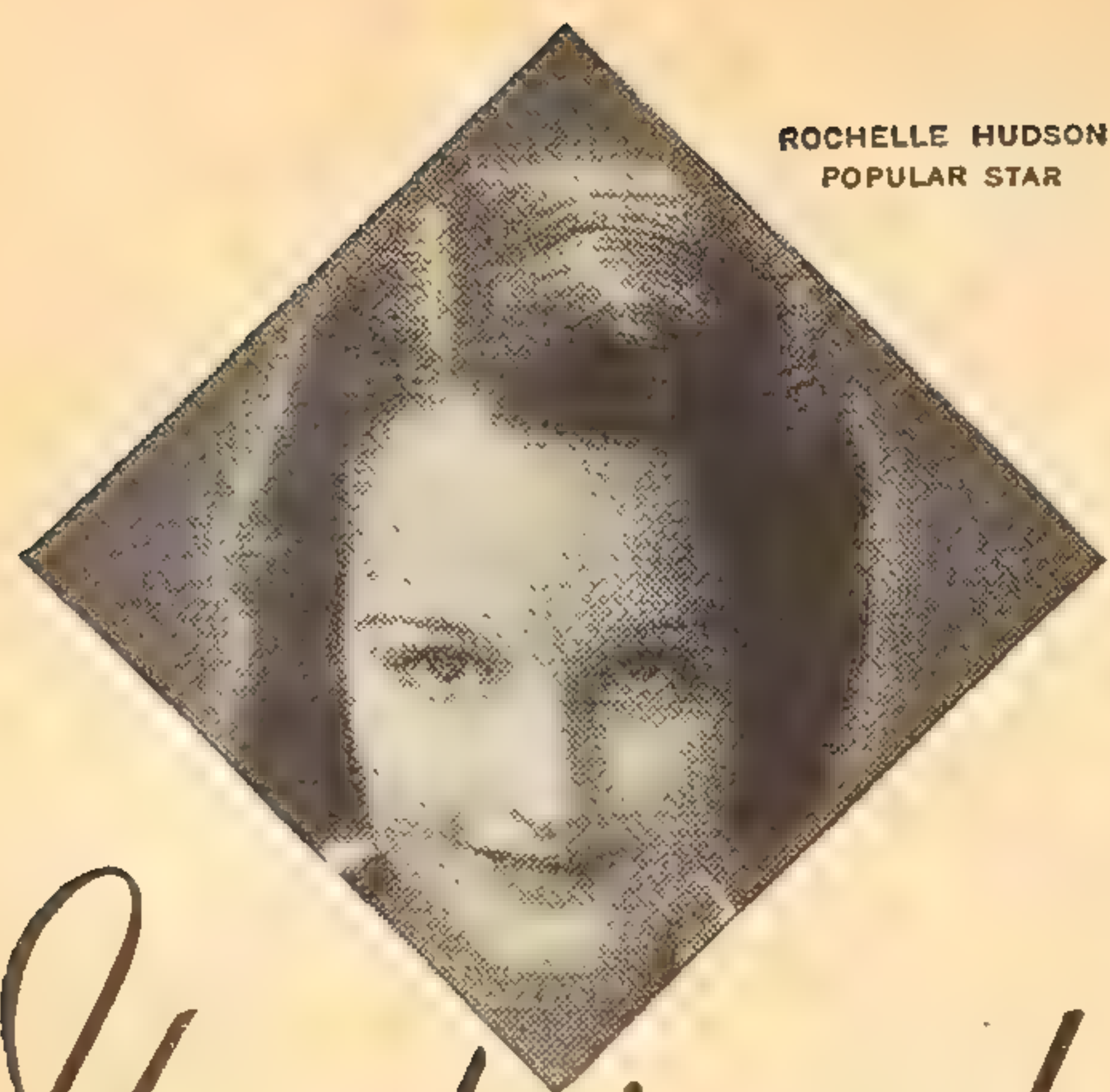
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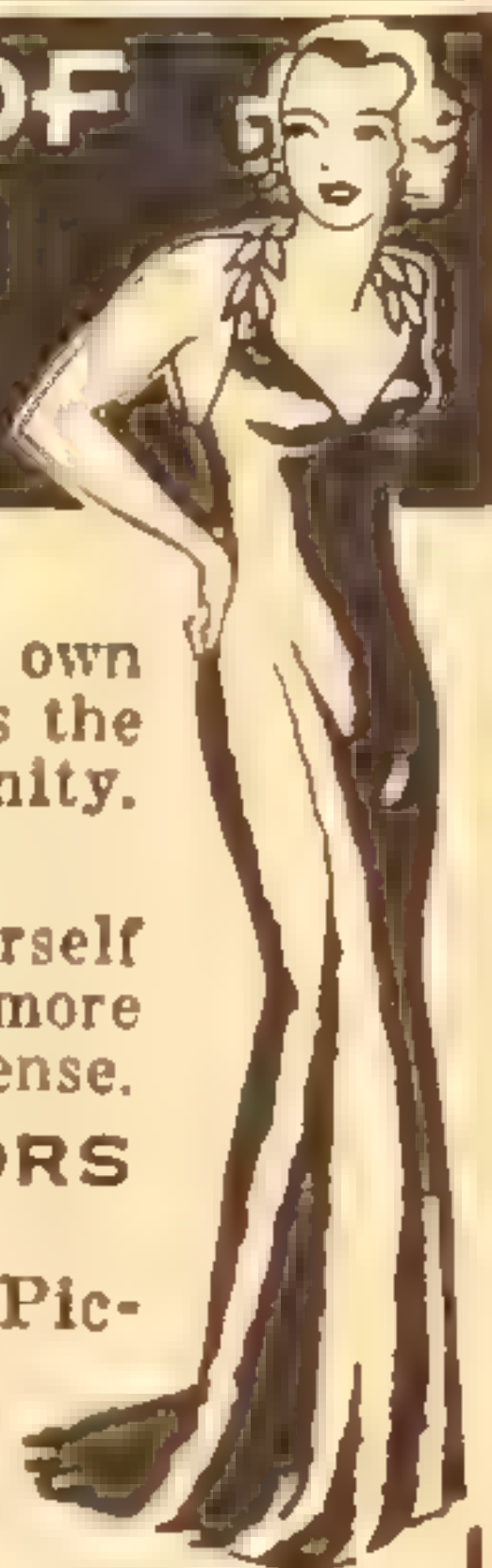
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Often Deaf, But Not So Dumb —June Knight

(Continued from page 66)

favorite song, "Love for Sale." They warned her: "With that voice, you won't even be able to give it away."

"We'll see about that," she snapped back (her hair was red in those days). "Just get somebody to play it for me."

She sang that song—and the following week it was added to their act in the theatre. Two weeks later it was heard by Ziegfeld's scouts and on the strength of it, and her dancing, June was signed up for "Girl Crazy."

On another occasion she told Carl Laemmle, Jr., production head at Universal, that she thought she should have a chance to sing in his prospective production of "Show Boat," thus casting herself in the most sought-after part in pictures, and one that Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald and all the best singing stars of the films have been eyeing for the past two years.

"But, June," protested Junior, "you're a dancer—not a singer."

"You ought to read my contract," suggested the nervy little blonde, who, incidentally, had insisted that her contract be re-written twice, in order that it should specify her as an actress, a dancer and a singer.

Junior, still not convinced that he had a second Jenny Lind in his fold, laughed off her demands, and adroitly changed the subject—a system that usually works perfectly for movie producers. In this case, however, he had reckoned without June. A couple of days later her snow-white car, locally known as the "flying refrigerator," was parked under his window, and he was being serenaded with an accordion and all of Miss Knight's singing personality.

Always Ready for That Break

"I COULDN'T take a piano over there," June explained to me, "so I did the best I could with my accordion. I keep that accordion handy, because I never know just when I'll have a chance to show what I can do."

June's hopes and schemes were not all centered around Junior, either. She had other worlds to conquer. For instance, she felt it would be nice to sing a song in "Wake Up and Dream," the picture she just did with Russ Columbo, whose tragic death occurred only a few days after completion of the picture.

No song had been written into it for June, however, and the director wasn't aware of her vocal talents and aspirations. That is, for a while he wasn't. But that was a condition that could be remedied.

"God didn't give me a good pair of lungs for nothing," June told me. "I had always used them to yell for what I wanted—and now, with my tonsils out of the way, I was going to use them to sing for what I wanted. I didn't dare to sing on the stage when they were shooting, because that would be too easy to see through. So I waited until one day they were shooting outside, near my dressing-room."

"The instant my take was over, I rushed in there and started vocalizing. I hit high 'C' for them, and rang the scales and did a little bit from a couple of songs. Then somebody knocked at my door, and I went into the best song I had. I made them stay there until I had finished it, until they knew what I could do."

"And who was there, June?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know exactly—a supervisor, a couple of assistant directors, and the sound man. They said they couldn't hear their signal bells when I hit the high notes."

They were just a little mad—but they heard me sing, all right."

No, June isn't suffering from an inferiority complex.

Often Deaf, But Never Dumb

"I'M not over-burdened with worldly experience and wisdom," says June, "but I've learned that nine-tenths of the formula for getting ahead consists of not being able to hear the word 'No.' They may 'Yes' you to death once you reach the top, but the way up is surely paved with 'No's'—'No's' that you musn't hear, if you want to succeed."

"Anyhow, that's what I believe—because I got it from a good authority. I once heard one of the biggest producers in the country predict failure for a fine actor, because he was willing to take 'No' for an answer. 'I didn't mean "No" when I said it to that fellow,' this producer explained, 'but I meant it as soon as I discovered he would take that for an answer. If he can be discouraged that easily, I don't want him in a show of mine.'

"I'll never forget what that producer said," added June. "Right then and there I made up my mind that I was going to have the grit to fight for what I wanted. The spunk to want something, the nerve to dare to try for it, and the grit to stay with it—that's the combination I've prayed for ever since I was a kid."

And does this girl really mean what she says, and has she lived up to her claims—or is she just talking big for effect?

There are three outstanding facts regarding her known to everyone familiar with her past experiences. *First*, that she is perhaps the hardest worker in Hollywood—sharing with Jean Muir and Joan Crawford the reputation of being at it, every waking hour. *Second*, that misfortune and plain hard luck have dogged her from the cradle. *Third*, that she will tackle anything, and can take it and take it—and then take it some more. Without a shadow of doubt she has taken twice the punishment that fate has meted out to any other player of her age in pictures.

The old-time directors are unanimous in declaring her the perfect type for a serial heroine, as she will attempt anything, and carry on in spite of everything. So it's lucky for June that serials aren't popular these days, or she would probably kill herself in one.

Pain Can't Stop Her

AT the time I visited June on the set, and later took a flying luncheon with her in the studio dining room, she had been out of the hospital two weeks (a record for her, many people claim). That particular day, she was sitting on the back of a truck with Roger Pryor and ill-fated Russ Columbo, and taking a steady bumping that was designed to give the effect of riding over a rough road. Her recent operation had been for adhesions, resulting from a previous operation for appendicitis, and she was under doctors' orders not to do anything strenuous for weeks. Between smiles, she had to grit her teeth.

But that didn't stop June from carrying on, any more than a series of sicknesses, including double pneumonia, scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken-pox, mastoiditis and infantile paralysis stopped her from being leading lady in a juvenile theatrical company at the age of nine, and in big-time vaudeville at thirteen. In fact, June explains, it was to overcome the effects of

infantile paralysis and weak lungs that the doctors prescribed dancing for little Margaret Rose Valliquette at the age of three years.

"This dancing led to my future work," says June, "and to my first big tragedy. I was only twelve when I started to work in a prologue at the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles. I'll never forget that engagement, because Rudolph Valentino was appearing there in connection with his picture, 'The Son of the Sheik.'

"It was there that he had the accident that many claim was really responsible for his death. We were all on the stage, and Valentino started to go down the narrow stairs at the edge of the stage. He lost his balance, half-turned, and fell into the orchestra, right on top of the big bass violin. I was one of the first to reach him. The sharp top of the big violin had pierced his side. I helped pick him up.

"After that engagement I went on the road for Fanchon and Marco, and at thirteen I was head line-girl for them. Then came more vaudeville work, and my joining the dance team of Holland and Knight, and taking the name of June Knight. While I was dancing at the 'Cocoanut Grove' and appearing in vaudeville, I was also dance-doubling in the movies. I doubled for Sally Eilers in the Dunn and Eilers picture, 'Dance Team,' and for Greta Garbo in her dance scenes in 'Mata Hari.'"

"All in a Lifetime"

DURING the next three years June raced back and forth between California and New York and Florida, playing in vaudeville and appearing in such shows as "Girl Crazy" and "Take a Chance," and in such pictures as "Ladies Must Live" and "Cross Country Cruise" and yet finding time to appear at the World's Fair and be elected Queen of the American Legion. Also, she found time to step back into her rôle as champion hard-luck girl with a severe attack of laryngitis and three operations—one for appendicitis, another for the removal of four impacted wisdom teeth and the third to take out a pair of badly infected tonsils. And according to the records, she was only twenty-one last January.

Outside of her childhood troubles and an emergency operation for adhesions (which jerked her out of the lead in "Romance in the Rain" and put Heather Angel in her place) and the incidentals mentioned above, June has never really had anything the matter with her.

Yet, in spite of how old Dame Hard-Luck camps persistently in her front yard, June Knight is probably the most optimistic and ambitious girl in Hollywood. Her whole life is made up of what she is going to do next—and what she is going to accomplish in pictures.

"I've been carved like a Thanksgiving turkey," grins June. "But it's all in a lifetime, and now there's not much else left to happen to me, and I'll probably reach a ripe old age with nothing more than a toothache to worry me. And you can lay your last dollar that I'm not going to tread softly for fear of what might happen. I'm going to be so busy getting the things I want that from now on I won't have time to be sick."

Two of those things June already has: a fine part in "Wake Up and Dream," and a millionaire boy-friend. Paul Ames, Stephen's brother, is seldom out of June's sight—or *vice versa*. Whether it is on the lot where June is working or out in Paul's lovely beach home, you'll find this young couple working and playing together—planning June's future and sharing her present.

And Paul supervises everything, from June's diet to her fan mail. Anyhow, they have a great time together—and June's success is their mutual goal.

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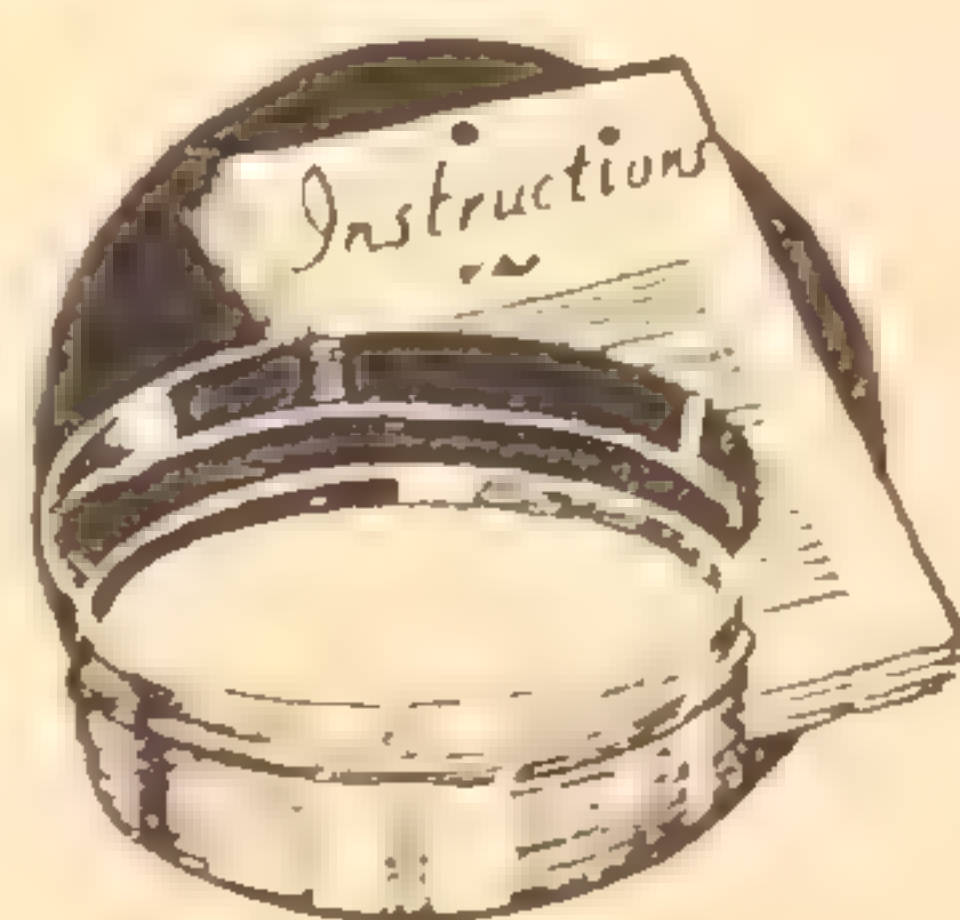


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JOAN MORGAN, Dept. K-11
6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York

"If I Were King of Hollywood—"

(Continued from page 63)

Why-of-Things' right off the royal list of headaches. I'd issue an Edict:—'There IS no Why-of-Things!'

"Then I'd kill off all my competitors who don't give people anything to laugh at except wisecracks that someone else thought up for them. This might seem like I'd be a crool sovereign, sort of Romanoffish or stand-offish or something. Well, mebbe. But what's the use of being a King if you can't execute your rivals? Don't they all? At any rate, and at the least, I'd exile 'em to Siberia, where full many a wisecracker would languish under a bushel of chin whiskers and have nothing to keep the wolves from his door except wisecracks. If Hitler were still in power, I'd consider making Eddie Cantor the Ambassador to Germany. Boy, would that appointment make a hit! I'd order Will Rogers to turn Republican. Or may be I'd order all the Republicans to become Will Rogerses.

"I'd drown all the female comics, taking my cue from China, where *all* females are considered potential comics—and aren't given champagne to drown in, either. The Chinese have the right idea. The only one I'd spare would be Zasu Pitts.

"I'd set a trap for Mickey Mouse 'cause he's cuttin' in on my publicity and then I'd commandeer his salary and raise my own by several thou' a week. By so edicting, the exchequer would grow apace. I'd adopt Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins and David Holt and live on the revenues of the child labor thereof.

"I'd give fifty lashes to every man, woman and child who didn't laugh at me in 'Shoot the Works' and I'd have laughing machines installed in every theatre where my pictures are shown. They'd be geared to laugh only when I was on the silver sheet.

Would Make Comfort Compulsory

"I'd put all the boys like Gable and Powell and Kruger and Chevalier in sweat-shirts and they'd feel comfortable and look it.

"I'd call a special session of Parliament and appeal to the masses to silence by cutlasses, stink-bombs and other suitable methods all blonde stars who say 'Hulloa, everybody, wish you were here' over the mike at premy-aies.

"I wouldn't let any beauties hide behind smoked glasses—not even to protect themselves from autograph-hunters. Because there wouldn't be any signature-snatchers in my Utopian realm.

"I'd buy All Rights to Otto Kruger. I'd reduce Mae West's curves to straighter lines and thus make the world safe for dame-ocracy and okay for Oakie. I'd put Katy Hepburn on a fattening diet of suet, starch and cream. I'd shout, 'No, no, and a thousand times NO!' to Cecil B. DeMille, the Knight of the Bath.

"I'd have a swell palace. I'd take over the Harold Lloyd estate, Pickfair, one or two of Marion Davies' little residencias and run 'em all together like a chain of hotels. Then I'd buy up a few swimming pools and put Johnny Weissmuller in charge of 'em. I'd open a radio station and give the air only to those who don't need audiences to be entertaining. I'd have Bing Crosby to sing for me and I'd protect posterity by entailing his job on his sons. I'd spot Bing-Bing, instead of a radio, in a corner and keep him going day and night, without intermission.

"I wouldn't live in my palace. I'd go down to Lew Cody's place, where I always felt at home, and buy that. I'd keep the

court in perpetual mourning for Lew, and Lil Tashman and Marie Dressler and Dorothy Dell, if I were King.

Mae Could Queen It

"I'D make Mae West my Queen. Yes sir, Mae would be sittin' right up there 'longside o' me and I'd rake a broadside at any rival King who looked Queenwise—and that would go for Winchell, too. Yes'm, Mae would be right there on the throne, wearin' the diamonds and the ermine (which I wouldn't have to buy because she has 'em already) and feelin' right at home. And how I'd feel would be the King's business and none of your proletariat nosiness. I wouldn't even tell a magazine writer!

"I'd make some moom pitchers, too, just to keep my hand in, and I'd do the things I really want to do—the farm-boy parts like 'Elmer the Great' and others. I'd have Claudette Colbert as my leading lady in every picture I'd make—I'd have her for the huggin' and kissin' parts—and I'd cast Mary Brian as my perpetual ingénue. I'd take a fling at the theatre, too, and those that didn't pick up their rain-checks would be pickin' up their heads.

"I would issue a proclamation against having folks ask me why I'm late for this or that appointment. I'm running out of excuses and, besides, I'm Tired of It All. I'd abolish clocks, wrist-watches, bridge games, backgammon, ping-pong, potato races, Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey and other Hollywood sports and just relax.

"I'd have a bar installed on every set in every studio in this, my realm of Hollywood, and I'd have Gary Cooper, W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby as attendants, with Lee Tracy as official bouncer.

"I'd give Spencer Tracy—my buddy in 'Looking for Trouble'—a big build-up and keep him busy giving command performances. That guy can't give a bad performance and always gives a good one.

Fields Would Be the Jester

"I'D appoint Bill Fields as my Court Jester, if I were King. I'd have him on hand with his cigar boxes and tennis balls and let him juggle away the cares of State. I'd have breakfast with W. C. every morning because when you go to his house in the morning and say you haven't had breakfast, he always leads the way right to the bar and says, 'Step right in—I'm thirsty, too.'

"I'd appoint Stu Erwin as my Most Privy Counselor. I'd appoint Toby Wing as my social secretary—my date 'fixer.' I'd make my mother the Dowager Queen and I'd still be the Jack of Hearts who stole the cookies!

"I'd make two takes of every scene I do on the screen and only two and any director who made mention of a third—him I'd take for a ride. I'd keep on working because it is my dream to make good pictures for to please the kiddies with.

"I'd get married and have heirs and heiresses to the throne. For less than the presentation of royal quintuplets, to the Tower would my good Queen go. I'd page Charlie Laughton and order him to summon the royal executioner, yclept Boris Karloff.

"I'd marry Mary Brian if she didn't marry Dick Powell. I've often said to Mary, 'Look here, why don't you marry me and become the mother of a genius?'

"Yea, verily—if I were King of Hollywood, I'd be the Good King John in this year of our Lordly Producers, 1934—OAKIE, REX."

From West to Westerns

(Continued from page 31)

who glorified a soap. Her picture in a thousand different poses and in a hundred different magazines, newspapers and posters, strengthened the national parental morale when it came to "Wash your neck and ears and don't forget your elbows!" Nothing could be cleaner than a cake of soap as background for a career. Against the alluridness of parts played by silken sirens, Madge Evans didn't have a chance at stardom.

Now the tables are turned, and, as the silken sirens' careers (momentarily, at least) go into eclipse, M-G-M is enthusiastically starring Madge Evans.

Gail Patrick's experience is similar to that of Miss Evans'. She is talented and beautiful, with the charm of a nice sorority girl, typical of most of the kid sisters of America. But America would give a hoot of derision if its kid sister donned grease-paint and attempted to portray the gentle art of man-baiting in competition with *Diamond Lil*. So Gail had the heart-breaking experience of playing comparatively small parts until finally Paramount failed to take up her option, and her place in the cinematic scheme of things seemed lost definitely. Now, "Goodness has everything to do with it, dearie," and she has been yanked back from oblivion and given a long-term contract.

It's An Ill Wind That—

GOOD luck in Hollywood for one person nearly always means disaster for someone else. Any change in this ever-changing town means tragedy, and usually it is undeserved tragedy for someone. There are a number of stars, perfectly sedate and conventional in their private lives, who have risen to the top on the appeal of highly colored tales. These women are *actresses*. They can play types entirely foreign to themselves, and make them convincing because they possess that intangible something called glamour, or sex appeal. The public is accustomed to seeing these actresses portray parts of a certain type. It is not likely that all of them will be so intriguing in rôles scrubbed lily-white. And there is small room for them in the Western series.

Imagine Jean Harlow riding range! Picture Norma Shearer reduced to the negative rôle of heroine in a nice, clean, football film! Feature Constance Bennett roping a bucking bronco! Or Mae West as a lonesome cowgirl who could look at the moon till the cows come home!

It can't be done.

Not that these glamorous gals couldn't give good performances, but even the brilliant make-up artists of Hollywood cannot make them look like Cactus Kates. Take a moment off, and try to visualize the stars whose stock-in-trade is glamour, and who never have stepped foot off a set, all rigged out in pants and boots, jolted around on horses, bitten by mosquitoes, and stung by wind and dust merely for the sake of art and clean pictures. Think of Marlene Dietrich in a cowboy story. You just can't lean against a horse.

No Tom Mixes in This Group

THEN consider the plight of William Powell, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery, and Leslie Howard. What figures these suave gentlemen would cut in "chaps" and ten-gallon sombreros, riding hell-bent for election after those mean old rustlers, Maurice Chevalier, Edward Everett Horton, Dick Powell and Frank Morgan. Obviously, these valuable contract players cannot participate in the great back-to-the-range movement now taking place on the polished desks of Hollywood executives.

(Continued on page 87)



OUT COMES YOUR LOVELIEST SMILE when your teeth lose the 7 stains

A MAN just isn't human if he doesn't respond to a lovely smile . . .

And a great big part of the loveliness of any smile is—white, sparkling teeth.

"I know that," you may say, "but my teeth are naturally dull."

Listen closely—here's grand news.

Dull teeth *aren't* "naturally dull." They're merely *stained*—and tests show that Colgate's Dental Cream, with its two cleansing actions, removes all stains and leaves teeth beautifully white and gleaming!

How teeth become stained

Science now knows that everything you eat and drink and smoke stains your teeth! Seven different kinds of stains, in all.

At first, these stains are no more than tiny deposits, invisible to the naked eye. But if not removed completely, they gradually "build up" into a definite dullness—hiding

the real beauty of your teeth!

Why Colgate's can succeed where others fail

The trouble with many toothpastes is that they leave some stains behind. But try Colgate's—the toothpaste that's especially made to remove all 7. Unlike most toothpastes, Colgate's has two distinct actions—not just one. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, and in addition, polishes teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Double Your Money Back If—

Try one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and *twice what you paid for the toothpaste*, plus postage, will be mailed to you.



READ FREE OFFER BELOW



WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER

depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City M.C.-11

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Joan Crawford—Good Samaritan

(Continued from page 32)

sought him out to confirm the facts that I had already gleaned, here, there and everywhere, he made me promise that I would not reveal his name. That's the promise that I am breaking.

A Promise Joan Made to Herself

LET'S turn back the clock. The time is 1926; the scene is a meagerly furnished doctor's office; the players are a young actress who is struggling for livelihood and recognition, and a young doctor, who is fighting for a foothold in his profession. Both are poor, ardent, and given to dreaming brave and beautiful dreams.

Watching the swift play of emotion that animates the girl's mobile features, the doctor remarks, calmly yet with emphasis: "Some day, you will be one of the brightest stars in pictures!"

Her face lights with pleasure, for she knows that in a town steeped in meaningless flattery, she has heard the expression of an honest conviction.

"If that prediction comes true—if ever I am a star," she replies, "I shall share my good fortune with those who need it. I want to do something worth while for people . . ."

The girl was Joan Crawford; the doctor was William Branch.

The years flew by, and both scaled the ladder of success. True to his prediction, Joan became a featured player, then a leading woman, and, finally, a star—certainly, one of the greatest in pictures. Meanwhile, his clientele grew by leaps and bounds; eventually, he became known as one of the outstanding physicians and surgeons on the Pacific Coast. Through the years, their friendship was firm. She sent him clients; he gave her understanding and advice.

But, with success, Dr. William Branch grew dissatisfied, self-critical. He repeatedly asked himself this question: "Am I going on forever, mollycoddling the rich for the sake of fat fees—or am I going to be an honest servant of humanity, giving my services without question of pay to anyone and everyone who needs me . . .?" Money—that was the stumbling block. He had not amassed wealth, despite his success. He could donate his time and his skill—but how could he pay for the hospitalization of his needy patients?

So They Started a Clinic

WHILE he pondered the question, Joan came to his office. "Do you remember the day, eight years ago, when you predicted I would be a star—and do you remember the promise I made then?" she asked. "I want to keep it now. I want the money that is being showered on me to benefit others. I want to centralize my charities. How can I do it?"

"Fine!" shouted Bill Branch. "We're going to start a clinic!"

And that's how Rooms 351 and 353 were born.

Dr. Branch donates his services; Joan pays all the hospital expense. The rooms are leased permanently from the Hollywood Hospital, and, at all times, are ready to receive patients. A third two-bed ward is to be added immediately.

No questions are asked regarding a patient's race, creed, social standing or wealth. Rooms 351 and 353 are waiting for ex-millionaires or for social outcasts. "Are you ill? Do you need a doctor's care? Are you unable to pay at the moment?" Those queries comprise the entire questionnaire.

During the past eight months, the two

wards have been occupied constantly. Dr. Branch has donated his services for fifty major operations, countless minor surgeries, innumerable medical cases! Cancer, appendicitis, basal fracture, gall-stones, tumors—all the long list of human woes have passed, and are passing, through the clean, white rooms numbered 351 and 353. Payment? Oh, some day . . . if you happen to find it convenient. Never . . . unless you are able. Don't bother about it—just get well, *that's* what matters! That's what Rooms 351 and 353 are for!

Try to Help in Two Ways

"IT'S just as important to salvage a man's pride as to repair his body," declare Dr. Branch and Joan Crawford. "There are people who are down on their luck, without friends, without funds. Sometimes they would rather die than go to the county hospital and admit their state. Those people are our patients!"

There was a man—why call his name?—who came to Southern California from Chicago with a cool half-million as a retirement fund. He was in his fifties, still able to work, but content to quit and live in comfort with his family on his savings. The stock-market crash left him a pauper. He tried for three years to obtain work—manual labor, *anything*—and couldn't. Finding the wherewithal to eat became a terrifying problem. Nominally, he owned a mansion, but the threat of immediate foreclosure hung over it. He had a ninety-thousand-dollar life insurance policy, but it would be canceled within a week or two for non-payment of premiums.

And then, he suddenly found himself the victim of agonizing pains in his right side. He suspected appendicitis, but went to bed without mentioning his fears to his family. He lay there for four days, sweating with horrible pain. Through mutual acquaintances, word of his condition reached Joan, and, through her, Dr. Branch. A hasty examination revealed general peritonitis—the man's appendix had burst days before. He was rushed to the hospital.

He refused an operation. "Look at the thing sensibly," he said. "I can't pay—and even if I could, why should my life be saved? If I die now, my family will collect my insurance and they can save the house and live comfortably. It's the only way out. I'm through! My nerve's gone!"

Finally, he consented. He had less than a fifty-fifty chance of recovery. Seven operations were performed before he was out of danger. Every day, Joan sent him flowers and a message of cheer, as she sends flowers to all those who live, briefly, in her two hospital rooms. To-day, he is back on his feet, working and making a living. They saved his body—and saved his self-respect. Can you wonder if that man worships Joan Crawford and Dr. William Branch?

Good Samaritans Not Choosey

AND there was a little "extra" girl . . . and there was the wife of a penniless, out-of-work gardener . . . and there was a former newspaperman . . . and there was a prostitute . . . You see both sides of human nature when you try to be a Good Samaritan. And Joan, sensitive, sympathetic and forever trustful, is quick to respond to gratitude, quick to be crushed by the lack of it.

There was a girl who suffered from a mental disorder. Her parents, their funds exhausted in caring for her, appealed to Joan as a last resort. She sent them to Dr. Branch—and I saw her cry when they tried

to express to her their gratitude. Through her tears she told me how happy such appreciation made her.

And then, on the other hand, there was a man who tried to capitalize on her sympathy. She sent his desperately ill wife to Dr. Branch and loaned him money, only to discover that he regarded his benefactress as an "easy mark." He later left this message with her maid: "Tell Miss Crawford I need one hundred and fifty dollars. I'll be around for the check tomorrow."

A few months ago, you read in MOVIE CLASSIC the story of the hopelessness and helplessness of Edwina Booth, who played the *White Goddess* in "Trader Horn." She contracted a mysterious jungle malady on the long location trip in Africa, and for two years has lain in pain in a darkened room. With her family in actual want, there has been no money for hospitalization, for expert medical treatment for Edwina. The sequel of that story is: Joan Crawford and Dr. William Branch have given her "the chance to live" . . .

People are learning about Rooms 351 and 353, and now there's never a week or a day that doesn't bring its tide of applicants. Sufferers write to Joan—and Joan gives their names to Dr. Branch, who investigates their needs.

She gives him the credit; he passes it back to her. She pronounces his name in a tone that tells you that in her eyes he is vested with God-like qualities; he says: "Joan is the most sincere woman I have ever known, and the greatest-hearted; she can't see a sick kitten without wanting to help it back to health and crying over its suffering . . ."

Now, they are dreaming of an experimental farm, large enough to accommodate everyone who needs their aid. Their dreams have a way of becoming fact.

Hollywood is very proud of Rooms 351 and 353! So proud that I feel justified in breaking one little promise.

From West to Westerns

(Continued from page 85)

But, there is a brighter side to the story.

Paramount let out Randolph Scott a year ago. It didn't know what to do with him, for at that time, the Westerns in which he had appeared to advantage were at low ebb. Now they have snatched him back for three Zane Grey stories. On the Paramount list are "Wagon Wheels," with Scott, Gail Patrick and Monte Blue; "Code of the West," with Scott, Miss Patrick, Kent Taylor and Jackie Coogan, and "The Vanishing Pioneer."

George O'Brien has just been signed for a series of Westerns by Sol Lesser, featuring Zane Grey yarns. At RKO-Radio, another Zane Grey story, "West of the Pecos," is on schedule, and Francis Lederer will appear in a tale based upon the life of that swaggering figure of early California days, Joaquin Murietta. Columbia is making enthusiastic plans for another series of Tim McCoy Westerns, the first of which is "Wolves of Cat Claw." Ken Maynard, who was glumly prophesying the end of the screen cowboy a year ago, is planning a large output this year.

All the stories by Harold Bell Wright, James Oliver Curwood and Zane Grey are being taken off the shelves and dusted. And the fire-plugs along Poverty Row no longer are decorated by bored cowboys, waiting for jobs to turn up. They're all out wrangling themselves into costumes. And story editors are frantically reading everything from "Little Rollo on the Range" to "The Cowboy's Lament." And having a hard time finding enough Westerns to go around.



By Lady Esther

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you*! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1934

13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther (8)
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Compare YOUR Figure

WITH

Lovely Lilian Bond's

Height, 5'4"
Bust 34"

Weight, 116 lbs.
Waist, 25"

Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars—you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat—enjoy better health—look and feel years younger—just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just one salt as some people ignorantly believe—rather it's a superb blend of six separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose superb medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a health treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.

Kruschen Salts

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"IT'S the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that DOES IT" . . .



Laugh AT OLD MAN WINTER

Protect your health with Indera Figurfit (Coldpruf) Knit Slips. Laugh at winter's cold in style and comfort.

Knit by a special process, these slips lie smooth and close-fitting beneath most dainty frocks without bunching or crawling of skirt. They keep warmth in and cold out.

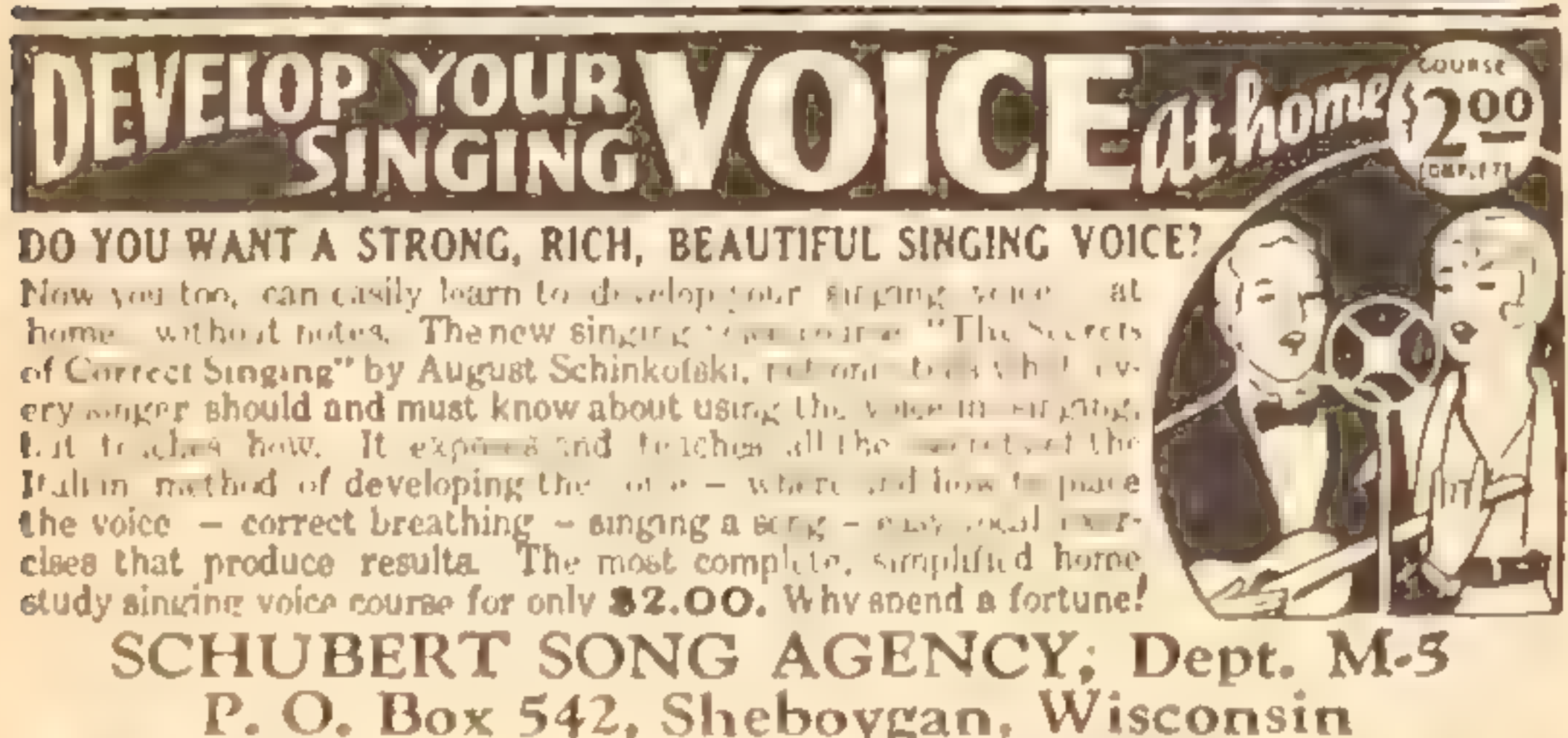
Beautiful colors, easy to launder, no ironing necessary. Exclusive STA-UP shoulder straps.

Insist upon Indera Slips for best prices and highest quality.

Choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Sizes for women, misses and children.

Write for FREE descriptive style catalog No. 8-A

INDERA MILLS COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C. U.S.A.



DEVELOP YOUR VOICE At home \$2.00

DO YOU WANT A STRONG, RICH, BEAUTIFUL SINGING VOICE? Now you too, can easily learn to develop your singing voice—at home, without notes. The new singing course "The Secrets of Correct Singing" by August Schinkofski, national tenor soloist, every singer should and must know about using the voice—singing, but teaches how. It explains and teaches all the secrets of the Italian method of developing the voice—when and how to place the voice—correct breathing—singing a song—easy vocal exercises that produce results. The most complete, simplified home study singing voice course for only \$2.00. Why spend a fortune!

SCHUBERT SONG AGENCY, Dept. M-5
P. O. Box 542, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

40th Year: Stage, Talkies, Radio, Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann, Una Merkel, etc. Dramatic, Dance, Vocal, General Culture, Teaching and Directing. Appointments, Debuts. For Catalog write Sec'y, M. P. Litz, 66 W. 55th St., N.Y.

It Pays to Advertise —

(Continued from page 65)

Memento from Maurice

BUT it isn't terribly unusual in Hollywood to see the donor's name on a gift. They seem to provide the best chance of all for a little modest advertising. On the completion of "The Merry Widow," Maurice Chevalier gave every member of the cast a cigarette lighter with "Maurice" engraved on it. Just a little something for them to remember him by (as if they could ever forget him).

Grace Moore gave handsome mementoes to the cast of "One Night of Love." Most of them were silver—silver cigarette cases, silver cigarette lighters, et cetera. To her cameraman, she gave a stunning "recipe" cocktail shaker, affectionately inscribed to Whitey Schaeffer from Grace Moore. And all the gifts were delicately engraved with her name.

James Gleason owns a most unusual cigarette case, which was a gift to him from his wife. In the case of this case, the procedure is reversed a bit—for it bears the monograms, names and insignias of his most intimate friends. Jimmie does not ask these famous friends if he may put their autographs on his cigarette case, but they ask him if they might be allowed to do so, at their own expense. If you get to be a good enough friend of Jimmie's, you just ask if you may borrow his cigarette case for a day or two, and when you bring it back, it has your name or "symbol" on it!

Thelma Todd is the latest star to develop a sideline to acting, with her name in big letters in front of her place of business. In Thelma's case, it is a "sidewalk café." (See photo on page 37.) Not only keeping her name before the public, Thelma is capitalizing on it. And why not? Wouldn't you do the same in her place? Other stars have flower shops, antique shops, dress shops, haberdasheries, markets, parking spaces, resort ranches. Several stars have had commercial products named after them. Raquel Torres has her perfume especially made for her, with her name on the bottle—and when acquaintances really coax her, she can get them a bottle or two of it, too!

Lilian's Monogram on Ermine

LILIAN HARVEY once showed me her most luxurious ermine coat. It is ankle-length (and that means a lot of ermine) and is trimmed with six silver foxes. On the lining of the coat, right where the coat flaps open as she walks, there is embroidered one of the most tremendous monograms I have ever seen. Even Lilian had to laugh about it—and then said it was there in case the coat was lost or stolen. (Of course, they always leave the lining in a stolen coat?) Adrienne Ames has her name spelled out in exquisite embroidery across the corners of all her handkerchiefs. But how about the star who gave handkerchiefs to her friends at Christmastime, and all the handkerchiefs were embroidered with her name, not with the names of those who received them?

I have an actor-friend who once received a personal gift at Christmastime from a certain star, with "Season's Greetings from —" on it—and he was resentful. But I felt that it was mostly because he was an actor that he resented it, as all actors are in competition with all other actors. Perhaps he was just peeved because he hadn't thought of it first and hadn't been able to grab off a little advertising for himself. If that gift had been bestowed on any of us fans, it would have been a different story altogether. We would have been displaying it with seeming nonchalance, just to show off that this star was a friend of ours!

Colleen Moore has spent several years and many thousands of dollars in collecting miniature furnishings for a most elaborate doll house, which she intends to take around the country on display. The money that it earns, at ten or fifteen cents a look, will go to charity. The attention the exhibit gets will go to herself.

Probably the most successful bit of personal advertising is something that Carl Brisson instigated in England. At the request of many ardent fans, this Danish star, whom you saw first in this country in "Murder at the Vanities," organized a Carl Brisson fan club. He gave away goodness-knows-how-many badges, which are in the shape of a sheep-dog's head, with Carl Brisson's name on it. Carl owns some famous sheep-dog kennels over there, and a sheep-dog's head is his "symbol." Thus half the youngsters in England (or maybe I am exaggerating) go around advertising Mr. Carl Brisson (and his kennels). In this country, there are literally millions of boys who have signed up as Buck Jones Rangers.

Several stars have got their names on books. Will Rogers' literary adventures as an Ambassador-at-Large and Congressman-at-Large are still widely read. Eddie Cantor comes out almost yearly with a humorous tome. Elissa Landi's third (or is it her fourth?) novel is now in the book stalls. Charlie Chaplin has written and published his memoirs. Mary Pickford has written and published her first short story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is a frequent contributor to the magazines. Gloria Stuart is coming out with a book of poetry.

Laurel and Hardy on a Coin

NOT all of the stars, however, have organized this fan-worship themselves. Didn't Sweden bring out a stamp in honor of Greta Garbo? But an even more unusual honor came to Laurel and Hardy last year through no efforts of their own. Czechoslovakia, where they are very popular, brought out a national coin—it was copper and worth a few cents, I believe—with a picture of Laurel on one side, and a picture of Hardy on the other! Yes, really.

You see, Laurel and Hardy have even more of a following in European countries than they have here, and, incidentally, they are known by many names other than their own. For example, throughout Latin America, they are known as "El Gordo y El Flaco"—meaning "The Fat and the Lean." In Germany they are called "Dick und Dof," which means "Fat and Dumb." Sweden knows them as "Helan och Halvan" which, translated, means "A Stimulating Aperitif"! And so on, and on. But Czechoslovakia really did right by them when she put them on a coin! Laurel and Hardy, doing a Ken Maynard, have put their pictures on their stationery.

Strangely enough, of the many stars who own yachts, few call their boats by their own names. As a matter of fact, the only one I could find which was named after its owner was the one sailed by Richard Arlen and his wife, the former Jobyna Ralston. The boat is called *Jobyna R.*

I can't help thinking that maybe the stars have missed a trick or two here.

On the other hand, maybe they want to use their boats as hide-outs only—to sneak away to smoother waters for a rest and a change. For even the stars will admit that, at times, there can be such a thing as too much publicity! It sounds doubtful, in the face of the many things revealed in this article . . . but then you can't blame a star if, once in a while, he does get Tired of It All!

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 81)

(her manager-fiancé), Ernst Lubitsch (the director) and others stepped upon the scales. Their total weight came to 2244 pounds and the film to 250 more. By six pounds they were within legal limit, so the pilot agreed to take off. It wasn't until their return trip that anybody bothered to count the passengers—which was fortunate for the superstitiously minded. There were thirteen!

Ziegfeld Girls, New Crop

THERE has been a regular stampede of chorus girls trying out for jobs in "The Great Ziegfeld" (starring William Powell) at Universal. The glamour attached to being called a Ziegfeld Beauty is still great. And if these kids are really too young to have been original Glorified Girls, the least they can do is to bask in reflected glory.

Mystery Set

SOME weeks ago, the picture was finished. Yet they continue to work upon one set of "The Gay Divorcée." Technicians visit it daily, stand around viewing it, scratch their heads in bewilderment, then go back to their offices and try to figure out the mystery on paper. On the screen, this set proved to have third dimensional effects. No one has been able to find out why. So the set will be kept standing until they do.

What's the Difference?

FRANCIS LEDERER, staunch advocate of peace that he is, found one line in the dialogue of "Pursuit of Happiness" that he could not force himself to say. The line read, "For that, I would fight." It took several editorial conferences and many disputes before the line was changed. It became, "For that, I would argue."

Wedding Belles

WE had another bull market in marriages last month—several were elopements to Yuma. The one least suspected united Heather Angel, petite British star, with a fellow-countryman, Ralph Forbes, former husband of Ruth Chatterton. It had been a whirlwind courtship of six weeks. (See detailed story on page 40.—Ed.)

Marian Nixon also hopped off to Yuma with William Seiter, the director—after denying an engagement four days previously, when her divorce from Edward Hillman, Jr., was becoming final. Onslow Stevens was another Yumaite, taking with him Phyllis Cooper, daughter of a local banker.

Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale said "I do's" in a Judge's office in Los Angeles without pomp or ceremony. (See detailed story on page 36.—Ed.) But it was a very formal wedding for Eddie Buzzell, the director, and Sara Clark, wealthy society girl.

Getting the Papers

THERE were two divorces. The Conrad Nagels were officially declared two in Mexico, and Sue Carol filed papers locally against Nick Stuart. The newsboys made much of the latter, crying headlines reading "Another Movie Split-up." (And most people were of the impression that this particular divorce had taken place long ago—they have been separated so long!)

Sue charged that Nick had thrown a cross-word puzzle book at her, the judge allowing the action one of cruelty. He didn't say, however, who had been cruel—Nick for throwing the book or Sue for doing cross-word puzzles.

Have you ever really tried *a true film-removing tooth paste?*

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a dentifrice you can *depend on* regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is

Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, pumice or soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.





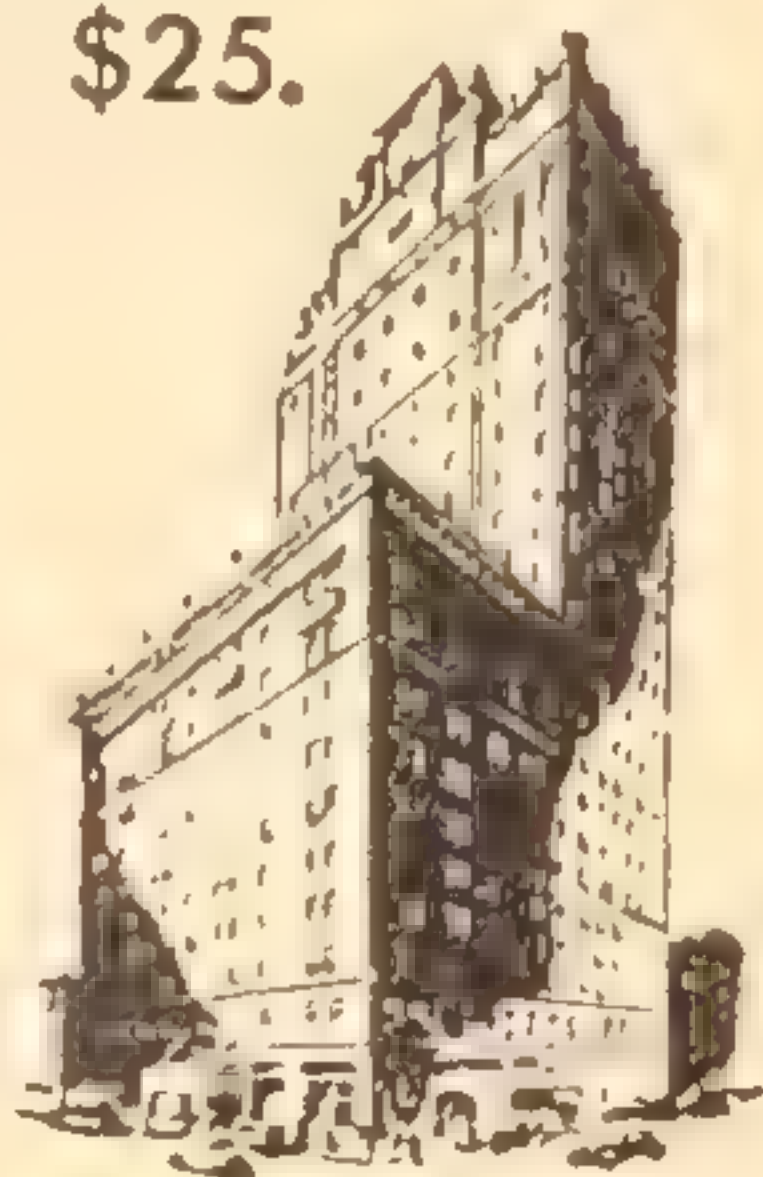
Extra Long Box-Mattressed Beds

Tall people rest comfortably at Hotel Fort Shelby, for 100 of its 900 rooms and suites are equipped with box-mattressed beds, eight feet in length. All rooms with private bath—circulating ice water and tip-eliminating servidors.

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Hotel Fort Shelby

MAYNARD D. SMITH
President

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"
DETROIT

Strange Gaynor Robbery

JANET GAYNOR returned to the United States from Europe, some believe, earlier than planned. Actually, she was right on schedule. Janet wanted another couple of months in that Wisconsin resort where she spent last summer as "Miss Smith." Maybe she's "Miss Jones" there this year.

Meanwhile, Janet's Hollywood home was robbed, a most unusual robbery, for nothing was taken and everything disturbed was in orderly disarray. The potted plant, for instance, was upset on the floor so carefully that not a drop of dirt spilled out. The desk appeared to be the focus of attention. Could it be that someone was searching for papers to prove that recent absurd rumor that Janet, the former Mrs. Lydell Peck, has a three-year-old child?

Popularity

A NEW blonde actress from New York had her first experience with autograph seekers at a Hollywood preview. After furiously signing books for five minutes, she announced herself much pleased to be so well-known in Hollywood. She hasn't been told as yet that a practical-joking friend tipped off the autograph crowd that she was Mrs. John Dillinger!

Miriam Hopkins Goes Goldwyn

SAMUEL GOLDWYN seldom contracts established players, preferring to pick newcomers and build them to stardom. He has departed from his usual rule in the case of Miriam Hopkins. They are both to be congratulated. Wonder how Miriam and Anna Sten will enjoy being studio rivals?

Helping Out a Pal

TOM LENNON is "just a publicity man" at RKO. But he has written a splendid novel in "The Laughing Journey" and upon the occasion of Ann Harding's birthday made her a present of an advance copy. Ann called him the following day to tell him how much she enjoyed reading the book and found him in a seventh heaven of delight because he had just received permission to dramatize a scene from it for presentation on "Hollywood on the Air," RKO's Coast-to-Coast radio broadcast.

So what did Ann do? She offered to play the girl in the skit. And previously, Ann had turned down as much as seventy-five hundred dollars for commercial broadcasts. That's helping out a pal . . . The stunt, by the way, marked the first time a book had ever been previewed on the air.

These Movies

(Continued from page 35)

It may be a variation of "She Done Him Wrong," but the character of the heroine is as creamy-white as her hair.

Having learned by experiment that she dazzles most in the styles of the Nineties, Mae wears fluffy-ruffles again; also again, she is a burlesque queen, who draws as sharp glances from men as they draw sharp remarks from her. She starts out in St. Louis as the belle of a small-time music hall, gets ambitious, and drifts down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where she becomes queen of the lavish gambling resort, the Sensation House, and that soft slur of hers is right at home. Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown both find her irresistible, but she gives each enough rope to hang himself with before she does her choosing. The well-known "battle of the sexes" devolves into a battle of wits, in which the female of the species never comes off second-best. But while she is still practically the whole show, her leading men have more chance to act than any of their predecessors. That is because the story has more plot than any of its predecessors. As a story, it won't change the destiny of nations, but it will amuse those nations where English is spoken.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE —Columbia

Grace Moore Performs a Musical Miracle

THERE is only one thing wrong with "One Night of Love"—its trite, silly title; nothing else about it is trite or silly. In fact, it is a picture that works a miracle. It is a picture that at last brings grand opera to the masses in a way to make them like it. Its story is simple, with no false emotions, and it is persuasively told. And in the telling Grace Moore becomes a sensation—with Tullio Carminati only a pace behind her.

He is a voice teacher who discovers her in an Italian town, falls in love with both her and her voice, makes her his protégée. In a non-sinister way, he becomes a *Svengali* to her *Trilby*. Believing in him blindly, she tries to forget the normal impulses and pleasures of a young girl, shuts her door on the world, and sacrifices her youth to music. Once, answering the call of youth to youth, she listens to the love-story of Lyle Talbot

—but she decides that she loves music more. Success and fame come at last, and she breaks with Carminati. Then, just as she seems about to fail in her greatest singing test and she realizes that without him she is nothing, he re-enters her life. It is a simple story, as I have said, but it is also an intensely absorbing one. It looks real; it is real. And Grace's voice, singing three operatic arias and glorifying the title-song of the picture, is such a voice as the screen has never given the world before. It isn't a golden voice; it's platinum. In addition, she is one singer who can act. Even the smooth, effortless Carminati cannot be more believable than she is.

Then, briefly, I might tell you that:

THE FOUNTAIN is a sensitive, faithful screen translation of Charles Morgan's novel of a woman torn between love and pity, with Ann Harding as the English wife of a German officer; Brian Aherne as a British officer interned in Holland; and Paul Lukas as the German who returns to her, wounded. Being a study of the intricate emotions of three intelligent people, it is long on moodiness and conversation, short on dramatic action. (RKO-Radio)

DAMES glorifies the American chorus girl and is a spectacle in the best Warner Brothers manner, which means that it has a good story, lavish and dazzling chorus numbers, catchy music, singing by Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell, and comedy by Hugh Herbert, Zasu Pitts and Guy Kibbee. You may be surfeited with spectacular musicals, but there is more comedy this time, to rescue you from ennui. (Warners)

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN is a neat, amusing little comedy about a harried publisher of lurid love tales who is inveigled into promoting a Cinderella contest, then a Prince Charming contest, with results that he doesn't want. Victor Moore, from Broadway, is a delight as the quavery-voiced publisher; and Roger Pryor, Heather Angel and Esther Ralston are all helpful. (Universal)

YOU BELONG TO ME finds Lee Tracy miscast as a clown who suffers and suffers, trying to deserve the affection of a little boy who idolizes him. The little boy—David Holt by name—will give Shirley Temple a run for her big money. (Paramount)

Verree, Verree Happy Now

(Continued from page 36)

tions. She started to cry again and then started laughing and crying by turns. Actually, she had been in Chicago just long enough to get her divorce from William O'Neal, a stage singer, who had not offered any opposition. The little woman back at the station had been her mother. It had, perhaps, been one of the darkest moments of her life.

All that day we exchanged stories. Mine doesn't warrant repetition. Verree's proves how much a woman must go through, before she finds what she wants. If Verree had been able to look into the future and realize that she was going to marry one of Hollywood's most sought-after stars, the prospect of returning might not have been such an unhappy one. Verree was going back to Hollywood to prove that she could make good. The studio had failed to renew her contract. In the short time that she had been out there, she had made very few friends. And among the men she had met, there was not one she felt worthy of giving a second thought.

Verree's case was typical of what can sometimes happen. After making a Broadway hit as one of the original gold-diggers in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," she had been paged insistently by Hollywood, promising great opportunity. And what happened? Famous for a knife-edged sense of humor and an ability to roll 'em in the aisles with her comedy, she was cast as a *femme fatale*. After a few such rôles, Verree's sense of humor almost became a thing of the past.

Was Going Back to Show 'Em

JUST before she left for Chicago, the studio notified Verree that her option would not be renewed. Rather, they didn't notify her, which is Hollywood's subtle way of letting a player know that she hasn't rung the bell. Verree was hurt to the quick. But she wasn't ready to let them think that they had her licked. After the little business of getting a divorce from the husband who had not made her happy, she was determined to face the cameras again—somewhere else.

The morning of the second day on the train, I met her at breakfast. The morning paper carried the news of the death of Sara Teasdale, famous poet and Verree's aunt. Verree had not seen her in some time, but had great respect for her writing. We talked of everything that morning and, as is usually the case, the conversation turned to Hollywood.

"In Hollywood, for the first time anywhere, I almost got the jitters," said Verree. "I didn't think, with all the gay stories written about the colorful life that one was sure to lead there, that I could ever be so lonesome. I met men—many of them very nice. But all they wanted to talk about was pictures and their work. Much to my surprise, many of them had never traveled and knew very little about what was going on in the world.

"I think Hollywood is a man's town. A woman hasn't a chance. If she hasn't a husband or a sweetheart, she can be the loneliest person in the world. That is, unless she wants to add her name to the long list of single girls who are asked out by the same single men night after night. At first I accepted a lot of invitations. But I began to see the same faces every time and hear the same conversations. Gradually, I began to cut down. I had to. I couldn't believe that this was all that life had to offer in a place where there should be so many interesting people. Where were the cosmopolitan, stimulating people I had heard about?"



News That Stunned Her

THEN we got to talking about some of the mad things that newcomers discover when they arrive in the film city. Verree, who has a figure that any woman would envy, and carries the title of "one of Hollywood's best-dressed women," told about a certain supervisor, who called her into his office.

"He wanted to see the costumes I was going to wear in one of his pictures," said Verree. "I tried them on one by one, explaining why I had selected them for each particular scene and how I felt I could get the most out of them. Together with a famous designer, I had put a great deal of thought behind them. The supervisor just sat there and never said a word. After I got all through, I asked him what his reaction was. He said he didn't think I had any glamour. For the moment, I was stunned. It had nothing to do with what we were discussing. I thought he was kidding and then I realized that he was on the level."

Verree got off the train in Pasadena and I came on to Los Angeles. I didn't see her again for months. Then one day I walked on the Warner Brothers set where "Fashions of 1934" was in production. There, absolutely radiant in a dress of clinging gold, carrying a huge black ostrich fan, Verree was far from being the unhappy young woman I had seen on the train. Under the microphone she was recording a song. Up to now, Hollywood hadn't even been aware of her beautiful voice.

When she spied me, she came all the way across the stage and gave me a typical Teasdale meeting. She was bubbling over with life. She had never looked more beautiful. She was one of the most devastating beauties ever to reach the screen.

Menjou's Early Praise

"YOU'VE got to meet Adolphe," she said, and just then Menjou walked in. It was not difficult to see how they felt toward each other. As Verree went back to the camera, the world's most debonair actor told me: "She is the most stunning woman in Hollywood. There isn't another woman who can wear clothes as she can. Not only that, she is clever, sings divinely, and is one of the most intellectual women I have ever met." What greater compliment than this could be paid a woman by the discriminating Menjou?

The next time I saw Verree, it was at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. The papers had carried a story of her engagement to Menjou, who had recently been divorced from Kathryn Carver. Cameramen were hot on their trail. I managed to have a few words with her before something happened that almost broke up the party.

"Yes, Adolphe and I are engaged," she told me. "It was love at first sight. We met at a party given by the Frank Morgans—a party I almost didn't attend. Think what I might have missed! The minute he walked in, I knew that I had met someone who really had something to offer. But this isn't any Hollywood romance. We aren't a going through puppy-love. Both of us have been married before. Both of us know what is ahead of us. We are determined to have our happiness and have it only for ourselves. Every time we turn around, we run into a camera. We want them to leave us alone. We don't want our coming marriage to be splashed all over the front pages. We're much too serious and too much in love to take a chance of having it spoiled."

Just as she finished this last remark, there was a flash of light and a cameraman went tearing away with his camera. At first it

(Continued on page 93)

The Magic of
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**transforms your eyes into
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● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

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Do Not Bury Their Works With Them When Stars Pass Away

BEGS MOVIE CLASSIC READER

FIRST PRIZE

When Stars Pass Away, Do Not Bury Their Works With Them

The custom of producers to call in all pictures of artists who have passed away, immediately storing them away, never to be shown again to the public, is to my mind unfair.

Now that Marie Dressler has left us and will be unable to make more pictures, why should the public be deprived of the privilege of seeing her pictures again?

This isn't the case with publishers of music by great composers. No one would think of forbidding the printing of songs like "Kiss Me Again" and "A Gypsy Love Song" because Victor Herbert is dead, and can compose no more songs, therefore, we must not make money further from his compositions.

Think of the art that would be lost to the world if we only looked at the works of living artists.

There are many old silent pictures made with period costuming by artists both dead and living that are works of art, and are representative of the living art of this generation. There's no reason why we should be denied the privilege of seeing their pictures after they are gone.

HARRIET M. CAPEL,
Hollywood, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard Excellent in "Of Human Bondage"

"Of Human Bondage" will no doubt be considered one of the outstanding pictures of the year. In this dynamic, human story of a sensitive man under the almost hypnotic spell of a cheap, utterly heartless wench, both Leslie Howard and Bette Davis portray their characters in excellent fashion. The intangible spiritual quality which is the basis of *Philip's* character is admirably sustained throughout by Leslie Howard, even in the most dramatic moments of the picture. Miss Davis is almost too perfect as the unresponsive, mercenary *Mildred*.

The way *Philip* finally gains freedom from his bondage and peace for his soul, and finds comfort in a clean, wholesome love, is most encouraging to all who have similar problems to meet, for it proves the power of the spiritual nature to triumph over that which is sensual and demoralizing.

Let us have more of these powerful, moving dramas with a plot that is possible and a moral that is inspiring, and we will be well on our way to giving an intelligent public what it wants and deserves.

MAY WIGHT, *Kansas City, Mo.*

THIRD PRIZE

"Treasure Island" Can't Miss Being Box Office Success

Perhaps no other production could have caused so much evinced pleasure among male hearts both here and in English speaking nations everywhere as the production of "Treasure Island," that best work of the beloved writer, Robert Louis Stevenson. We, youngsters from eight to eighty, who were brought up on this literary classic, have been hungering for a talkie version of this most enchanting pirate tale for ages—and here we have it, and there is no torture of sitting thru a lot of lovey-dovey mush, either.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given us a treat and we won't forget it. And if "Treasure Island" doesn't prove to be one of the outstanding productions of the year, I'll be very much surprised.

With a splendid cast headed by Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins* and our old favorite, Wally Beery as *Long John Silver*, plus fine support of the other major characters, it can't miss being a box office hit.

ED KRALEY,
Braddock, Penna.

Honorable Mention

Films Like "Viva Villa" Make Us Understanding and Tolerant

We need more pictures like "Viva Villa" to make us think, and, thinking, become wise and tolerant. Most of us give

so little thought to why these foreign children in our midst are sometimes unruly and disobedient; we become impatient because it seems so difficult to win their confidence and trust in our government. It takes a picture like "Viva Villa" to jerk us out of our complacency, to squeeze our hearts and make our throats ache for the little peoples of the earth—the workers who go on toiling dumbly for generations under a yoke, to go suddenly mad with rebellion against the whip—who do mad, bloody things in that violent first taste of liberty. Deep in the eyes of our foreign children are memories of sorrow and slavery. We need pictures like "Viva Villa" to interpret their deep, suspicious, evasive ways when we are doling out our charity and lighthearted friendliness.

The censors will doubtless cleanse all semblance of reality from "Viva Villa" and similar pictures but perhaps they will leave enough to make us go home kinder and a little more understanding of our foreign brothers.

JOY O'HARA, *Santa Rosa, Cal.*
 (Continued on page 94)

Verree, Verree Happy Now

(Continued from page 91)

looked as if Menjou intended to tear him limb from limb. But when he finally caught him and lifted up the black cloth, it turned out to be Director Mervyn LeRoy. He had sneaked one of the cameras from the waiting boys, and had had his little joke.

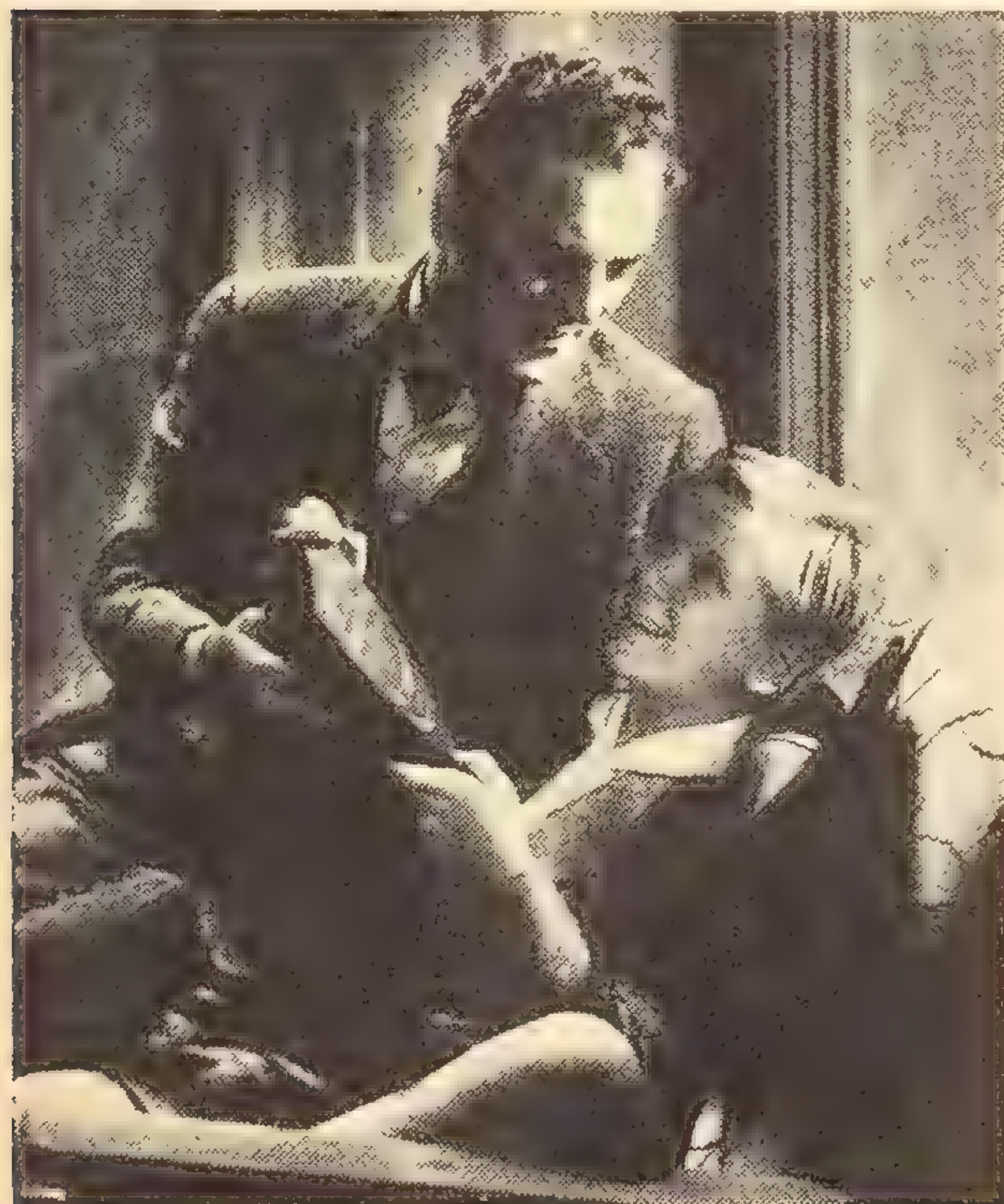
Never So Busy—Or So Happy

THE last time I saw Verree Teasdale, she was doing some finishing scenes for "The Firebird." (She had been recalled from a trousseau-shopping trip to New York for the leading rôle—a rôle that will mean stardom for her.)

"I've never been so busy in all my life—or so happy," she told me, breathlessly. "We're to be married soon, but we'd rather not give out the date. We want it to be as simple as possible and hope to avoid as much publicity as possible. Our new home is all finished. We've decorated it ourselves. No Hollywood decorators for us. We want it to reflect our individual tastes and personalities. We hope to live there and enjoy it. We want to have out a few close friends from time to time. But one thing is sure—no cameraman is ever going to set foot on the place. It belongs to us and when we stop acting before the cameras, we want to have our own little world for ourselves."

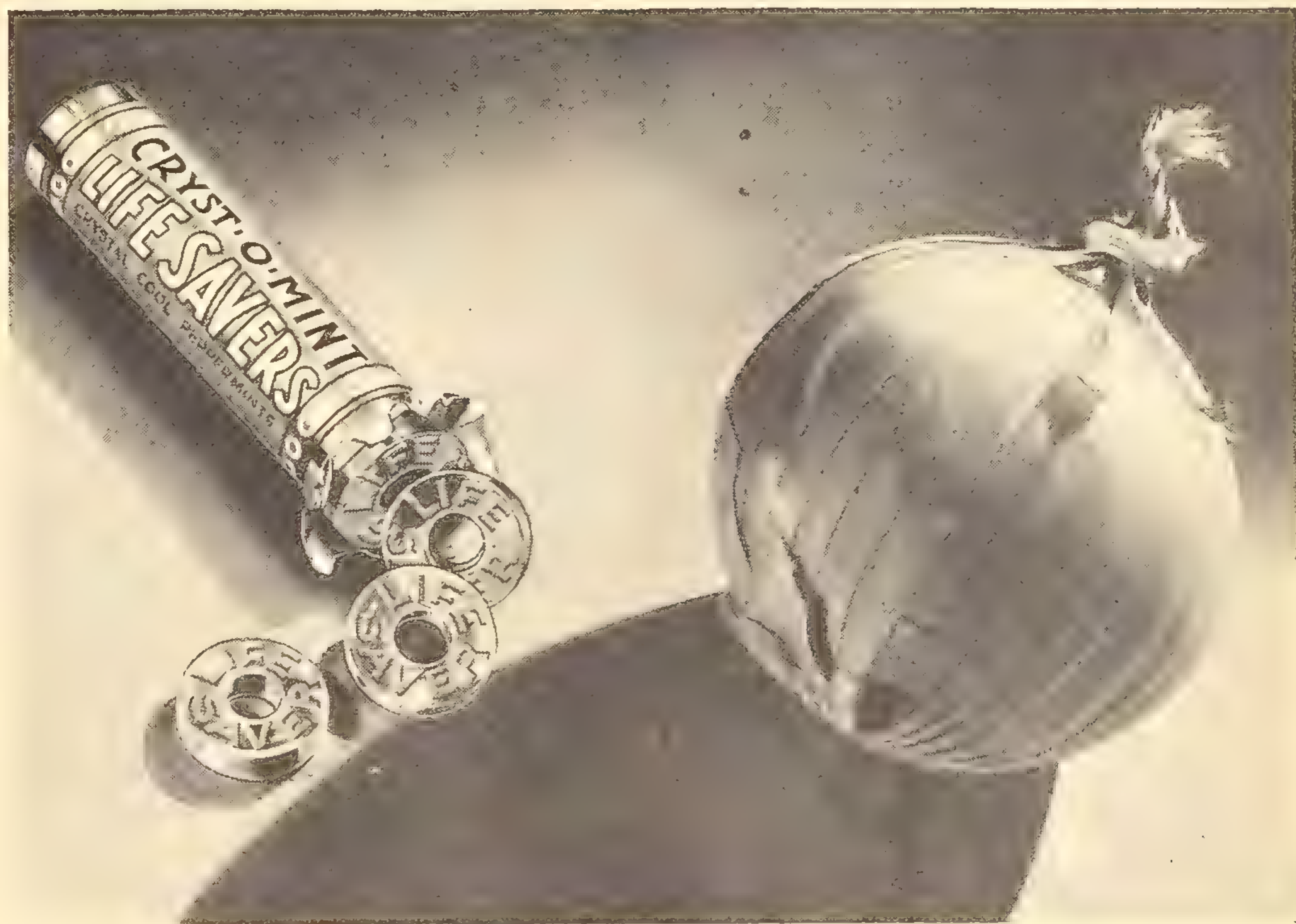
On August 25, a few days after the Menjou-Carver divorce was final, Verree and Adolphe were married. Adolphe was resplendent in tailored navy blue. Verree wore contrasting shades of purple, a velvet coat with beret to match, diamond bracelet, clips, engagement ring and band. Orchids to match her costume graced her shoulder. The ceremony took place in the private chambers of the Superior Court Judge. Menjou's mother and brother and Verree's manager made up the wedding party.

They had planned a honeymoon in Spain. With Europe seething with unrest, their destination had changed to Lake Louise in Canada. At the last minute, a motor trip through California sufficed. What more ideal place for a honeymoon could there be than their artistic new home in the Los Feliz hills? For next year they have bigger and better plans. Meanwhile, Warner Brothers are going to make a star of Verree, and Adolphe has more jobs offered him than he knows what to do with. It looks like the happy ending.



A scene from "Peck's Bad Boy," in which Thomas Meighan and Jackie Cooper play the rôles of father and son

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IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck, Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM



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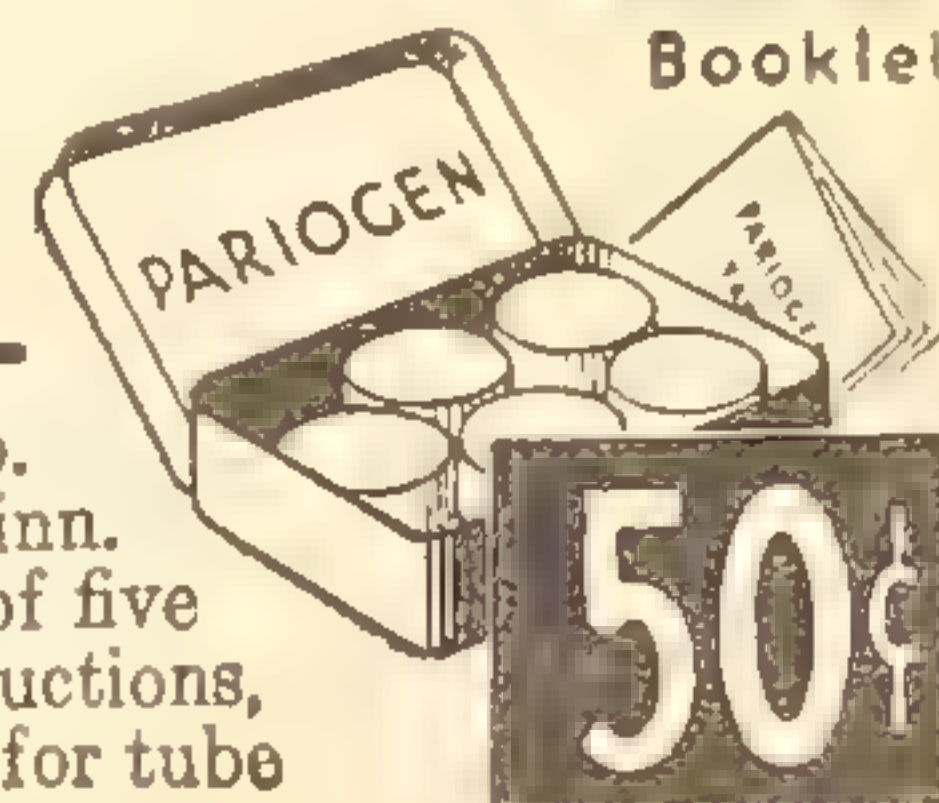
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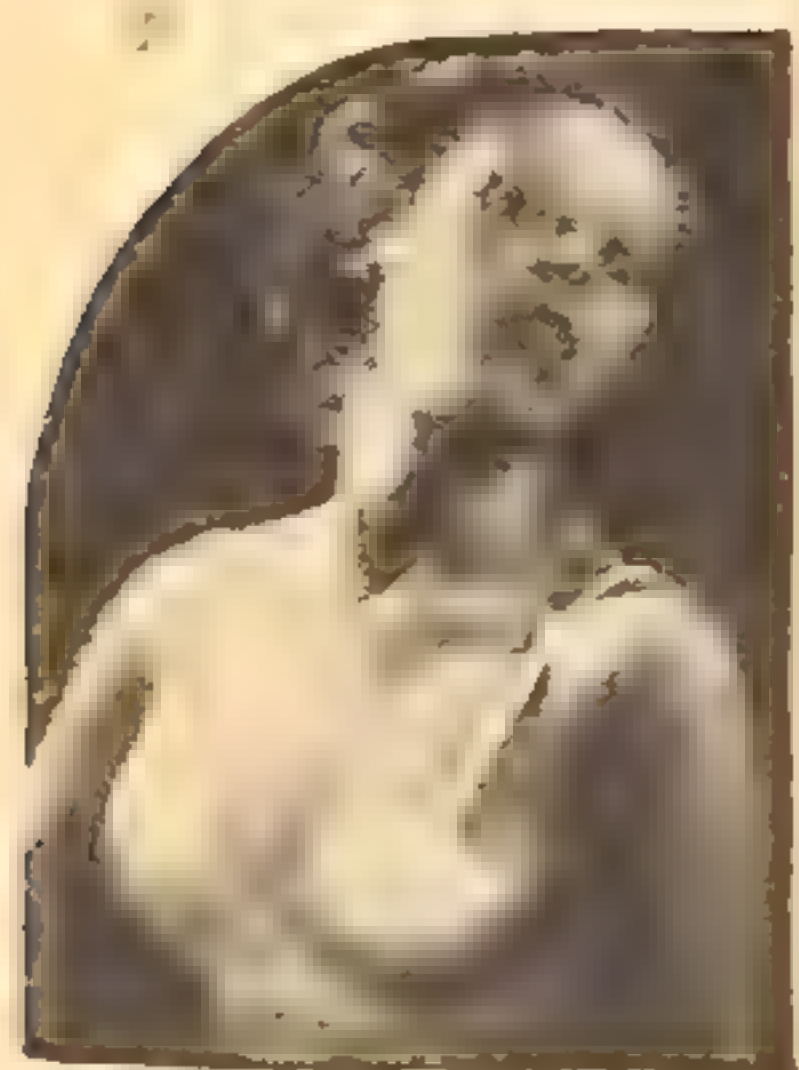
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Letters From Our Readers

(Continued from page 92)

Wants Brief Intermission Between Movie Subjects

I have a pet annoyance with the movies which I am eager to air. Although I am an ardent movie fan, this fault has interfered with my thorough enjoyment of many pictures. Most movie houses are now showing two features as well as many added attractions for a single admission and, no doubt, are pressed for time. But how often, alas, have I been moved to tears at some tragic ending, only to be compelled to witness a slapstick comedy immediately after. The tragedy loses effect and sometimes seems ridiculous; the comedy is half missed since one's eyes are blurred with tears, and one's thoughts full of sympathy and compassion.

Neither is it wise to show the Newsreel or "Coming Attractions" directly after a feature. The situation, the dramatic effect, the characters are blurred, and the audience is lost between two worlds and two atmospheres. If the managers would allow an intermission of only five minutes in a darkened theatre after features, I feel sure I would find increased enjoyment in the movie theatres. Do any of your readers agree with me?

FRANCES WEXLER, Flushing, L. I.

Suggests Parents Seeing Pictures Before Sending Children

While I am not in favor of certain pictures which the producers sometimes give us I must express my appreciation of the screen's wonderful improvement—the nation-wide entertainment it affords—with instruction and entertainment!

I confess that I find the unexpurgated stories and novels of to-day much more harmful in their influence than any movie I ever saw. It is my contention that if parents wish to prevent their children from seeing pictures of a salacious character they can easily do so by reading the screen publications which frankly and impartially review them all.

While I am being critical, I may as well say that I have noticed a few done-to-death touches which I'd like to see eliminated from the screen: for instance, the hurrying mother and child accosting the official who points the way to a necessary part of the building. Even that gem of pictures, "It Happened One Night," had its coarse suggestion in the "magnesia" woman.

This supposedly humorous touch always seems so unnecessary—so pointless!

L. W. CARTER, Dalton, Ga.

All Hail Columbia!

What masterpieces Columbia has been turning out! "Lady For A Day," "It Happened One Night" and now that invigorating, delightful musical play, "One Night Of Love"! The picture again introduces to the screen, Miss Grace Moore, a superb singer, who has unquestionably the finest singing voice ever heard from the screen.

To see this picture is to have a most exhilarating theater experience, the fascination of its music will linger long with you. Miss Moore gives dignity to the screen through her superior singing and charming stage presence. Here is something rare—a voice of true grand opera calibre, combined with a beauty of face and figure that satisfies the most critical eye. Imagine a *prima donna* able to appear in a scanty gymnasium suit and to be of such slight and perfect proportions as to please and not offend.

We welcome and applaud Grace Moore and congratulate Columbia for presenting to us such a completely satisfying star in a

picture filled with gay, lighthearted entertainment.

KAY NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

I went to see "Of Human Bondage" to thrill at the always superior acting of my favorite, Leslie Howard, and came out of the theatre with nothing but the performance of Bette Davis in my mind.

Hers was a magnificent performance of a very distasteful rôle, one which, I daresay, many an actress would have refused to play on account of being so unsympathetic.

To Bette Davis goes my heartiest praise for having the courage to essay this rôle, and playing it in all its cruelty, all its hate, all its sordidness. Not once did she allow the spectator to feel sympathy for *Mildred*. And that's just what Maugham intended when he wrote the story.

After a series of unimportant rôles, Bette Davis has emerged from "Of Human Bondage," a great actress, and a future star.

G. HENRICHSON, Eureka, Cal.

Frank Morgan Adds Sparkle to Dull Pictures

So long as Hollywood presents such a sterling actor as Frank Morgan it can have no fears that the public will remain away from the cinema palaces, regardless of what the film-cutting censors may do to our movies. He has excelled in every picture I have seen him in, but as the silly, foppish *Duke of Florence* in "The Affairs of Cellini," he has the best rôle in his movie career. Naturally, he makes the most of it, as he does with even mediocre rôles. May we see more of Frank Morgan, because his splendid characterizations add a sparkle to an otherwise dull show.

WILLIAM J. MATHEWS, Chicago, Ill.

One Star Who Remains Unaffected

Like thousands and thousands of others—suddenly I find myself seriously caught in the snares of hero, rather heroine, worship.

A comparative new-comer on the screen sold me—body and soul—at her first appearance. An entrancing person—radiating vitality—lovely to gaze upon—a devastating smile, and no-one has been able to fathom the limits of her acting ability. Am I keeping some-one guessing?

Let me try again. Here's the riddle. Who has oodles of short curly hair, an adorable "turned-up" nose, a little rosebud mouth with dainty little teeth shining through at every contagious grin? Of course, Shirley Temple.

Not in years have I found anyone as delightfully refreshing. With each new picture, I wonder if perhaps, her mother has ceased her constant vigilance—if Shirley has become suddenly all too conscious of her charms and talents? As yet the answer is decidedly in the negative, and I'm beginning to feel now that she will remain unspoiled indefinitely. Such unaffectedness in a world so full of pretense merits the highest praise.

MRS. J. R. GARRISON, Knobnoster, Mo.

Disney's Brain Children

Bring Grandma, Grandpa, the "teens," tiny-tots, and "in-be-tweens" to the new Disney Sillies—"Peculiar Penguins," "The Flying Mouse," and "The Wise Little Hen" and while you are inviting, include Mr. and Mrs. Censor. No matter how many little mules they conceal within their

ided Me



... FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

* * *

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Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

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Bring Back the Old Plots

Those good old museum pieces; "the paid off mortgage, the thwarted villain, and love's young dream come true" have been too long hanging on the musty walls of realism's dark closet. Let's bring them back into the light. Let's dust them off and restore them to their former glory.

To a generation whose amusement beat to a "ten, twent, thirt" rhythm, they are a long, lost love. And to a modern age, a new love because their theme song is universal.

To you hard-bitten realists, they may seem mere illusion, a magician's trumpery. But to the majority of us who make up the great movie public, they are the sugar in our coffee and the syrup on our pancakes. Just the right amount of sugar and the right consistency of syrup. Sweet but not sugary.

MRS. EARL T. DURBIN, *Detroit, Mich.*

Joan's Progress

An armful of orchids to Joan Crawford! or perhaps Joan would prefer gardenias. Nothing is too good for a star whose career is a fine record of the progress and success obtained through courage, hard work, and intelligence.

The improvement in her acting and the growth of her personality are so pronounced in "Sadie McKee" and "Chained" that I often wonder just how high a star Joan has set for her goal. She shows a far clearer and subtler sense of characterization than ever before, a wider and fuller range and, in the majority of the emotional scenes, such new restraint that her former intensity has almost disappeared. The old lovable but often too turbulent Joan is gone; she has achieved dignity and calm. In every scene she gives us a feeling of directness and purposeful honesty which in turn gives conviction even to trivial moments.

If Joan Crawford were given a first-rate picture, she would stir the enthusiasm, not only of her own following, but of the whole film-going public, and out of it would come that great performance towards which all her energies seem directed.

MARY JANSEN, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Ann Harding and Norma Shearer Praised by Newfoundland Fan

At such a distance from the Movie World, it is rather difficult to give an opinion on the latest pictures, but from what we have the opportunity of seeing in this city, I contend that more pictures starring Ann Harding and Norma Shearer

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

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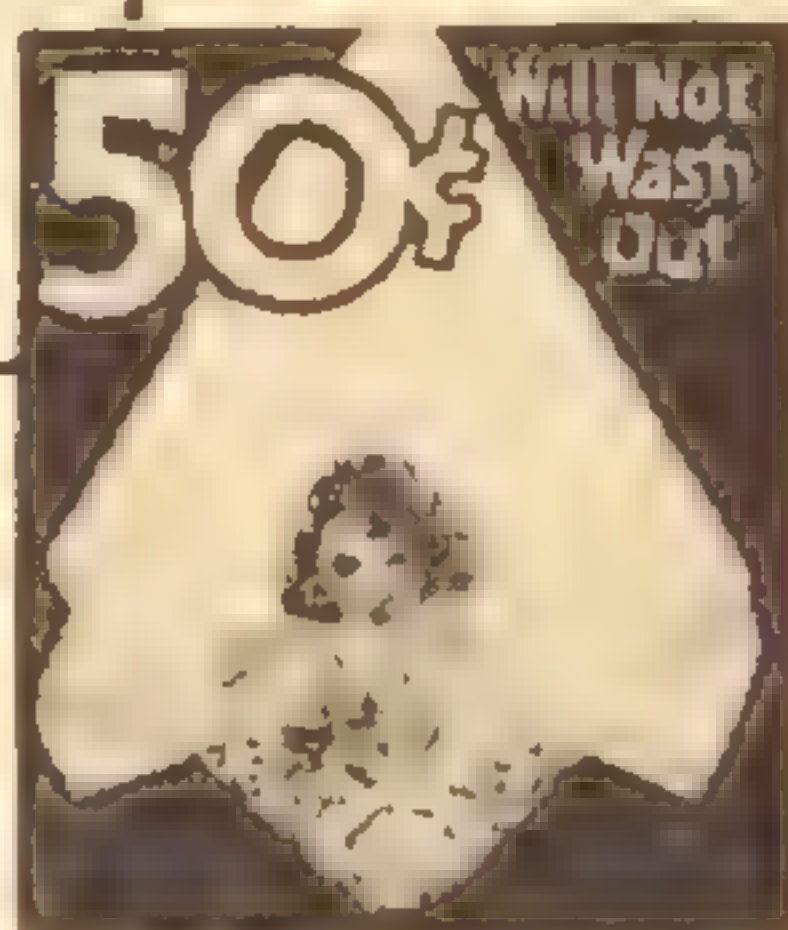
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This picture illustrates how Raquel Torres feels about those movie offers. They interest the new Mrs. Stephen Ames—but, with the mercury boiling in the thermometers, she would rather be under the sun than under the studio sun-arcs

would be received with open arms by the public and attract them more and more to the shows.

Their acting is so fine that it is not necessary for them to race around, make funny antics, or appear flighty, but they can always act the perfect lady with impunity. They show exquisite taste in clothes, which by their utter simplicity make them the acme of perfection. Also their diction is so pure and clear, that one could learn how to speak and deport oneself on occasions by taking a pattern from them.

Such a picture as "Smilin' Through," starring Norma Shearer, could not be criticised to its detriment even by those who are hardest to please and they make one long for more pictures with such high ideals.

F. L. G., St Johns, N. F.

Resents "Little Man" Being Black-listed

On one of the first "black" lists of plays issued since the new furore for reform set in, I read "Little Man What Now?". Proscribing that beautiful and profoundly thoughtful masterpiece is not a step forward. Rather, it is an insult to the conscientious Mr. Frank Borzage, to Mr. Hans Fallada, to the stars and members of the cast, to the Laemmles, Sr. and Jr., who personally sponsor all Universal productions and finally to the taste and judgment of the millions whose enthusiastic acceptance of the book inspired this translation to the screen.

Now, while I'm thoroughly keen for decency on or off the screen, I'm just as keen against stupidity—on or off the screen. If this straw indicates the trend of the wind, we theater-goers are in for a disastrous hurricane. If this be decency—then let's bring back the pillory, the stocks and the ducking-stool and round out our cycle of retrogression.

THERESA PICHA, St. Louis, Mo.

Is Garbo on the Wane?

How often we see those words flung at Garbo, at the head of some columnist's page; or hear them spoken by some self-styled movie-critic. From the former, perhaps because columnists, too, must have

their bread and butter; from the latter,—as with a classic: the lines are too closely written for beginners.

Whether Garbo be perplexed or baffled, stimulated or fascinated by the behavior of America's movie-theatre-going public, her interpretations remain strict, brilliant, precise, and accurate. In addition she offers an original contribution in her own inimitable charm.

True, some have tried to chase Garbo away with their verbal armaments; others have tried to crush her; some would like to smote her for the sake of having smote; others would like to touch her, simply for the sake of that touch. But no one can reach Garbo. She is intangible.

Movie actors will come and movie actors will go, but Garbo will go onward and upward. She is a monument to truth in her coherent and meaningful interpretation of any character which has been assigned to her.

N. MARK HANNA, Colorado Springs, Col.

Why Not Export Only Films We Can Be Proud Of?

Have visited my twentieth foreign country and as an ardent "movie fan," have attended the movies from Hong Kong to London.

We export our finest commodities to other lands and take a pride in the fact that American goods are the best in the world. Our fruits, our automobiles, cotton and steel.

Then why do we swamp the foreign markets with so many trashy films? We are proud of America and want other people to respect us and our mode of living—but how can they when they get the wrong impression of how we live?

Why not export more of our better pictures? We have so many of them. Let other nations see us at our best rather than at our worst.

We don't ship rotten oranges and worm-eaten raisins abroad. Then why not have the same pride in the better quality of films? A restricted quota on sexy and gangster films would also do much to raise our standards abroad.

Every other country in the world resents having her standards of living played down and I am positive the American people feel

the same way. We are proud of our country and want other nations to see why we are proud of America.

GRACE POTTS, *on the Pacific Ocean.*

Screen Stenographers Not True to Life

For the life of me, I can't understand how the producers expect us to believe some of the impossible tales being filmed to-day.

For instance, I've seen picture after picture wherein the heroine served in the capacity of stenographer or secretary as the case might be. In such rôles we see the star perfectly groomed, wearing gorgeous clothes (the average stenographer couldn't possibly afford), living in sumptuous apartments and climbing to the top in rapid and unbelievable strides. Yet, in the execution of her duties, we see her taking dictation at a "staggering" rate of about 300 words a minute and transcribing it at about 10, if the shot happens to be a close-up. (They taught typing where I went to school.) And in the end marries a millionaire. (That is a laugh!)

Now, I've been a stenographer for seven years and still haven't reached the "dizzy" heights. I strive constantly to keep my living expenses to a minimum (my quarters being a flat by the way), wear home-made dresses (really!), and have never even seen a millionaire. There are hundreds of others in the same boat.

Mind you, I don't mean to imply that such goings-on have any ill-effect on our morals. They don't. To those of us who are experienced, the idea is far too absurd but, being a clan of normally intelligent individuals past the Santa Claus age, we would like to see ourselves picturized as we really are just once in a while. For the sake of consistency, at least.

LOUISE V. WILLIAMS, *Richmond, Va.*

To the Director of "No Greater Glory"

I am ashamed to say that I paid no attention when your name appeared on the screen tonight, but may I figuratively shake your hand? You certainly understand children, or it wouldn't be possible for you to handle them as you have.

If we had a son old enough to understand movies, "No Greater Glory" is the one picture of all that I have seen that I should like him particularly to see.

MRS. VENUS INGLISH, *Omaha, Neb.*

Wrong Flag Used

Recently, when I saw the motion picture, "Operator 13," I noticed that, although the story was interesting, Miss Davies was her usual decorative self and the costumes and settings were well reproduced, the persons responsible for the picture slipped up on one point.

Perhaps it was not noticed by many, but more attention should be given to details and the producers of this picture should welcome criticism that is well meant.

Several times during the film, but most noticeably in the first shot, where they desire to show the dissension of the north and the south by drawing apart the flags, good bits of atmosphere are lost by so trifling a mistake as the use of the wrong flag.

May I add that anyone taking the trouble to refer to those times will find that the United States flag, used by the northern troops at the time of the Civil War, contained only 36 stars on its blue field and that the flag used in the picture, the present one, was not adopted until 1916?

(MISS) VALBORG HELENE STENHOLM,
Hempstead, L. I.

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Be Sure of Lovely
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Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible

The same reliable **Marchand's** makes dark excess hair **INVISIBLE** like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you



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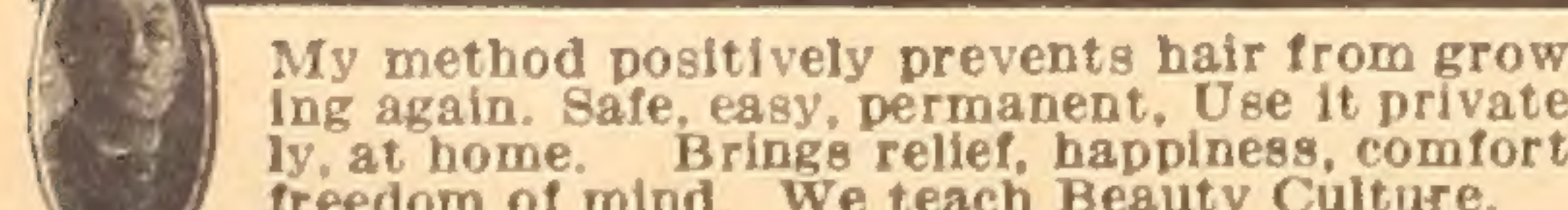
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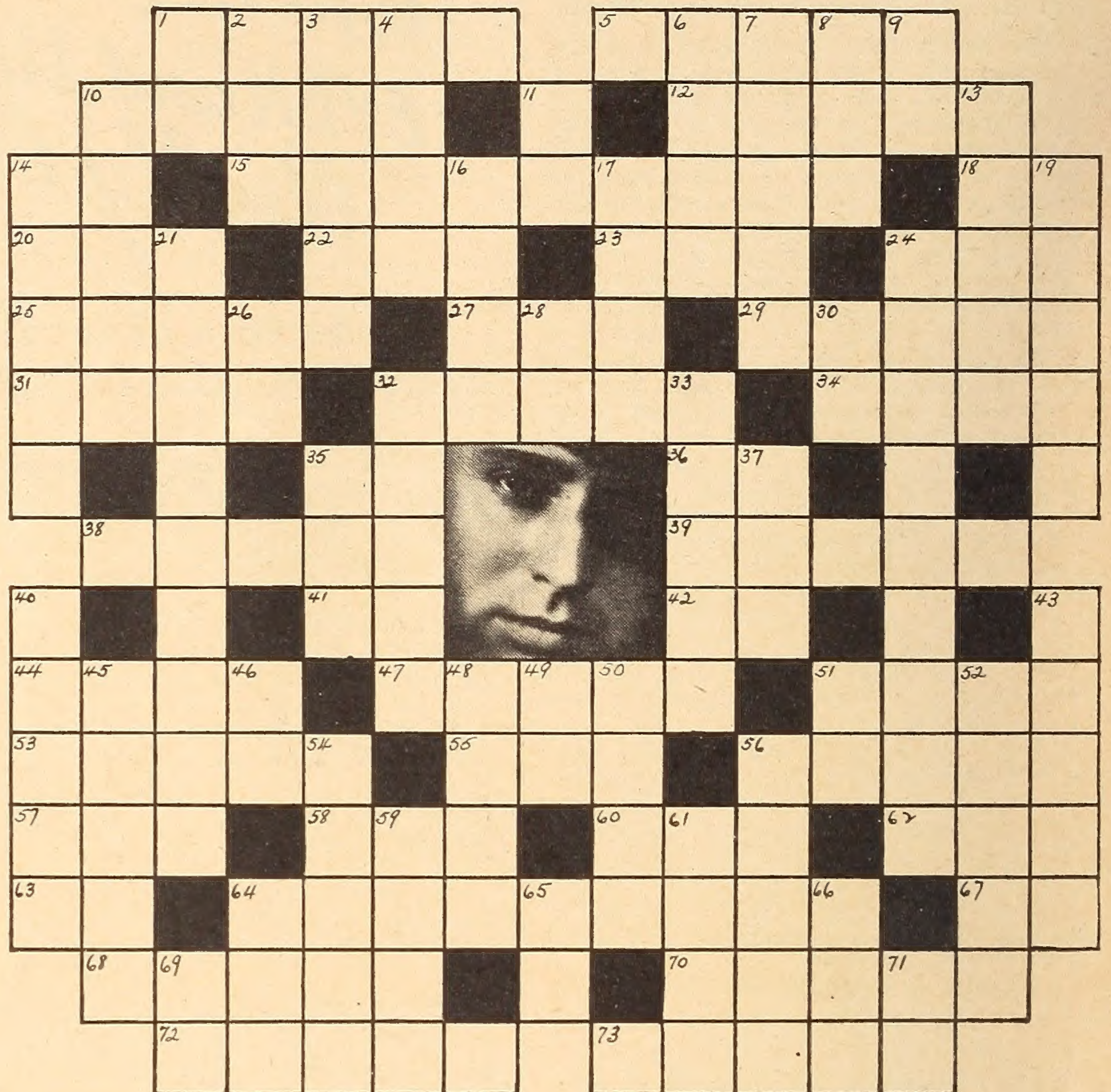
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For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

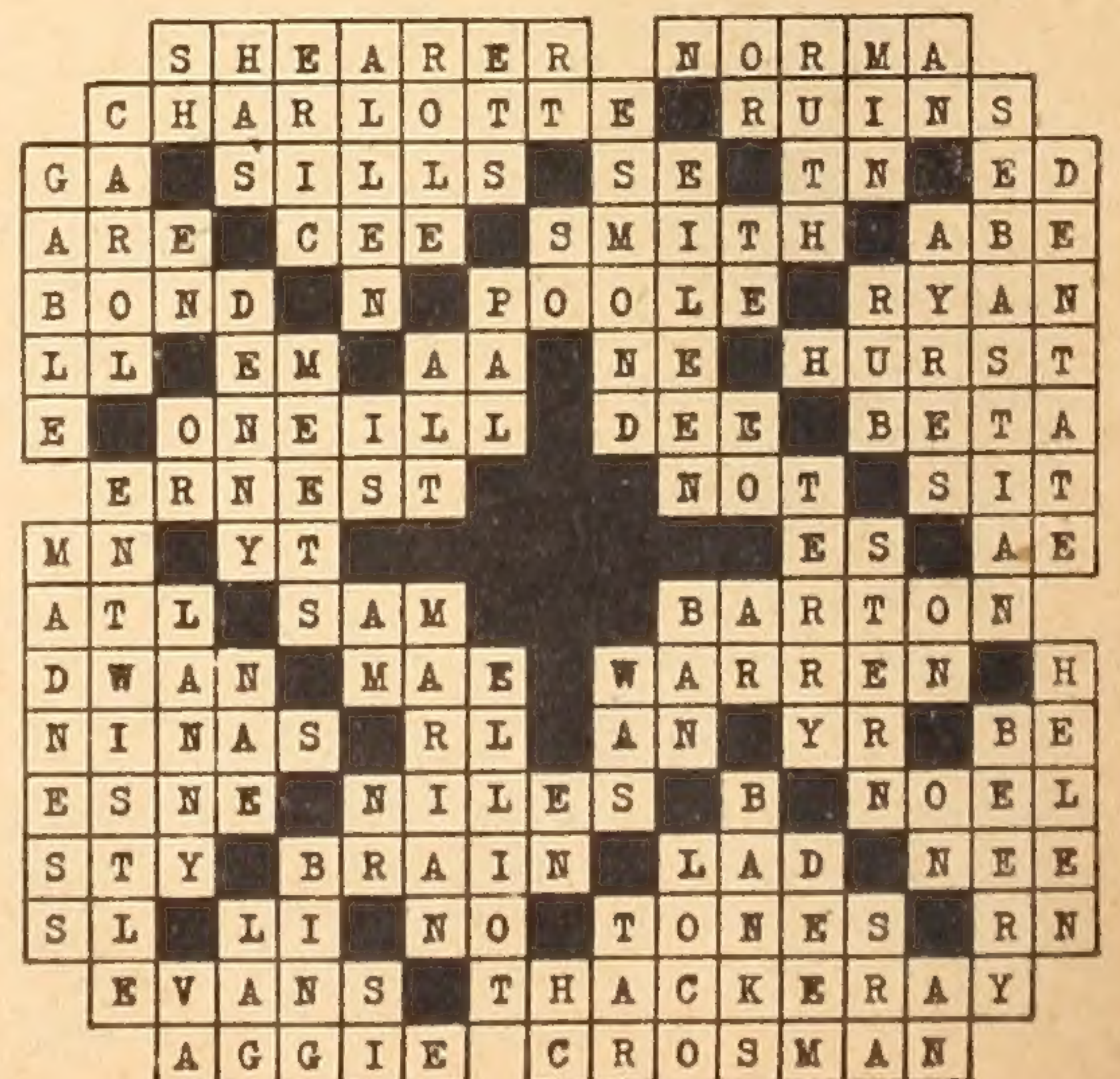
1. Last name of the star in the center
5. Reynolds in "Dancing Man"
10. A creed
12. Nicky in "Shoot the Works"
14. "She Loves — Not"
15. Billy Bones in "Treasure Island"
18. Vivienne's initials
20. "P—y Days"
22. Pat Rockland in "Let's Talk It Over"
23. "— We Civilized"
24. He's married to Bebe Daniels
25. Graduated circular plates
27. Eagle
29. Frank Cousins in "The Girl from Missouri"
31. Sandra Shaw's husband
32. Bertha in "Side Streets"
34. Combining form: broad
35. Lammchen in "Little Man, What Now?" (init.)
36. Lucky Wilson in "Hide-Out" (init.)
38. Hedda Nilsson in "Servant's Entrance"
39. An old-time screen favorite
41. "— More Women"
42. "Romance — the Rain"
44. Recently deceased character player
47. "— Scandals"
51. First name of the star in the center
53. Shortening of Miss Mackaill's first name
55. Retired screen cowboy
56. An English landed estate
57. Avenues (abbr.)
58. Francis Lederer had to — blubber in "Man of Two Worlds"
60. Daughter of a well-known English comedian
62. Solicitor General's Office (abbr.)
63. "All of —"
64. Goof's wife in "The Fountain"
67. Nugent's initials
68. Clare in "One More River"
70. Olga in "Return of the Terror"
72. Old-time screen cowboys used this to get their man
73. Near (poetic)

VERTICAL

1. Reported engaged to Virginia Pine (init.)
2. Initials of the famous Antarctic explorer
3. O'Brien in "Crime Without Passion"
4. Myrna Loy's role in "The Thin Man"
6. "Double —"
7. Both a Helen and an Irene have this last name (poss.)
8. Cliff Edwards is known as Ukelele —
9. Symbol for nickel
10. A girl's name
11. Jack Forrester in "Whom the Gods Destroy" (init.)
13. Joan Blondell is awaiting a blessed —
14. Lady Mary Fielding in "Grand Canary"
16. A spool of film
17. She plays motherly roles
19. Her first name is Sally
21. She played Mary Lane in "Only Yesterday" (poss.)

24. Eleanor's last name (poss.)
26. Lola Field in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" (init.)
28. Eddie Dowling's home state (abbr.)
30. London's initials
32. Jessica Wells in "The Man with Two Faces"
33. Johnny in "Viva Villa"
35. "— In White"
37. "The Thin —"
40. "— Satan"
43. Inspector Parr in "The Notorious Sophie Lang"
45. "I — You Wednesday"
46. Home state of Robert Ames (abbr.)
48. Richard Field in "Chained"
49. Home state of Jack Oakie (abbr.)
50. Among
51. Court of Appeals (abbr.)
52. Charlie in "Romance in the Rain"
54. Brings forth young; as sheep
56. A stroke in billiards
59. Associate of the Royal Academy of Surgeons (abbr.)
61. Her first name is Priscilla
64. Cry of a sheep
65. "— Marriage Ties"
66. Station (abbr.)
69. Ivan's initials
71. "For Love — Money"

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle





*"It went
with me on
my honeymoon in '73*

*"And I remember placing
a cake among my trousseau
things. It is so fragrant and
delightful! I think Cashmere
Bouquet is the finest soap
that was ever made."*

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Soap experts know why this is so. They know how pure its choice ingredients are. How rare and costly its perfume.

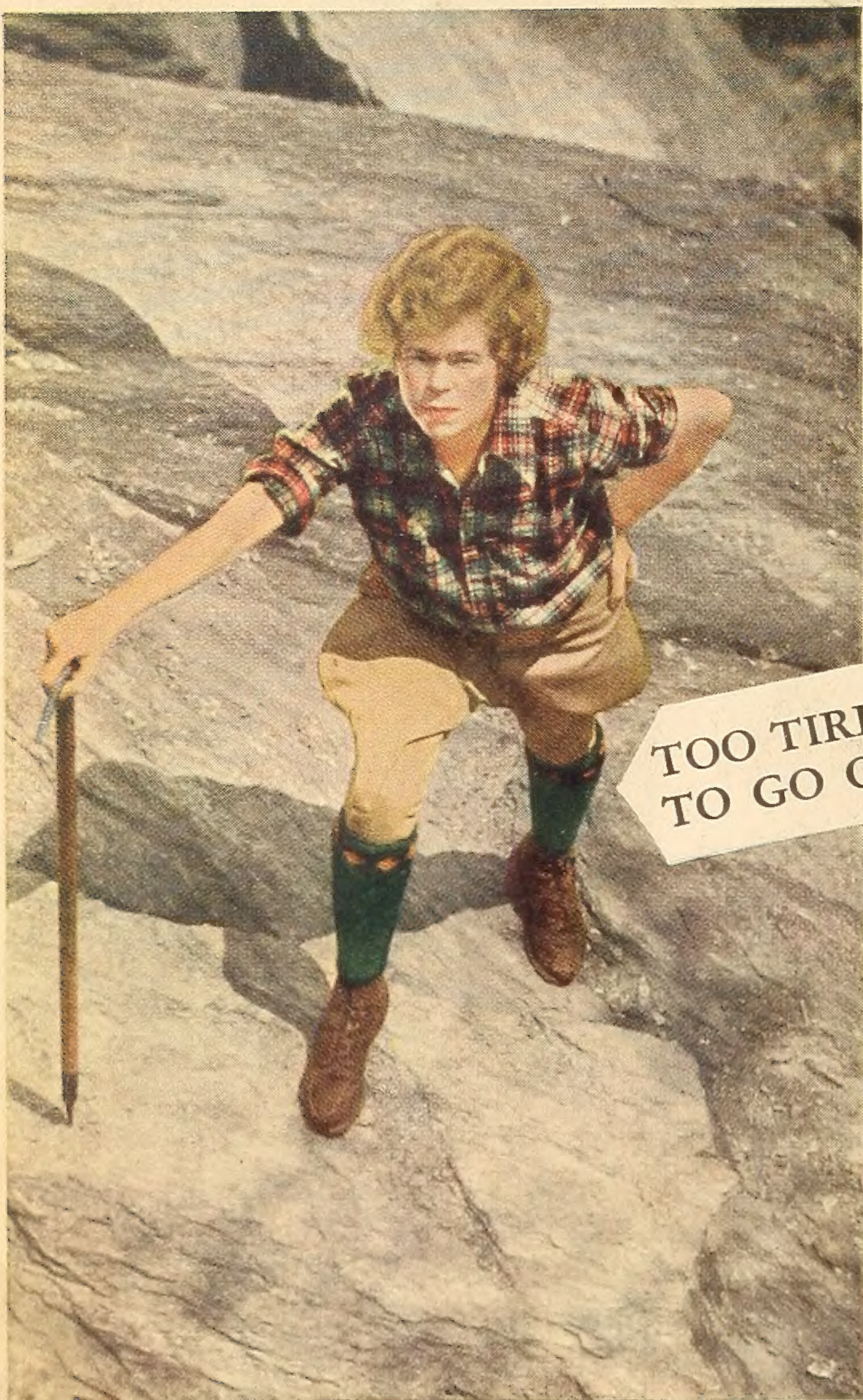
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this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

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CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves



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